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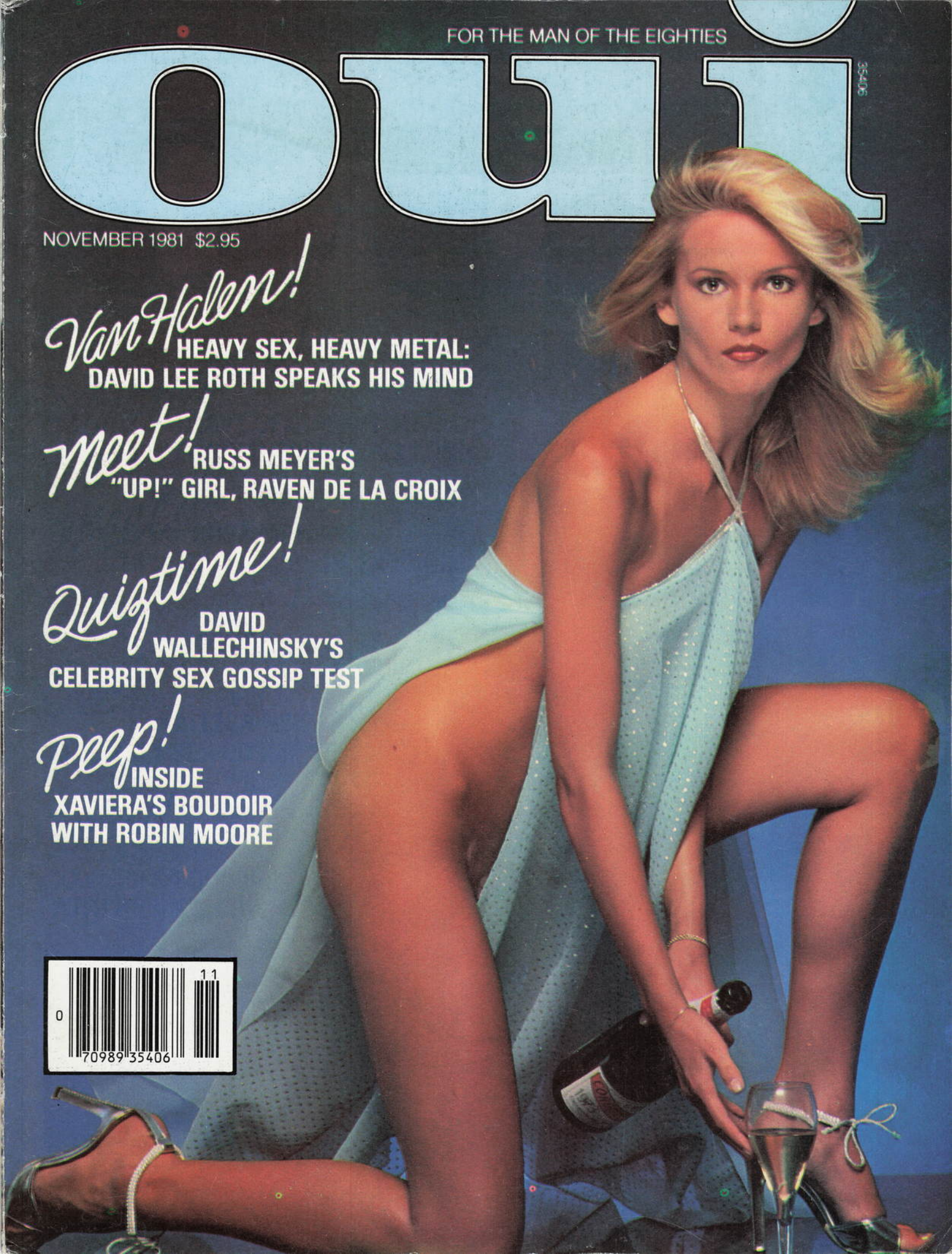

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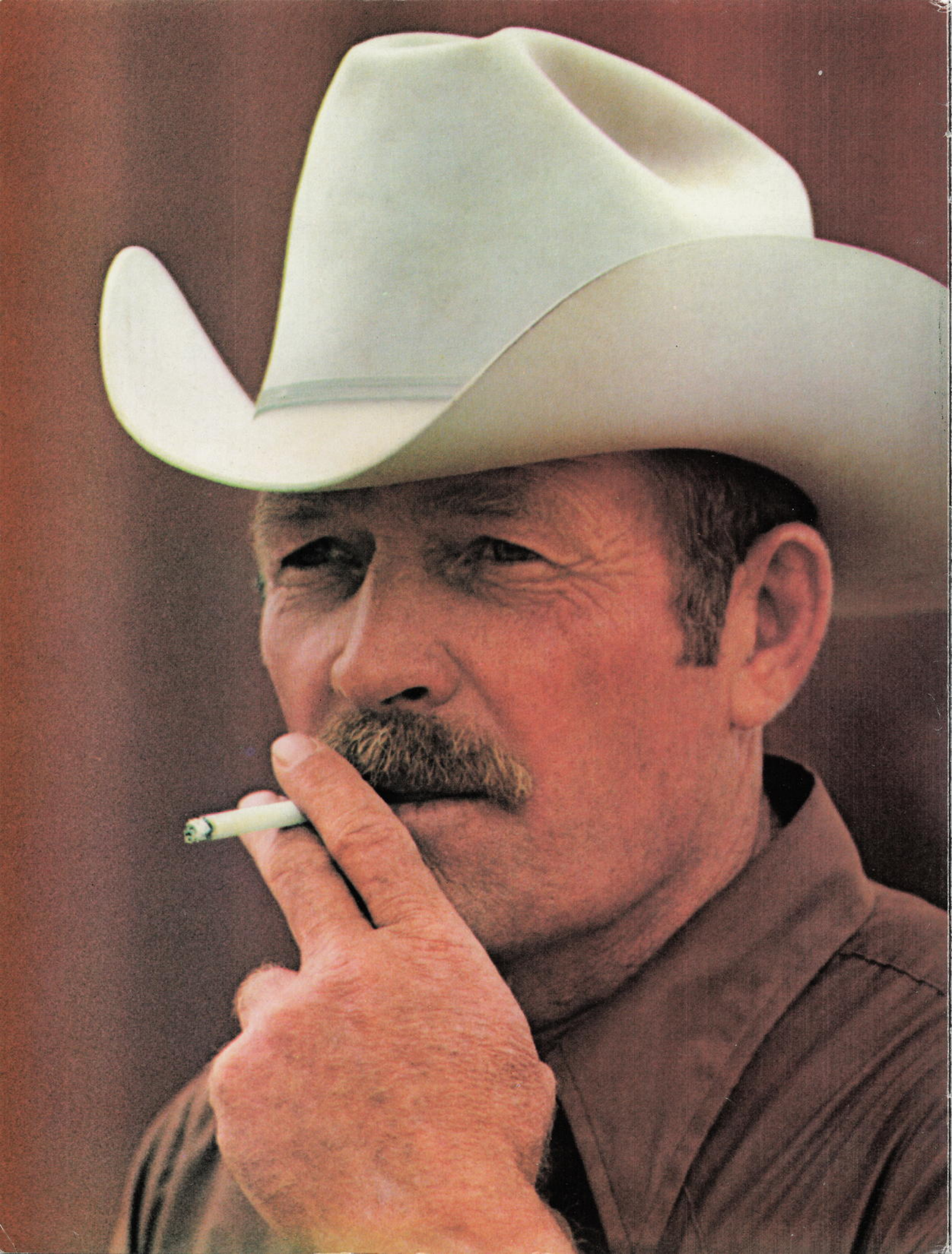

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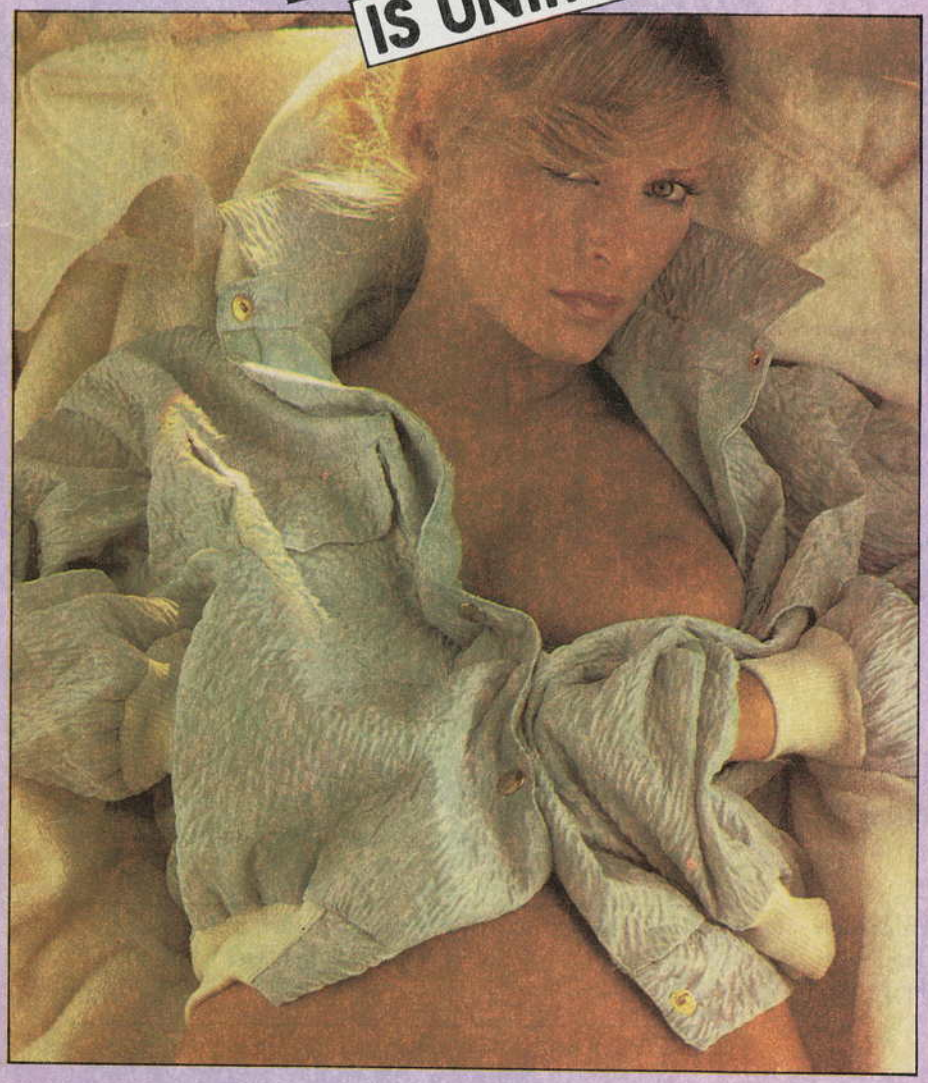

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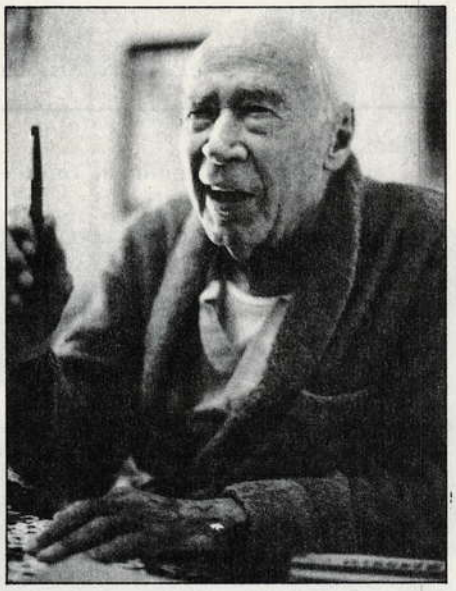

Editor,

I want to compliment you and Twinka Thiebaud on the "Henry Miller on Women" piece in the August issue. It shows in both words and photos that Henry Miller was a hot shit right up to the end.

Phil N.
Venice, Cal.

Editor,

The pictures of women's mud wrestling in Ace's Corner were a dream come true. Mud wrestling is the greatest turn on since the invention of nudity or something like that. How about a full-length feature, either live at that club, or staged?

A Tip: If you stage a match, please make the mud a little thin. We connoisseurs are discriminating.

R.M.
Providence, R.I.

Editor,

You folks have the most readable men's magazine on the market today. Your photos, articles and features all come across in the same witty way. Keep it up.

Case in point was the Jane Seymour interview. She has been my number one actress and sex symbol since her James Bond days. Her recent "East of Eden" was pure heaven for me, and your interview was an elegant dessert. I am pleased that she is her own woman to such a degree, and that those same qualities typify my wife.

The only way to top this would be to do an interview with Jan Stephenson, the LPGA tour star.

Bruce S.
Monroeville, PA

Editor,

In September's OUI, I especially enjoyed seeing beautiful, lithe Penny from France decked out (though scantily) in an Izod tennis skirt. Seeing her hairy little bush so close to Izod's cute little alligator really turned me on!

John R.
Albequerque, N.M.

Editor,

It's refreshing to find that as far as women go, there is no such thing as a decline in the British Empire. The wonderful pictures of September covergirl Debbie Smith capture all the extremes of English womanhood, from glorious and gold-gilted to hard-core punk. Seeing the layout on Debbie the same week as the Royal wedding made me wonder if Prince Charles made the best possible choice.

Roland L.
Hygiene, Colo.

Editor,

I must say you always have a variety of girls in your magazine, something for everybody, all different interests. I especially liked the feature you did on Penny (September, '81).

Being an athletic type myself, I enjoyed seeing and reading about a girl that really knows how to keep in shape. And boy, does she look in shape! I wouldn't mind running into her in a locker room sometime. Then again, I wouldn't mind running her *into* one either.

David C.
Philadelphia

Editor,

Ah Matuschka! The pictures and story by this unusually beautiful and talented woman just made my heart swell and my dreams go berserk. Who wouldn't work from dawn to dusk every day of their life just to obtain a woman of her splendid glamour? To be able to live in a Jay Gatsby sort of lifestyle with this elegant queen? Seeing these pictures and reading her text gives you things to dream for.

Glenn D.
New York

Editor,

Frederico Fellini certainly found a prize when he discovered Donatella Damiani. I'm certain she'll add to his already established reputation as a great film director. Her breasts are, like Fellini's work—extraordinary and impossible to ignore.

Francis B.
Huntington, Del.

Editor,

Jane Seymour is the most beautiful lady ever to grace the pages of any magazine. She has class, style, taste and dignity. I would have been rather disappointed had she appeared nude as she's certainly a lot more than a sex object with air between her ears. This was the most delighting interview OUI has ever produced. I seriously doubt you'll ever do better, but please keep trying, just the same.

Joseph F.
Angola, Louisiana

Editor,

Enough is enough! I'm now studying for the California Bar Exam. To take a break, I occasionally pick up a OUI. Since December of 1980 I have seen NOTHING that compares to Jackie McQuerry. Not live, filmed, photographed or in my dreams! Sure, I may be a bit partial in that I too originally am a midwest person who could also tell you about brandy, quilts and a roaring fire. But, let's be reasonable. Bring on beautiful Jackie one more time!

Al T.
Sana Clara, Cal.

Editor,

The August 1981 OUI printed a letter from me pertaining to an article in the May 1981 issue about the Japanese singing group "The Chanels." I stated their 1980 hit was called "Runaway" and somebody (not me) inserted the line, "The Del Shannon song."

WRONG!

The Japanese song is an original, not a copy of Mr. Shannon's hit song. However, the song is performed in such a way to make you believe that you're back in the fifties and actually watching a black group in performance.

May I also inform the readership that there is a singing sensation in Japan right now who has had three top songs in the top 10 at one time, plus held on to the number one spot for (as of June 25, 1981) twelve continuous weeks. His name is Akira Terao and the song that stayed on top was "Ruby no Yubiwa" (a song about a broken romance, and the guy says, "If you don't love me anymore, don't bother returning the ruby ring, just throw it away").

Mike F.
Phoenix, Arizona

Editor,

I am writing to comment on the

Now you can park a

interview with Brian DePalma in the August 1981 issue.

I am not a psychologist, but surely any Psych I student learns that cathartic effects are questionable. "So we go to the movies and watch people blow each other away. Thank God, because if we didn't have that, I think we would be doing it on the street." Many studies pointed out that observed violence leads to violent behavior. Can DePalma seriously believe that he does society benefit by illustrating such explicit violent scenes as portrayed in "Carrie?"

"Carrie" the movie, and the TV version both exemplify society's warped values toward sex and violence. I never would have believed that movie would be broadcast on the networks. What could be more obscene than to see pig's blood dumped on a person? Yet, someone thought that was acceptable for the viewing public, even though the nude scenes in the shower and bath were censored.

I find Mr. DePalma's views toward violence in cinema frightening.

Have we really digressed to this point? I am very concerned about the impact the films of such an influential director will have on today's audience. I feel fortunate that I read OUI's interview before I made the mistake of viewing "Blow-out."

Jack M.
Newton, PA

Editor,

I have been subscribing to OUI for six months now and am glad I forked over the money because it is an excellent magazine. One complaint, though. Your magazine shows in great quantity everything but what the model has below her belt (pubic hair just doesn't hack it, guys).

In the past six months OUI has had 26 pictorials. A massive 65 percent haven't shown meat (pretty sad, boys). Out of the 35 percent that weren't too shy, only 23 percent were clear and well taken photos (12 percent were either out of focus, in the dark or both), and on top of that, only a mere 15 percent actually gave us a second glimpse of their best quality.

As a great woman lover and voyeur, I wouldn't want your models to hold up their panties on account of a school teacher in Maine who objects to this part of the female anatomy, and the best part if I may add, in a magazine.

I believe I speak for every heterosexual man who reads your magazine, and sincerely hope to see a future change.

Jay C.
Edmonds, Washington

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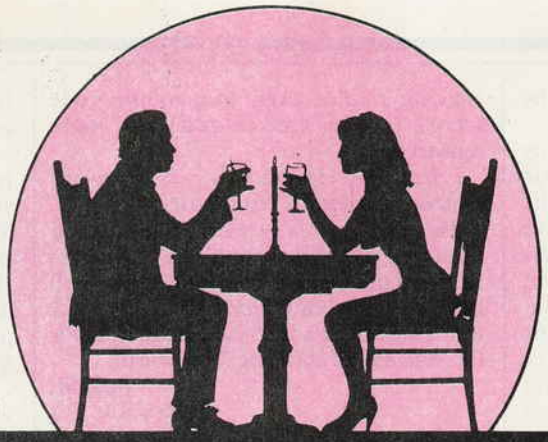

ERIC WEBER
ON WINNING WITH WOMEN

HOW TO GET WOMEN TO PICK YOU UP!

Ten years ago it almost never happened. Today...with a little bit of scheming... you can get her to do all the work.

My neighbors have a two year old son. He toddles into the kitchen while his mother is making dinner, sidles up close, raises his arms beseechingly in the air, and says with astonishing clarity, these very words: "Mommy, pick me up."

I'll bet when you were a little boy, you did the same. In fact, who among us has not?

It has its advantages, this ancient Oedipal ritual...and it has its flaws.

The *problem* with your mother's picking you up is that it can also lead to a certain passivity, a longing to have women go on picking you up for the rest of your life. Think of all the times you've sat around in singles bars and discotheques hoping for a miracle, attempting to *will* that pretty straw-haired creature across the room to come over and talk to you or ask you to dance. The most frightening and counter-productive aspect of this fantasy is that in part of our brain we actually believe it *can* happen...that just as our mother occasionally scooped us up with a burst of affection, beautiful strangers may sometimes do the same.

I have good news and bad news for you.

The bad news is that it ain't likely to happen very often, particularly if you plod along as you usually do, ignoring much of the advice that follows. For no matter what you hear about women's lib and ERA and modern women, the fact is, most women still don't see *their* doing the picking up as a glamorous, feminine, romantic, existential act. Men do. Men live to pick up women. They fantasize about it, admire those men who are skilled at it. For some men, it defines their senses of self. *I can pick up women; therefore, I am a superior man.* Witness the sales of two of the books I've created. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has sold nearly one million copies and has been translated into Japanese, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Greek and German in pirated editions (I'm presently suing the bastards). HOW TO PICK UP MEN (for women) has not yet sold 100,000 copies. Thus, one might say that for every ten men who want to pick up women, only one woman wants to pick up a man—not exactly auspicious odds.

And yet—now for the good news—life in America *is* changing, *slowly*, but it's changing. More women are starting to pick up more men. I see evidence of it nearly everywhere. The other evening I was having dinner at one of those restaurant *cum* singles bars, where the serious eaters sit at tables on one side of the establishment, and those looking to get laid, or at least meet, mill about the bar on the other side. Over a period of not more than two hours I made three separate and distinct sightings of women hitting up on men: 1) From an executive type in her early thirties to a man in a suit: "Don't you work for Bristol-Meyers?" 2) A collegiate-looking girl to a large blocky young man in a crewneck sweater: "Hi! I'm Kathy. What's your name?" 3) A sultry woman in her early forties walked up to a lad easily twenty years her junior and had this to say: "Do you have a light?"

Granted, the men in the room were even more assertive. But then I doubt that ten years ago, or even five, I would have spotted *any* such brazen female-initiated pick ups.

Now if this happened in less than half an evening in one singles bar in one medium-sized city, on a lacklustre Wednesday night, no less, imagine how many times this will happen next weekend across the entire country. Probably well over half a million women, girls, chicks, dolls, some of them spectacularly sexy and long-legged and high-bosomed, are going to try to pick up a man. And why shouldn't you be one of those lucky guys they're going after?

Well, there's one reason and one reason only, but it's not insubstantial. To sit around and *prepare* yourself to be picked up is passive. It doesn't lead to growth. In my experience, it is only those people who are willing to take risks, hold themselves open for rejection and ridicule, that grow, become great, rise above ordinary mortals. That caveat raised, I now plunge ahead to tell you exactly how to get women to pick you up. For I realize that while there may be a few of you out there who are interested in being great, in boldly taking the world by the balls, the chips fall where they will, most men are looking to do things with as little risk, as little work, as little pain and as much fun and reward as possible. And with life being as tricky, and ruthless, and perilous as it is, who can blame them? So on to getting picked up.

In my first book, HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS, I recommended that men who want to get picked up take ballet lessons. I stand by that. For the life of me, I can't think of a better way of getting women to approach you. If *you* can, please write me in care of this magazine, because I want to go there immediately. (I'm not so interested in personal growth, either). The wonderful thing about ballet class is that there is rarely competition from other men, and the occasional guy you do run into at the exercise bar is more than likely to be gay. So picture this. Here you are in a cozy little wood-floored studio with six, nine, a dozen women all in tight, skimpy leotards. You are stretching and bending and grunting and reaching together. Your feet and hips and hands are in their face, their buttocks and bosoms and shoulders in yours. The parallels between this and real love-making are awesome. The smell of their bodies and hair and sex begins to suffuse the room. One grows aroused just thinking about it. And generally, these aren't your average run-of-the-mill women but those who are interested in their bodies, in keeping them lean and trim and in shape. And women who are interested in their bodies are by extension interested in their face and hair and overall appearance. So you're likely, in ballet class, to run into some extremely comely girls.

(Continued on page 11)

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Photo STRIP

There's a proper sequence for everything, whether it's a complicated business deal or a tantalizing strip. Businesswoman Carla Buell was photographed by her (male) business partner. Maybe *your* partner would like to do the same.

(Continued from page 8)

Now how do you get them to pick you up? Just by being there. By going through the motions, just as your female classmates are. It is important not to act like a fox in a chicken coop, licking your lips in anticipation of an imminent feast. Simply pretend you are interested in ballet, or in getting or staying in shape. Don't race around asking the prettiest creatures there to join you after class for a magnum of wine. Don't collect telephone numbers. Don't wink and leer at anyone who happens to look at you. Try to project a look of innocence, of nonchalance. All the delicious-looking tits and ass and thigh being flashed about means little to you. You are only here for the exercise, for the sheer pleasure of dancing. Remember?

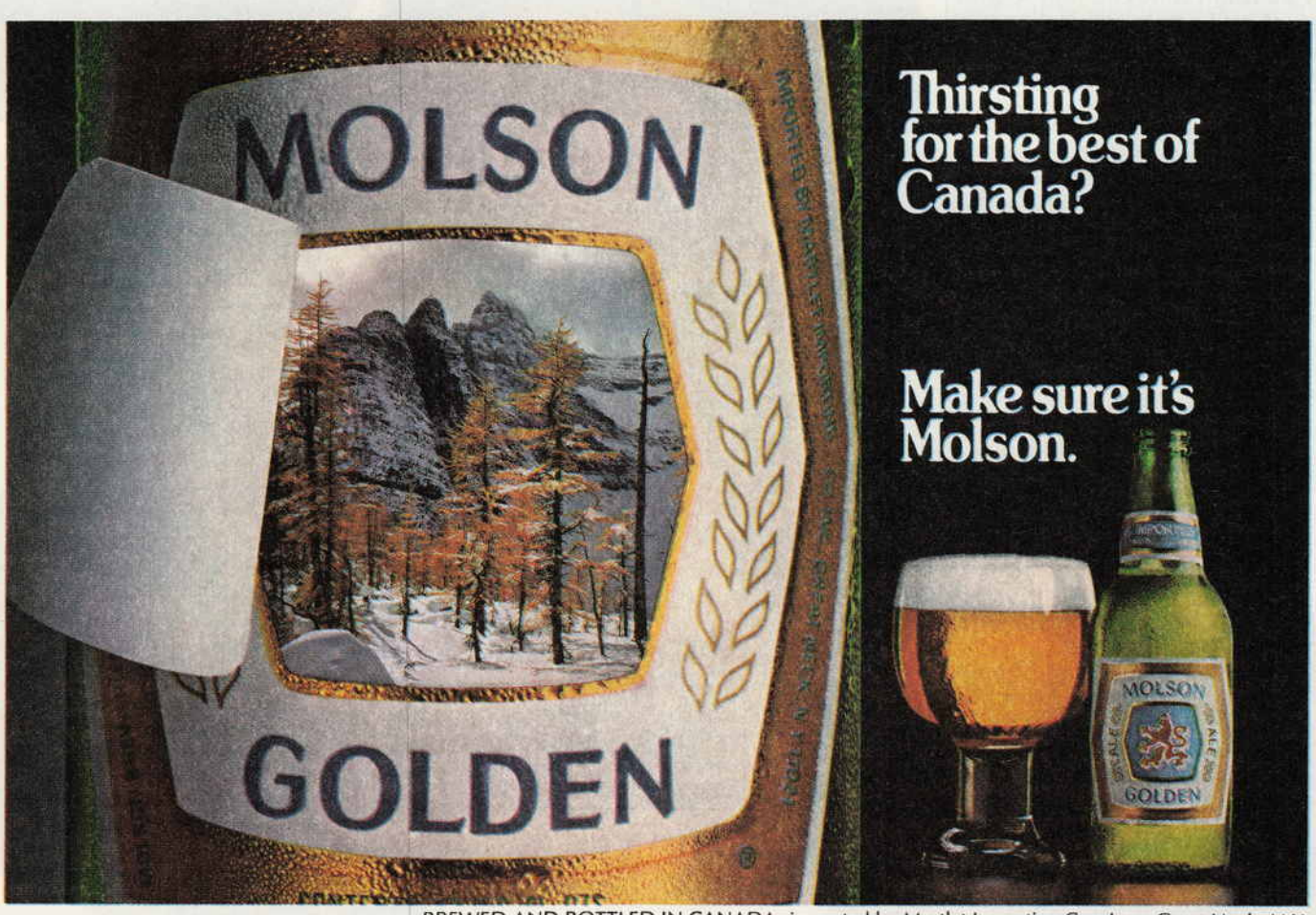
Well, then, how the hell am I going to get anywhere with these scrumptious-looking balletomanes, if I don't make my intentions known? By doing nothing! For what is going to happen, surely as I am sitting here typing, is this: Sooner or later one of your classmates is going to take notice of you. After all, you're a man. And even if you're a fairly ordinary one, the odds are that at least one of the dozen or so women in the room is going to be at least mildly attracted to you. And that's all it will take. It may not be until your third or fourth class, but soon you'll find her lining up next to you, smiling at you, even saying hi to you. She may linger after class, and chat about the weather or ask you questions about what you do, where you live, how come you're taking ballet?

Now when this happens, the normal reaction of most men is to respond with alacrity, with too much eager enthusiasm. I know it may not be easy, but play it cool. Act polite, but don't go overboard and propose a lunch date, an evening at the theatre, a vacation in the Bahamas together, marriage, perpetual cunnilingus. Don't even ask for her telephone number—yet. Because what you want to happen is for some of the *other* women to notice what's going on. If you think men are competitive when a lone woman enters the room, watch what happens when women begin fighting for the same man. Even those who were not originally attracted to you will jump into the fray. Before you know it, it will be *they* who are suggesting drinks, dates, your coming over to their place for dinner. Why, you'll be able to take your pick, or schedule a different one for every night of the week.

All this notwithstanding, I realize, of course, that some of you may still be just a little too inhibited to slip into a pair of tights and tiptoe your way into Swan Lake. So don't. Take a dance exercise class, or a stretching class, or a jazz dancing class. Or if not that, a cooking class. Or failing that, a course in French, or pottery, or ceramics. There are dozens of areas of interest that seem to bring great bodies of women together with almost no attendant men. And if you want women to pick you up, that's where you ought to be.

Now I don't want to waste our time here with a long spiel about why you shouldn't worry that people will think you're gay for doing ballet or anything else usually considered to be the domain of women. If you're not gay, you're not gay and women will sense that about you instantly, instinctively. And who cares if a few tiny-brained heavies leap to the wrong conclusion about you. Let 'em. Through the centuries, the men who have done best with women have invariably been those who have felt free to acknowledge the softer, more feminine side of their personality—Casanova, Mick Jagger, John Lennon. Baryshnakov, not to mention the peerless wide receiver of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Lynn Swann, who has danced with the San Francisco Ballet.

By the way, to make it even easier for the women at hand to approach you, I suggest the following: That you wear something that invites conversation. A save the whale button. A shirt that identifies your school, fraternity, a ten thousand kilometer race you've run. Carry a controversial book or magazine, a



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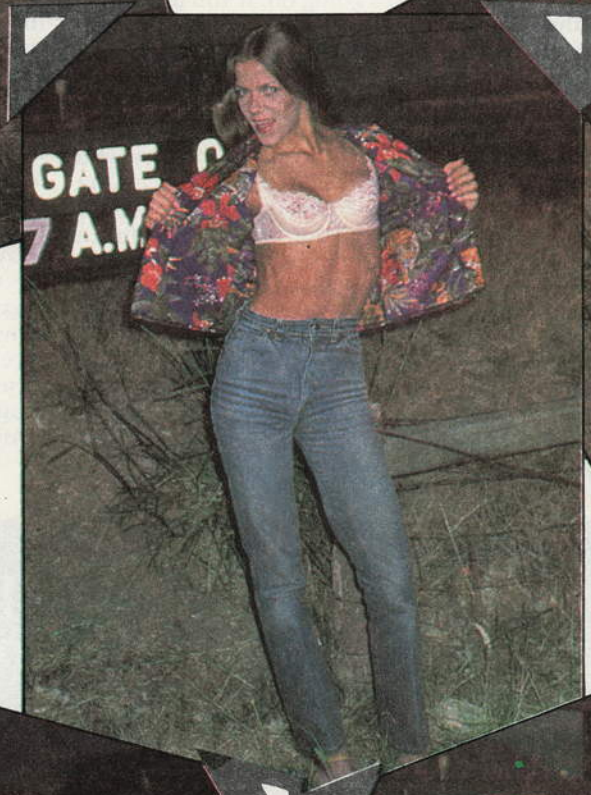
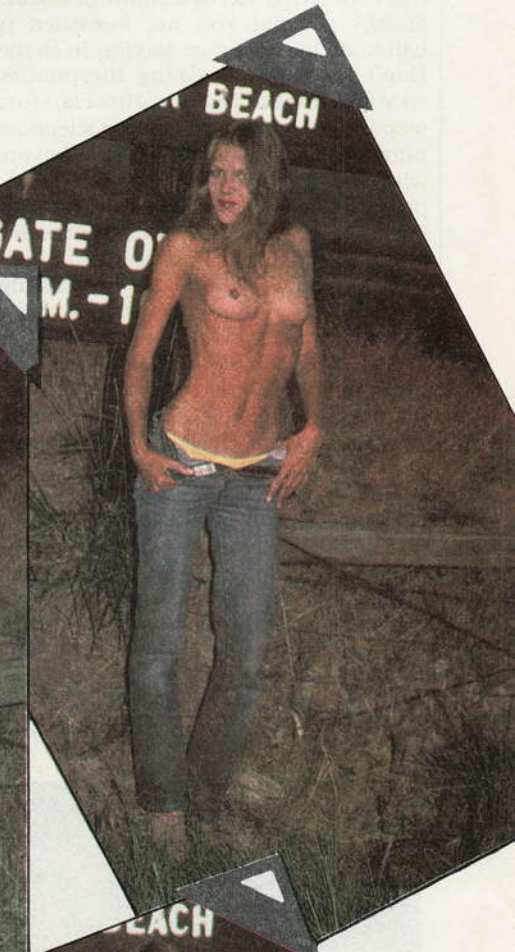
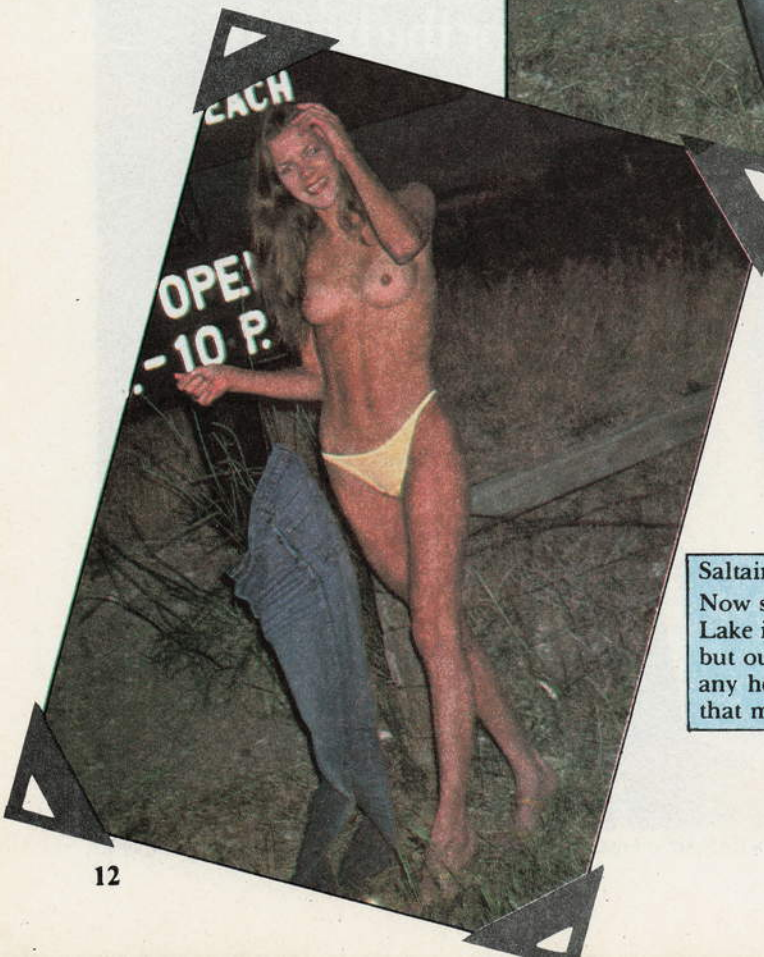




When they heard that there was a tabernacle out in Utah, OUI Contributing Photographer Bill Tinney and his lovely assistant thought they'd play Raiders of the Lost Ark and take a spin through the Great Salt Lake region. They didn't find the ark, but the smell of



Saltair Beach got Bill's assistant horny. Now some tourists think that Great Salt Lake is so salty that you can walk on it, but our OUI stripper decided to remove any heavy objects (like bra and panties) that might cause her to sink.

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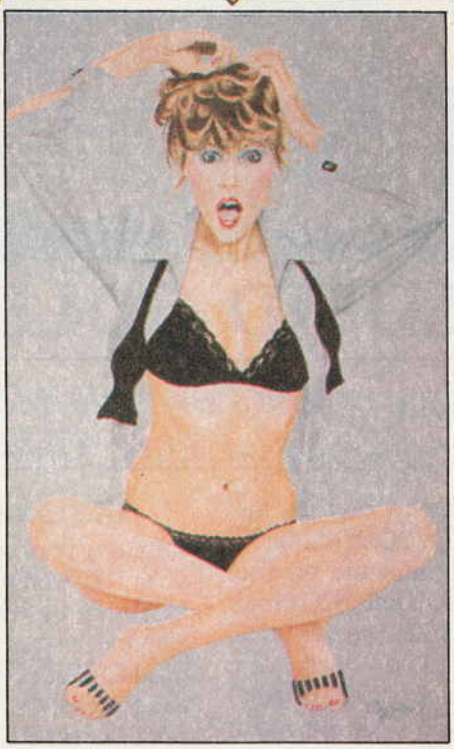
CLUB oui Sex Journal

INTRODUCTION TO LETTERS ON "SEX AND TALK"

When it comes to talking sexy (July questionnaire), it appears that our readers have lots to say during the seduction stage, but both sexes would rather moan than talk, once they're actually in bed. Close to 80 percent of both men and women said that the best way to turn on a member of the opposite sex was to pay sincere compliments. There was equal agreement on the one thing that nobody wanted to hear: any criticism of bedroom techniques. Sixty percent of the women in our survey prefered not to say anything while making love, but they did like to hear the words "I love you" from their partners. Our male respondents were more interested in finding out what their lovers wanted sexually. Almost 70 percent marked that they wished a woman would tell them "whatever it takes to make her come." Some of the most interesting letters, though, came from readers who didn't fit into any of our categories, as you will see....



PEDALING FOR PLEASURE

Last summer, I decided to try out a solo bike trip up Highway One along the California coast, something I'd wanted to do for a long time.

I started out in San Diego and hoped to wheel into Seattle about two months later, with lots of stops along the way. I made it as far as a little town called Jenner, in northern California. That's where I met a fellow traveler named Rona. She was a German girl, about 19, who was spending her vacation in America, cycling from Alaska to Mexico.

We met at a gas station where she was trying to make herself understood in broken English. I gathered that she needed to find a new tire for her bike. The attendants were more interested in eyeing her voluptuous body, set off by tight shorts and a tank top. When she saw me pedal in, she ran over to me as if I was a lifeguard and she was drowning. She was practically in tears from all the frustration, and she jabbered in German for ten minutes while I looked over her bike.

My spare tire fit her rim perfectly. I took that to be a provocative sign, and asked her to have dinner with me at a local restaurant overlooking the ocean. There we talked about our trips, telling each other what terrain to expect on the remainder of our separate journeys, as we'd both been traveling in opposite directions. I tried to remember my high school German but I have to admit that it was almost impossible for me to keep my mind on the subject of travel—whatever the language. Rona had one of those round-but-firm athletic bodies that always turn me on at first sight. Her long, blonde hair hung in a three-foot ponytail down to her muscled bottom. She was a dream.

Unfortunately, the only thing she talked about, other than her trip, was how all the men she met kept trying to screw her. She couldn't understand how some perfect stranger could drive by and insist that she stop and join him at the next motel. "Zey don't even *know* me!" she'd exclaim, amazed. I wasn't so surprised, but I kept my own desire in check.

That night we slept only inches apart, in our respective sleeping bags, at a campground. Or rather, my erection and I spent the night a few inches from her. The next day, we decided to cycle north together and pick up an extra tire for her bike in Fort Bragg. We could have gone on toward the Bay Area, but she liked the coast, and decided to go back in my direction.

That night, we splurged and stayed in a motel, a wise decision. When Rona stepped out of the shower, I quickly found that she'd decided to reward me for my gentlemanliness by screwing my brains out. We stayed at the motel for two more days. She was truly a dream come true. I'll never forget her firm, smooth-skinned buttocks filling my hands when I slid inside her that first night. We balled standing up, her body still wet from the shower, and her athletic prowess took me to the limits of my strength. She also showed me how various yoga positions could be done as a duet "love exercise." Physical fitness will never be the same, let me tell you.

Rona and I had such a good time that we decided to put off our separate trips, and we used our funds instead to rent a little cabin at a nearby resort area. We stayed there for a month, exploring each other instead of California. At the end of the summer, I put her on a plane back to Germany, and that was the last of it.

This summer, I doubt that things will be as exciting. But, after that last experience with Rona, I know I'll be looking forward to cycling vacations with a lot more enthusiasm.

Matt, 25, research assistant
Indianapolis, Indiana

GLOBAL SEX

While I was working for a student exchange program, I had the opportunity to travel extensively in Africa, the Far East and South America. Along the way I did some exchange work of my own, with certain willing women whom I met in various towns.

I was always careful to choose women outside the program, however. Sexually, it was the most intriguing trip possible, because I managed to find women of several different races, colors and cultures who shared my interest in the erotic arts.

The strangest thing was how all my preconceptions about women of various ethnic backgrounds turned out to be

accurate, at least to some degree. For example, I'd heard that Latin ladies are especially hot, that Orientals are quiet yet obliging and that African black women are both demanding and accomplished lovers. That was all true, in my experience.

Ines was a Latin lady who balled me in her parent's guest cottage. She screamed, clawed, panted and generally wore me out with her frenzy. Her dark, amberescent skin, thick black hair and "screw me hard" attitude were a potent combination. However, as we lay around afterwards, she began talking about how she thought the children of Latin/Anglo marriages were so beautiful. I saw the web spinning in her head and quickly decided to split.

After a couple of similar experiences, I found that I had to be cautious with Latin women, many of whom really did associate sexual involvement with a promise of marriage, even though I never said anything of the sort.

My experience with Toi—a college student from Kyoto, Japan—was quite a bit different. Toi was nineteen and very hip. She dressed in tight, French designer jeans, tank tops and high-heeled shoes. She was so Americanized that I now think she just wanted to bed me in order to add me to her collection of Americana. I didn't complain.

Her small apartment looked like a movie version of some Sixties hippie pad—complete with foam mattress on the floor. When we got to the apartment, she stripped immediately, put on a Rolling Stones album and broke out the white wine. It was like a a time machine trip—instant San Francisco, 1969.

Toi spoke perfect English, and she was quick to express her plans. She wanted me to take pictures of her while she masturbated and then we would screw. So, while Mick Jagger sang, I did just that.

After the photo session, Toi was insistent about our balling in some really complicated positions. At one point, she had me lying on my back in an overstuffed chair, with my legs hooked over the back and my head hanging down toward the floor. Then she supported herself on the arms of the chair, straddled my face with her thighs, and introduced me to the most uncomfortable 69 position I'd ever experienced.

I only saw Toi once. It was enough. I left her place feeling like a discarded pretzel. I did manage to carry away a few of the Polaroid pictures I'd snapped of her playing with herself. I still have them, and they are more of a turn-on than she was in real life.

My experience in Morocco—which consisted of spending one night with two powerfully seductive Black women—left me wanting more. It may only be the mystique that is built up around Black women in the U.S., but my fantasies have always revolved around them. The sexual fervor and aggressive attitude these women showed while we were in bed together only confirmed my daydreams. We ended up in their hotel room through a series of bizarre coincidences too complicated to describe here.

They each took turns making love to me. One would sit nearby, telling the other what she wanted to watch while we followed instructions. Then they would trade places. If it hadn't been for the endless supply of cocaine they provided, I would have been finished after the first round.

It's been two years since that trip, and, in comparison, my sex life has been rather boring. Maybe it's just the mystery and promise of "ass being greener on the other side of the border," as my Japanese friend, Toi, so delicately put it, but I'm trying to line up another world tour as soon as possible.

Barry, 31, career counselor
New York, New York

MANAGING A PERFECT TROIS

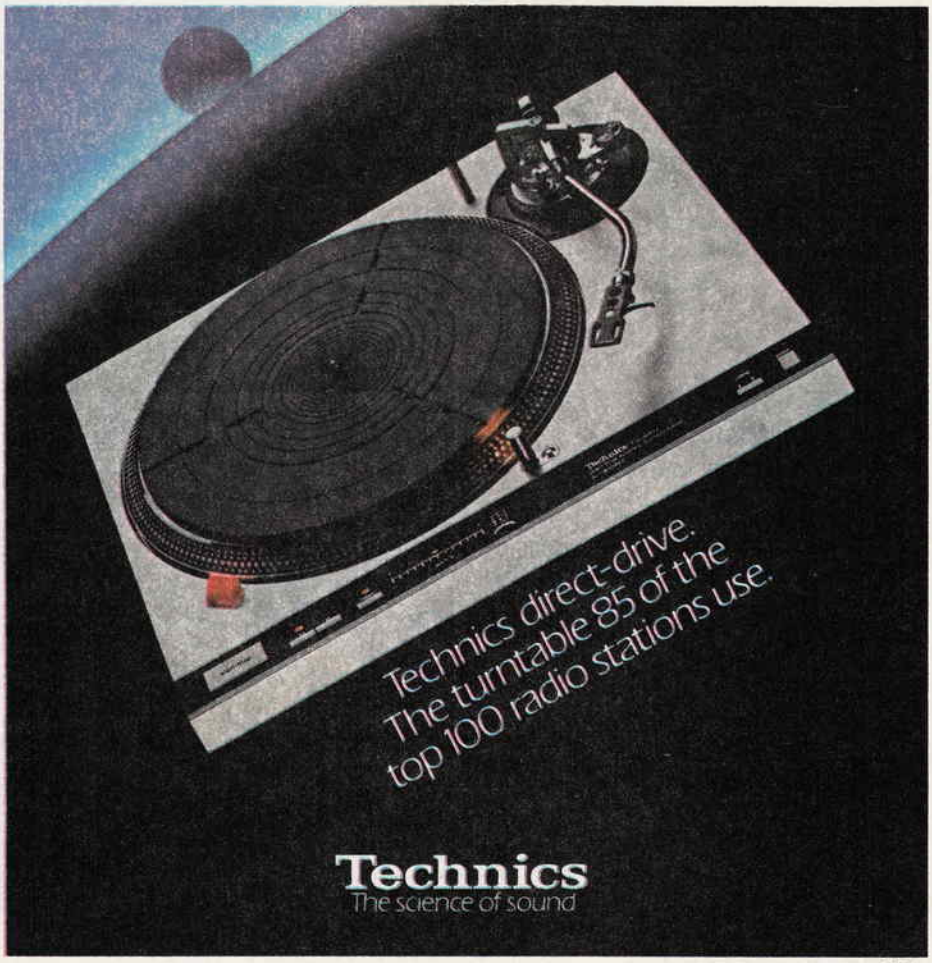
I usually have to content myself with having sex in my favorite position only in fantasies. This is mostly because it involves making love with two men, and that's not an easy situation to find.

In fact, I've only had the chance to experience such an encounter twice in my life, and both times were with the same two men. Paul and Charley have been friends ever since they were small boys. They were tight throughout high school and college, and later they started a small electronics business together. Well, I moved in with Paul about three years ago and we got a big old house which we intended to fix up.

Charley ended up moving in with us. He was to live in the upper half of the place and help share renovation expenses. All of that was fine with me. I enjoyed having time to myself for my own work, and Paul was never lonely because he and Charley could knock around together a lot. It was a real convenient living arrangement, I thought.

For six months or so, it worked out terrifically. The remodeling on the house was nearly done, and we'd all worked so hard on it that we decided to have a celebration. Charley invited his girlfriend over so that the four of us could party. She didn't show up. By the time she called to say she had to work an emergency shift at the hospital where she was a nurse, the three of us were high on champagne and feeling no pain.

Charley got a little depressed and plopped down in the living room, while Paul and I headed for the bathroom to take a shower together and try to sober up. We talked, jokingly, about inviting Charley to join us, but I didn't want to let



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Paul know just how much the idea appealed to me.

After the shower, Paul was seated on the toilet drying his hair, and I saw that he had half an erection left from our playing around in the shower. Waste not, want not, I always say. So, I turned my back to him, bent over, and invited him to see if he could get it all the way up.

Paul reached over to the cabinet, grabbed some Vaseline and greased up my rear passage. I was surprised because anal sex was, and still is, rare for us. But he'd picked the right moment. I just let him stay seated and very carefully I sat down on his erection and let it slide inside.

While we were both sitting there, rocking back and forth, Charley appeared in the open doorway. He made some joke about keeping the noise down because he was horny as hell. To my complete surprise, Paul told him that he should join us. I chimed right in with encouragement and that's how we all got together the first time.

While I was still sitting on Paul, his penis buried deep in my bottom, Charley knelt in front of me and began nibbling on my clitoris. God, I thought I was going to die. It was almost too intense—almost. I had my first experience with multiple orgasms, and that position has been my favorite ever since.

The three of us tumbled into sex together on one other occasion, about a week later. I think we were all slightly stoned, but on pot instead of champagne. This time, it was Charley who entered me from behind, while Paul went down on me. The sensation was just as intense as it had been the other way around.

After that, we all agreed (much to my regret, I might add) that it was too much of a strain on their partnership and friendship to continue our *menage a trois*. In fact, Charley moved out a few weeks later, just to help lessen the tensions. We could all handle sex, but we didn't know what to do about the inevitable emotional complications that started to crop up.

Everything is back to normal now between Paul and me, but I really miss that two-man, front-and-back position that we discovered.

Maria, 27, interior designer
Atlanta, Georgia

BISEXUAL BLESSINGS

Hold the presses! I've found it. The perfect pick-up technique: an adventurous, bi-sexual girlfriend.

Okay, so there aren't a lot of them around, but I think there are more than I ever suspected. I'll bet there are more than you'd think.

From the moment I met Donna, I fell head over heels in love. I didn't look at another woman for months. She was a total maniac in bed and she loved both getting and giving head—which is my own favorite pastime as well. She lived, conveniently, right next door to me in an apartment complex, and she loved having me over for dinner two or three times a week. That was also perfect, because it was the best of both worlds. I had time during the rest of each week to play raquetball and work late—my other two obsessions besides Donna.

One evening we went to a pool party with some friends of hers, and I found myself staring at one particular redheaded girl who had the most sensual, dark blue eyes I'd ever seen. Donna noticed my attraction and began making little jokes. I assured her I didn't want to leave her for Ms. Blue Eyes, though if I were alone, I might have been tempted to check out the situation.

First thing I knew, Donna grinned at me, walked over to the redhead and struck up a conversation. A few minutes later, we were all sitting at a poolside table chatting like old friends. Then, catching me totally off-guard, Donna started telling this girl, whose name was Edie, what great head I give. They both seemed to enjoy my embarrassment, and they started kidding me about it.

I was really shocked when Donna invited Edie to come by our place after the party. Donna even suggested that the two of them follow me home in Edie's car, so that she wouldn't get lost. I was stunned, but not stupid, so I hurried to change out of my bathing suit and get dressed.

At the apartment house, I parked and headed upstairs just as the two women pulled into the parking garage. I started to go back down, but then I noticed that the two of them were locked in a breast-to-breast embrace, trying to trade tongues.

My response was a cross between jealousy—thinking that Donna had used me as an excuse to lure this girl home for herself—and supreme horniness. I decided to let the thing play out, and I went to the apartment without bothering them.

It was nearly half an hour before they joined me, and I was getting a little twisted. My anger didn't last long, though. They were no sooner in the door than Donna moved into the bedroom and Edie—giving me a little pat on the balls as she walked by—followed. Donna called for me to get a bottle of wine and join them. I nearly broke my neck running to the wine rack.

By the time I joined them, they were naked, tangled on the bed, laughing and teasing each other. I tried to act as though I knew how to deal with this situation—though it was my first time with two women. There was, it turned out, no need to worry. It wasn't Donna's first time.

Donna seemed to enjoy being the attendant while Edie and I screwed. Then Donna would slide in and take over as I climaxed, using her tongue to extend Edie's orgasms.

At one point, both Donna and I were going down on Edie. Having one woman show you how to please another is the kind of education I think should be mandatory in sex classes everywhere.

Since that night, Donna has been frank with me about her sexual attraction to women, and she has let me know that sometimes she might want another girl to

(Continued on page 38)

"Boy! Herb's wife sure packs a mean lunch box!"

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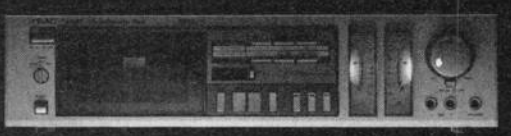

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DAVID LEE ROTH AND THE VAN HALEN GANG: PREENING PROPHETS OF POST-CUBE PUNKPOP

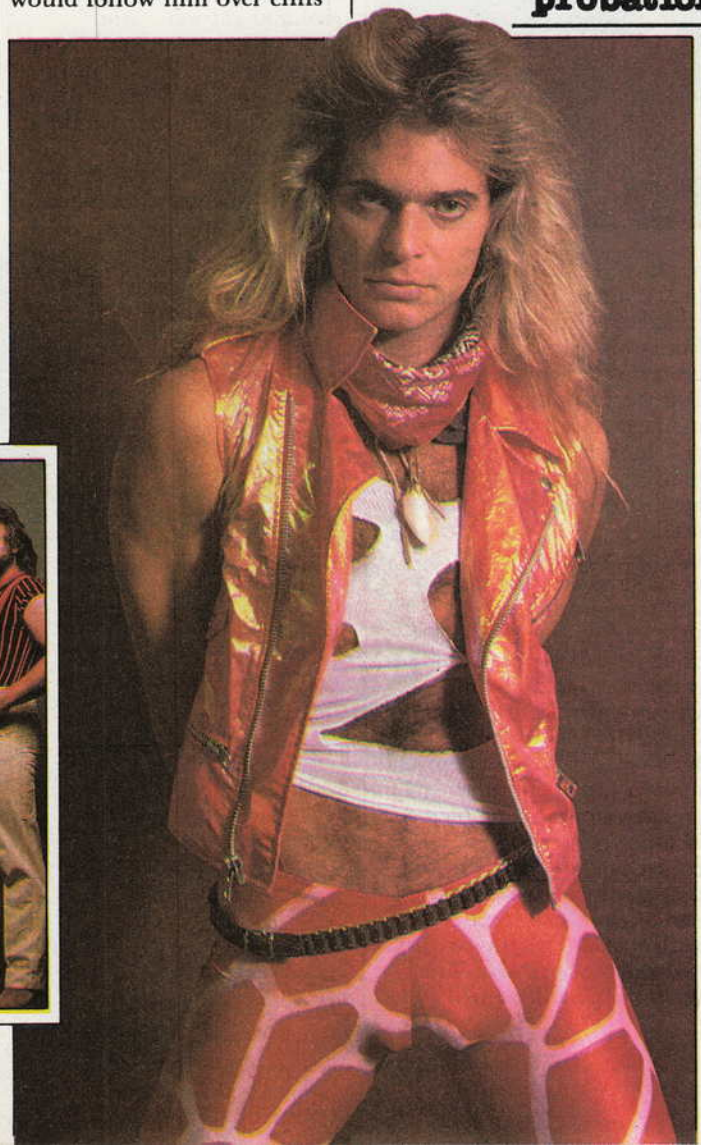
Is there sex after Spandex? America's #1 heavy metal honey bunch unzips for OUI...

By Rusty Hamilton and Diana Clapton

David Lee Roth is *the* rock & roll animal of the Reagan-repressed 80s. Blond, bad-assed, and the flagrant to a fault, he is the lead singer for America's top heavy-metal hellions, Van Halen. If heavy metal makes you ill, be advised this four-piece southern California band has produced only platinum albums in their four years of existence, and routinely sells out 20,000-seat arenas three months in advance, which means they are doing something very right. Many heavy metal studs are making tours into the heartland and they are not without their admirers. But Van Halen produces an almost ritualistic idolatry that must be seen to be held in proper awe. The seeds of the destruction of Western Civilization may well be contained within the loins of David Lee Roth, whose sexual pyrotechnics are nightly mirrored in the damp eyes of his army of nymphet slave/fans. They would follow him over cliffs if he were a lemming, but for the moment, they are content to nuzzle the backstage security until it opens a crack and they can slip in, closer.

ON THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS:

"We celebrate sensuality! Freedom! From the boss, the wife, the probation officer..."



Rock critics occasionally dismiss Van Halen, and particularly David Lee Roth, as a subspecies of varmint slightly above the spiritual attainments of a Times Square pimp. More thoughtful students of the genre, however, cherish their guitar precosity, embodied in Edward Van Halen who, with his brother Alex, the drummer, gave the band its name. Performances are tribal rites, masterpieces of highly-stylized indulgence, apocalyptic. It is impossible to be unaroused, one way or another. But the redeeming value of Van Halen is, at heart, its exuberant celebration of the adolescent verities. Lust and longing are given equal time, e.g. from "Dirty Movies" ... "remember when that girl was prom queen? Oh, wow."

Roth is very beautiful, cocky and shameless, and the strut is his natural gait. Affecting delicious perversity, he is really an over-petted child with a swell sense of humor and a superb ass. As such he has become a sex object of note in both the straight and gay fantasy life, at home and

abroad. One British writer ruminated on his one day leading a giant gay parade in San Francisco before a phalanx of lesbian leather motorcycle girls. Roth loves it. "Do you think for one moment," he told us right off, "I got into this thing for the *money*?"

ON BACKSTAGE BIMBOS:

"Those girls are very cute, but after you're through, it is nice to have something to talk about."

OUI: So why is Van Halen such a success?

ROTH: Because, basically, what you have onstage singing to you these days is a lot of businessmen. They croon about life with the top down and what goes on in the backseat—but as soon as they walk offstage there's the wife and three kids in the station wagon with the fake wood on the side. The question is—what is their reality? To me, rock & roll is superior to just music being played. If you're faking that attitude, it shows. The music must come from the personality, otherwise you're playing house, you're posing. And getting real isn't that hard—there are *so* many good ways to be bad.

OUI: Were you always this secure?

ROTH: When we started out in California we were just like this. Van Halen has retained its characteristic lack of drive and lack of concerted effort—on any front—throughout our entire career. What's real good is that we don't have a fat cat manager in a three piece suit or a harping agent. We manage our own affairs and we just go about our merry way.

OUI: So you have, so to speak, avoided corruption and stayed pure.

ROTH: Our integrity has gotta be our secret. If there is integrity in this business we've retained ours—as the true criminal element. Because, really, how can you make a judgment on music and say whether one melody is superior to another? Of course we have a fast guitar player, of course we have end-of-the-world drums, but with rock & roll you're talking about reality. The reason Sly Stallone really made it in *Rocky* isn't because he's such a great actor—it's because he got on camera and merely *behaved*. And that's what Van Halen does. We get on a stage and we misbehave for a living.

But who would've thought that a band like us, really, would get on the charts and hang around. Our first album was in '78 but before that we were playing in the bars, for dance contests. And those wet T-shirt gigs! For a while we were the Rock Corporation of LA and we did the very first wet T-shirt contests in southern California—the ones that got busted and actually made it to court trials. But it was a great scene. I'd be the MC, with the band behind me. I'd interview the contestants. "And what do you do for a living?" "Oh I'm a donut waitress from Canoga Park." I'd make a dumb joke, the place would crack up, and she'd jump into a kiddie pool and get wet. "And honey, what song would you like to hear?" "Oh I'd just looooooove 'Free Ride.' "Al, it seems this little lady would like to take a free ride." The audience went into hysterics. We play, she does her twitch and bump, and the rest of the girls bounce in. At the end the judges are too fucked up to make any decision, so we're gotta run all the contestants through again. 500-600 people standing on top of each other drunk and screaming. And the dance contests—well, that's how you develop your habits and, uh, attitudes as a band. And you take them with you. Life with Van Halen is like a big world vacation.

OUI: So despite the platinum albums and sold-out stadiums you really can't take all this too seriously.

ROTH: Oh no. If you get into this for the money you'll have an ulcer in no time. You won't have a hit just when you need it and you'll break up with your girl and even your dog won't recognize you. The idea, at heart, is—how much do you like to play? I like it a whole lot and so does the band. That doesn't mean just up on the stage. It means coming in a gig. It means getting really dressed up—today, New York street animal, tomorrow maybe country & western.

ON MOTHER AND DAUGHTER GROUPIES:

"Yeah, there's a real rivalry there. But I guess they argue it out in the Pontiac on the way home."

OUI: How do you relate to being an object of such hysterical desire to both gays and straights?
ROTH: I'll tell you, Van Halen music makes me feel sexy. Like crazy. And I sing, so *I* am my instrument. And just as much care and love as a musician will put into perfecting his work I'll put into my dancing onstage. As the drummer tapes his sticks I'll tape my knees. I express everything through this. And the audience says, Yeah! That's me. I feel that way, but I could never get away with it.
OUI: You really feel your audience *identifies* with you.
ROTH: Listen—didn't you ever burst out of bed in the morning and take a look in the mirror and say to yourself, "Oh shit—you're bitching. Oh baby, you look good today." But you can't trundle that out onto the streets. People will ask who the hell you think you are? So my fans pay $8.50 and come in and I leap onto the stage and *they* say, who the hell does he think he is?
OUI: Everybody's in show biz?
ROTH: And everyone needs release. Van Halen is a deliverance. It's energy, excitement, comedy, heat.

ON TOUR FATIGUE:

"The worse you feel the less you care—but also, the less inhibition and embarrassment you feel."

Some people go to church to get that talking in tongues. Some people go to hockey games to get physical. The rest come to us.
OUI: We read somewhere that you conduct your life after the life-strategy of a Japanese book, *The Book of Five Rings*, which was written by a samurai warrior—300 years ago?
ROTH: Yeah, I live by that. Summed up in one phrase, it is: "Ikken Hisatsu!" Which means: Victory with one punch. You go straight ahead. When you drive, you follow the hood ornament. The rear view mirror is only good for seeing how good you look, while you're *getting* there.
OUI: Victory with one punch? But you're already at the top of the heavy metal heap. What other victories do you have in mind?
ROTH: I merely intend to keep finding new things to punch. I approach everything with that philosophy. You look at a situation and concentrate on how you want to approach it, and then you swing into it. It's not a separate segment. It's part of that one big, long roll that is your life. That's how we play rock & roll. That's how I approach the girls backstage. That's how—
OUI: Let's talk about the girls backstage. How do those incredible nymphets get to you, when your security seems so tight?
ROTH: Our security is a lot like the door at the old Studio 54. If you're pretty

THE WORLD'S FIRST HEAVY METAL SKIN FLICK

Three years ago a major rock magazine reported that the group had indeed hired Dutch cinematographer Snade Krellmans "to do a cinema-verité shooting of their current on-the-road adventures...only record execs and other industry insiders will get to see an uncut print, featuring, as one previewer, put it, 'sucking, fucking, head, the whole bit.' The film, which could have lit up the lives of so many acolytes, has so far escaped commerical release. Pity.
OUI: Did you ever think of starring in a blue movie?
ROTH: I've had...offers, but then I've had offers for everything. Until we really are offered a vehicle that fits Van Halen, I'd prefer to star in a driver education movie. The guy in black who sells dope to the high school kids in the playground, instead of just taking my clothes off in a fuck flick.

But one time...

It was somewhere around Detroit and I'd just come back to the hotel from some scene. I remember it was about 5 in the morning. I'm walking down the hall—we usually rent out an entire floor—and I hear a lot of noise. There's a door open and inside about twenty people, cheering and clapping. I walk in and I see there's one girl, just one, and she's doing up every single guy. In every way imaginable. She looks like she's about 25.

Somebody's got our video camera that we always travel with and he's recording the whole thing for posterity. With sound, even. So I say, Hey, I've got an idea, guys—and I go and get my stereo, so we could play the theme from *Jaws*. Everything possible sexually is going on around us. We plug the stereo into the camera. Then we take turns taking Polaroids of the crew members holding up lights and so on so the camera could catch everything. Every now and then we'd turn off the camera so we could all sing our own renditions of "Feelings" or "Strangers In The Night." It got real intense. We had to pay the hotel $1,500 to clean up the room the next day. The upshot is that the girl ended up marrying one of the guys in the crew, and they've lived happily ever after. God bless 'em!

enough, you get through. As I said, I never got into this for the *money*.

OUI: You wear smoking, skintight pants onstage—at times it even seems superfluous that you dress at all.

ROTH: Why cover up? I have no inhibitions. Everybody's got one. If you went to the butcher shop and asked for a choice filet mignon and the butcher gave you something in a brown paper bag and said, "Now don't look—that's ten bucks," you'd never pay before you saw what was in the sack. So—that's how I dress to perform. Why cover up?

OUI: Your groupie legions must be touchingly grateful for this.

ROTH: It's very sad. True groupies no longer exist. The last groupie I knew was named Bambi and man, she was a pro. She was very accustomed to musicians and knew just when to leave me alone. And just when I'd had too much to drink. And she could figure, he just flew in on a flight this long, and he's gonna be this tired—and I'll just do this little thing and just put that pressure there. Groupies were professional friends to musicians. But alas, they are no more.

OUI: Where is Bambi now?

ROTH: Bambi is a wife and mother, happily ensconced in some palatial mansion somewhere. Bye, Bambi.

OUI: But who are all these sweetmeats in leather and spandex and feather flowers?

ROTH: They are...sincere admirers, very caught up in a dream. But really, they are just regular girls. I call them the prom queens. They've

(Continued on page 26)

VALERIE: THE ULTIMATE VAN HALEN GROUPIE

David Lee Roth would rather turn in his spandex for ruffled gingham than ever *consider* the possibilities of (blecchh!) settling down. But even he allows that, "Eddie has chosen to be married. He's got his wife and his house and he's very, *very*, happy." The wife is none other than teen-dream Valerie Bertinelli of TV's "One Day At A Time." She met the young Val Halen backstage at a gig of guess-which-band. Possibly thunderstruck by the fact that she and Eddie look enough alike to be siblings for real, they fell desperately in love and married six months later. As to the true secret of their relationship, Valerie, a plump and painfully shy adolescent (although a major prime-time sex symbol), has said, "I got to know Eddie as a warm, caring person. I think he'll make a terrific husband. And I don't think I'll ever get down again, because he can keep me upbeat."

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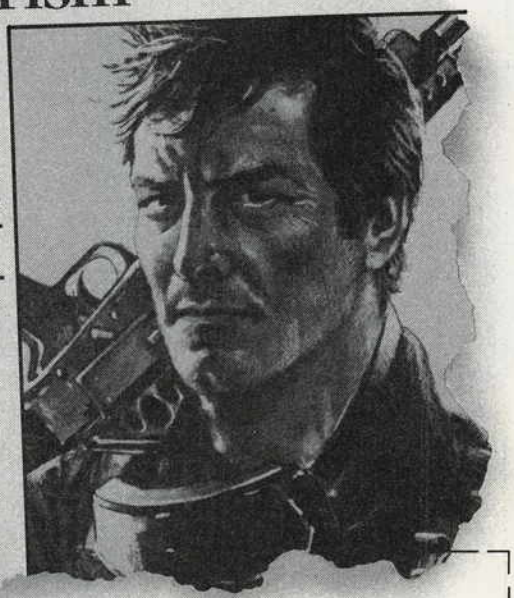

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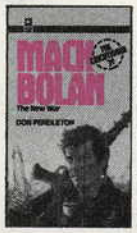


DAVID ALLAN COE:
THE SUPERSTAR WHO ISN'T

Article by MICHAEL BANE
Photographs by BILLY TINNEY

"Take this job and shove it
I ain't workin' here no more..."
—David Allan Coe

"Yes I know when you go
I'm gonna miss you
A good piece of ass is hard to find..."
—David Allan Coe

C/W's raunchy genius-in-residence is still telling the straight world to shove it.

So here's David Allan Coe, the *baaaadest* cowboy of them all, the only country singer to cause Nashville to break out in hives. The only country singer, as he proudly points out, with more than one wife—seven is the record. The only country singer to record X-rated albums—*Little Susie Shallow Throat* and *Don't Bite The Dick* are current hits. The only country singer to ride with a motorcycle gang as a member. The only country singer to serve time for *murder*...

"I've sang about things that no other country singer has ever sang about," says David Allan Coe, once known as the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy. "I've been there, too."

In a country music world dominated by sleek publicity men and manufactured roots, David Allan Coe is unique. Not only has he done the great bulk of the things he claims to have done and lived to tell about it, but—and here is the irony—he is an authentic musical genius. His songs have ranged from the metaphysical, such as Tanya Tucker's first hit, *Would You Lay With Me (In A Field Of Stone)*—written as vows for his brother's wedding—to redneck anthems, not the least of which was Johnny Paycheck's version of *Take This Job And Shove It*—"That little fucker never even mentioned my name when he was getting all that publicity for *Take This Job*...," sniffs Coe. "The song got a Grammy nomination, and it was the only year they didn't announce the songwriter's name."

In fact, if David Allan Coe was anybody but David Allan Coe, he'd probably be a superstar. As it is, his life reads like a country song, complete with prisons, a mother who didn't care, a father who went away, overweening ambition, and a whole bunch of demons that wouldn't let that ambition come to fruit. The song begins in Ohio some 30-odd years ago, where a nine-year-old David is taken to a boys' "school," a reformatory, for, as his parents say, "his own

Michael Bane, who is Hank Williams Jr.'s Boswell, is also the author of "Who's Who in Rock 'n Roll".

good." He learns quickly that the first lesson is survival, the second is escape. One of those escapes is in a car with a bunch of older boys, and when you escape in someone else's car, that's Grand Theft Auto. And when you're an ex-con with a record going back before puberty, having a screwdriver on your person is Possession of Burglary Tools; having a counter-culture comic book is Possession of Obscene Materials. You go to jail. And when some con suggests that you might want to suck his member, there are only two options. Number one is doing it, unacceptable to David Allan Coe. Number two is whacking the guy over the head with a mop wringer, bringing his search for sexual adventure to a permanent end, which is what David Allan Coe claims to have done. Maybe, maybe not—the only two people who know for sure are David and the guy wearing the mop wringer, and one's not available. Besides, there's no evidence that crimes of violence make you a better (or worse) country singer.

When David Allan Coe came to Nashville in 1967, fresh from the Ohio State Penitentiary, one of the first things he did was buy a hearse. Then, every weekend, he'd park that hearse in front of the Grand Ole Opry so the friends and neighbors couldn't get out of the old Ryman Auditorium without a face-to-face look at David Allan Coe. The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy, he called himself, and he dressed all in black with rhinestones, wore a black leather mask, and sported a black hat the size of an Apollo spacecraft. He looked *baaaad*, and he made waves. And pretty soon he was on the cover of the *New York Times Magazine* as the Next Big Thing, the new Kristofferson, the country music Bob Dylan.

Coe is always surrounded by a bevy of beautiful women, many of whom he calls his "wives." But the mainstay of the group is beautiful, blonde Wife #1.

What happened is difficult to explain, except to say that David Allan Coe wasn't the Next Big Thing, or even the Thing *after* the Next Big Thing. Nashville wanted scruffy-but-lovable outlaws like Willie Nelson, sweethearts who closed their shows with gospel numbers. Coe was too real, too trapped in the Mysterious Rhinestone myth of his own making; too many bikers and too much craziness; too many sleazy groupies and tall tales. If he would just *disappear*...

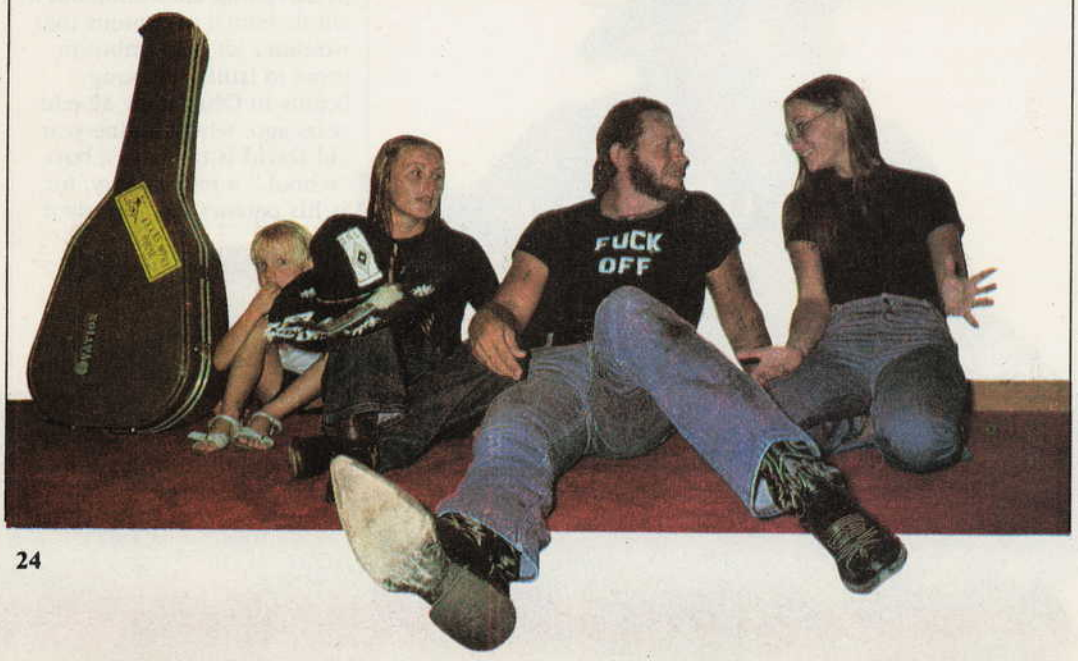
"You're not buying my lifestyle," says Coe. "You're buying my music."

Instead of disappearing, though, he moved to Key West, bought an 80-foot classic wood boat, and began to cut a series of equally classic country songs, rubbing Nashville's nose in it.

"The people in Nashville think of me as a hicksville country poet," he says. "If they take me seriously, then they have to realize how *bad* they really are. You know, Michael, if I'm an example of what's good, then they're fucking *terrible*! So they ignore me."

When he's not cutting songs that should be country hits, he's either working bit parts in movies—he had a featured role in the movie version of *Take This Job And Shove It*—or cutting adults-only albums. In fact, he *has* to keep cutting stuff like that to stay alive—an old lawsuit has garnished all his other recording money, and the only cash he gets is from mail-order sales of the X-rated records.

"The thing that bothers me about this whole thing is that I think the music should stand on its own, regardless of a person's lifestyle or whatever," says David Allan Coe. "You're not buying my lifestyle. You're buying my music. If it's good, it's good. If it's not, fuck it!"



THE DIRTIEST DANCE-ALONG EVER

Although Coe has ennobled the American musical tradition with some Hall-of-Fame-class Country standards ("Take This Job", "Willie, Waylon & Me"), the world has yet to note that he is also, indisputably, the current Poet Laureate of Porn. A true masterpiece of this genre is Coe's available-by-mail-order-only album, *Nothing Sacred* (D.A.C. Records)

This is a fantastic disc. It's filthy, it's real, it's got terrific music, and you can really hoedown to it if the spirit or whiskey moves you to. Self-advertised as a

"Masterpiece Of The High Energy Rocking Finest Unbeatable Country Kornpone Ever Recorded" (the message is in the first letter of each word, get it?), this LP is a party favorite whenever it's played.

Because it's so difficult to find, we thought we'd favor you with a preview:

SIDE A

1. NOTHING SACRED. A rowdy redneck splat of spittle at the state of the world. As a moral statement, the closest thing to it in C/W is "Great Speckled Bird." One character finds his old lady "acting like a whore in another man's arms." Another character, a woman, goes to church because she hears "confession was good for the soul./The preacher undressed her/And then he blessed her/by putting his face in her hole." The song ends with a mock Jerry Falwell-type Book-Thumpin' sermon. "What the hell's happenin', Jesus Christ! Ain't nothin' sacred no more" is Coe's chorus.

2. PUSSY WHIPPED AGAIN. My personal favorite. A paean to Pig Power. This is one of those Ernest Tubb-type ballads that's just perfect for slobbering over a can of Iron City to. Here's the cowboy who gets shot down for doing it Modern—"tryin' to be her buddy/Tryin' to make a woman my fren." All he gets from his wimpdom is his toes sucked and a taste for pussy-whipping. "Blame it," sings Coe, "on the whiskey 'n gin...."

3. CUM STAINS ON THE PILLOW. Hank ("Send Me The Pillow") Locklin must be turning over in his bunkbed over this one. Another she-done-git-up-and-left-me anthem, this song moves right into the nitty-gritty. The memento *amori* in this case are those tell-tale droplets on the pillow which, somewhat cryptically, sits "in the middle of the bed." It's not exactly love letters in the sand kind of material.

4. LINDA LOVELACE. The ultimate ballad of bedroom braggadocio. A liar's song, something like Willie Nelson's "I Never Cared For You." The hero takes only fifteen minutes to get into the Queen of England's pants; and in between, he screws an endless succession of barmaids, bank clerks, teachers, lawyers, doctors and even a circus clown. But the kicker is that "you ain't shit/if you cain't get/Linda Lovelace to gag." And the graphic description of these erotic heroics is a country sestet. "Harry Reems/Fell apart at the seams/When he saw me fuck that whore./She sucked my dick/And swallowed my nuts/And I still hollered for more."

5. FUCK ANETA BRIANT. Written before the citrus-sucking gay-baiter became reconstructed, this song offends everyone. Ostensibly a political statement, aimed at the carefully misspelled Ms. Briant, it offers only the most backhanded of compliments for gays. "They give you smokes...laugh at jokes...clean your cell...drain your hose...rub your feet...beat your meat." On the other hand, warbles Coe, in this fast-paced number, "Who the hell is she?/Tellin' all them faggots/That they can't be free!" This baby is a true jailhouse jewel.

SIDE B

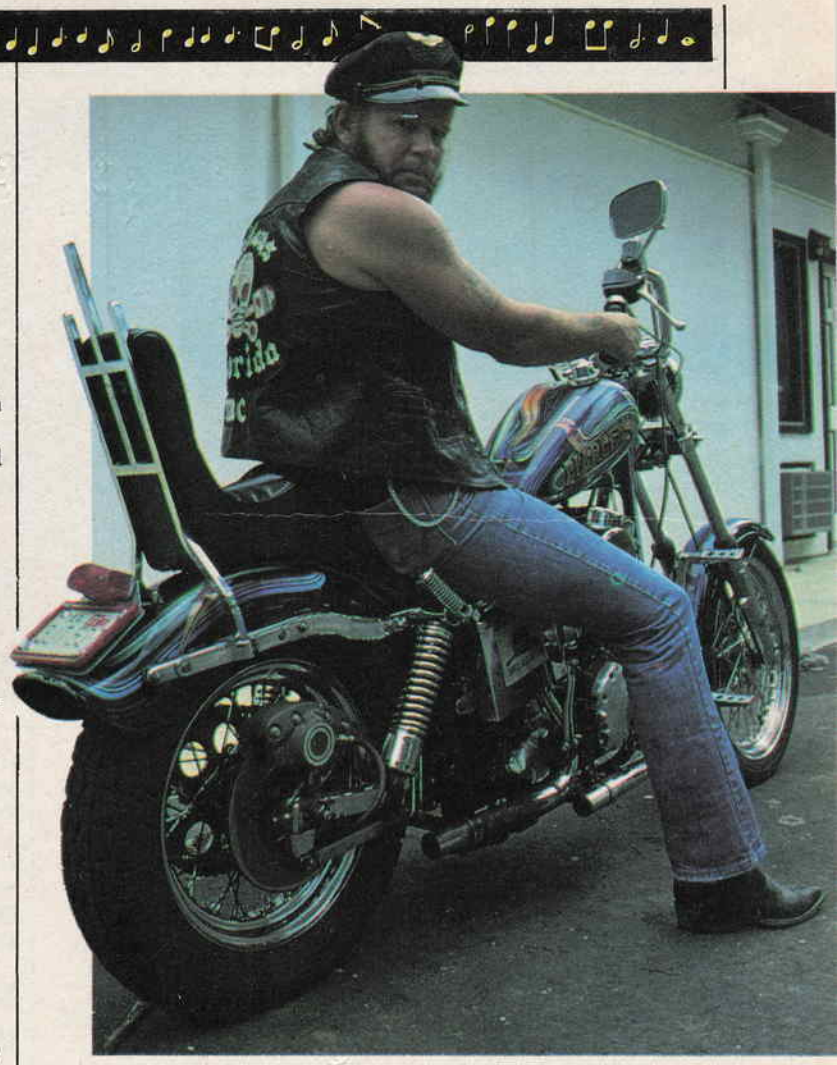
1. JIMMY BUFFET. Fellow Floridian Jimmy Buffet is praised by imitation in this Island-Beat number that makes the apparently important statement that "Jimmy Buffet doesn't live/In Key West anymore."

2. BIGGEST LIES. Truism turned into art—with a telling twist. The three biggest lies are all familiar ones ("This'll only hurt for a little while./I'll only put the head of it in./I promise that I'll never try/To come in your mouth") and the cad that uses them gets the ultimate cum-uppance. He gets busted, loaded into the slammer with a "pervert" and, finally, with a "home-made knife to his throat", told the 3 biggies from an unexpected source.

3. WHIPS AND THINGS. Another morality tale from the small-town storybook. Our hero encounters the usual local punches: Finger-Fucking Sally, Pussy-Eatin' Pamela, and Suck-'em Silly Shirley ("She would give us head jobs/In Centennial Park."). Sally, however, is into pain and the hero is into the title of the song, so they get married. The others meet evil ends. A tinch tangier than "Harper Valley P.T.A.", no?

4. RAILS "Lay me down some rails, boys/Don't put me in jail, boys..." A carol to cocaine, country-style.

5. MASTER BATION BLUES. I swear, this is a dirty phone call set to music, in the classic Black blues style. It's nothing more than the pages of a porno novel describing in the randiest terms a woman masturbating—and it's the perfect way to end a really beautiful, esemplastic redneck sexual songbook. The great thing is that it's all true, it's all outrageous, and the satire is not unintended. I really believe that bigot and libber alike can enjoy this music. The only ones who won't like it are bluenoses.—*Peter Wolff.*



"He's the only country singer with more than one wife....and the only one to serve time for murder."

RONSTADT RAISES THE JOLLY ROGER: Linda Ronstadt *will* star in the film version of *Pirates Of Penzance*, but the shooting won't start until early next year. Meanwhile, the lady sings the blues (reportedly those of Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holliday and Sarah Vaughn) on a forthcoming album....TUSK TUSK: Fleetwood Mac are finishing up their latest, in Paris, apparently the only place they could all agree to meet. Sweet Stevie Nicks, her album sliding up the charts,

continues work on the book she's been writing for six years. When asked if she has ever lusted after an acting career, as do most pop stars, she said, "It's never appealed to me. Getting up at 5 a.m. and hanging around while you go through the same part over and over doesn't excite me. If they could figure out a way to start at night, or late afternoon, when I get up....then maybe. I start to happen around midnight, that's when I'm most creative." The next Marianne Faithful record will be titled *Intrigue*....Steve Martin's next will be the soundtrack to the movie remake of *Pennies From Heaven* (Bing Crosby starred, 1936), which he's doing with Bernadette Peters....LAUGHING POLICEMEN: A companion LP to last spring's *Secret Policemen's Ball* is due out. It'll contain comedy by Eric Idle, John Cleese, Peter Cooke, and others, from the same 1979 Amnesty International concert....

Gene Sculatti

(Continued from page 22)

walked in and seen our show unfold before their naked, steaming eyes and drilled them right out of their nylons. But then! They can come backstage and actually *wallow* in it!

OUI: But really, they're just folks.

ROTH: Yeah, just folks who want to have a real good time and celebrate. It's the girl whose Daddy is in the Army and she lives on base. Or the housewife whose hubby is in Hawaii at a medical convention. Or nowadays—it's both of 'em.

OUI: What! Mother and daughter groupies?

ROTH: Yeah—isn't that a jolt? 'Course the first thing you have to do is split them up.

OUI: No familial threesomes?

ROTH: Hey—you guys are more creative than I am. I was shocked at first, but now I see mother-daughter teams all the time.

OUI: The mind reels.

ROTH: Some fans are very, very determined about what they want.

OUI: So what do you do?

ROTH: Take off my clothes.

OUI: Gosh, that's really accommodating. You certainly get an A in public relations.

ROTH: I honestly feel that audience participation extends from onstage to backstage to under the stage.

OUI: How about the girl that leapt onto the stage tonight and began hugging and kissing you and plastering her blue-jeaned body all over yours?

ROTH: That can be dangerous, but I love doing it. I just pulled her on up. But a few months ago, I chose the wrong girl. She bit my lower lip and hung on like a bulldog. I couldn't talk for a week.

OUI: Have you ever had any accidents in being mauled backstage?

ROTH: Never. But...some embarrassments, you know.

OUI: Tell us something really disgusting.

ROTH: Once I was in bed with this girl in a hotel room. We had sex and she looked at me with big eyes and said. "Oh you're leaving—I'll probably never see you again. Couldn't I just have one picture for my memories?" I said of course and tossed her a magazine that had a photo of me. Then I excused myself and went to take a shower. Well I came out dead naked, all clean and ready for her. I walked up in front of her and she was very...excited. She was trembling. I said, "Are you all right?" She wouldn't look at me. She was staring at my picture, and shaking. I said, "Uh...excuse me." She said, "Shhh...quiet...just a moment." Then she was finished. Then I signed the picture and she almost had another orgasm. That was amazing to me. The picture was more precious than the real thing. What was the reality?

ON SHELTER FROM THE STORM:

"I go to a beach in the West Indies or the South Pacific where everyone wears almost nothing...that's my therapy."

OUI: Does all this ever seem particularly unreal to you?

ROTH: Well, you know, our band has total control over everything we do. We set up our own tours and design everything, our lights, our clothes, our staging. So we've created the ultimate rock & roll dream—our own little fantasy world. Once you've done that, you can populate it with people you like and everyone can dress just like you want them to. You can have your own language and pet slang and type of humor...actually it's a lot like schizophrenia. Isn't one of the first signs of schizophrenia creating your own little world? But our Oz is real—no man behind the curtain here.

OUI: Do you have many long-running relationships?

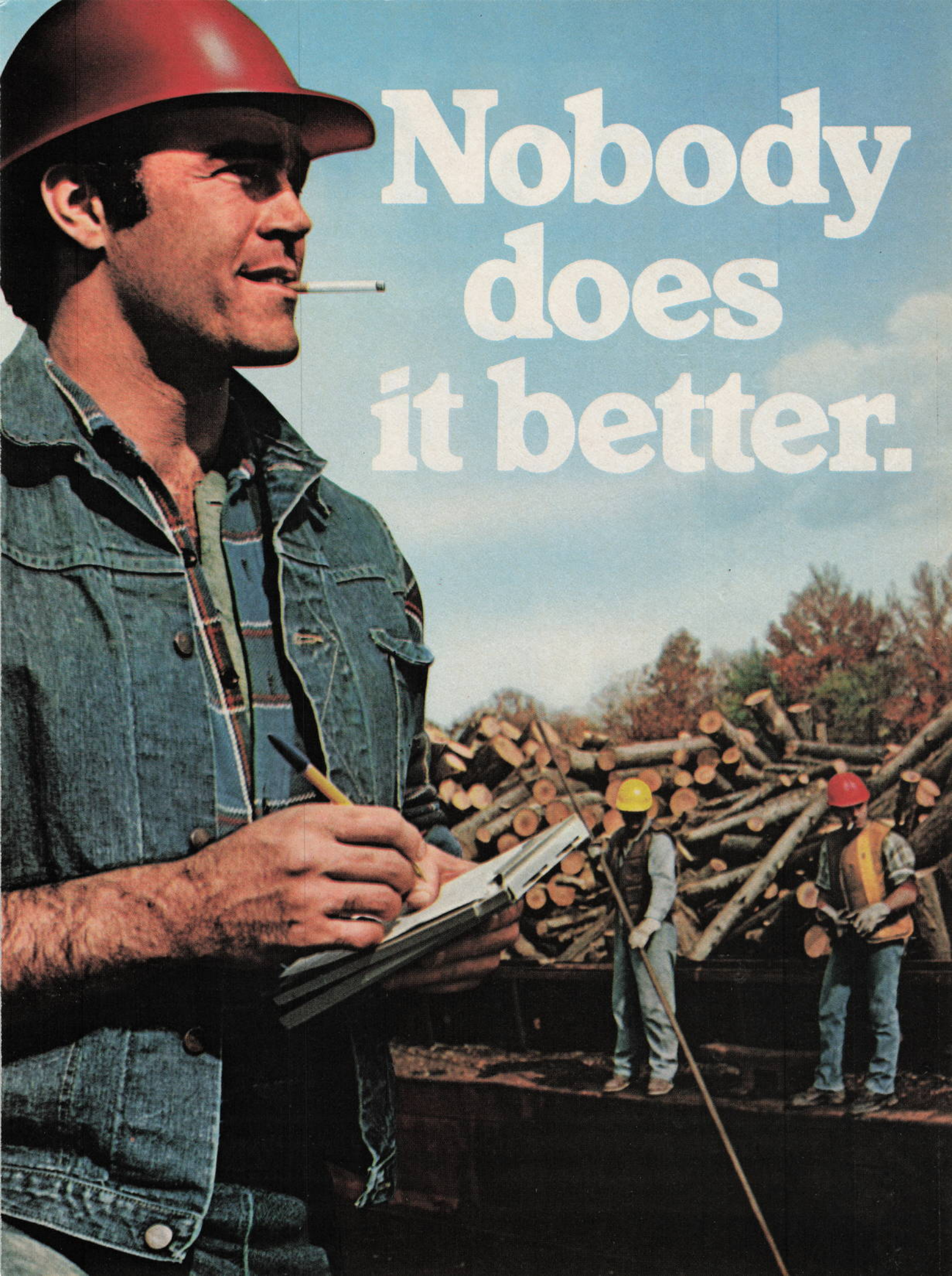
ROTH: My situation is that I travel constantly—I work about 300 days a year. Sometimes I change cities five days a week. And I'll tell ya, until I got into this lifestyle, I had no idea there were that many fish in the sea. And I am quite a shark, babe.

OUI: And you are divinely happy and have absolutely no regrets?

ROTH: There does come a time when I'm very alone. Like in a hotel room in Salina, Kansas, with white brick walls. You feel like you're in the day room at the Tombs. But I don't go looking to have a serious relationship. I really haven't found anyone who can get along with me on a perpetually positive basis. I like two kinds of life—either mad, noisy hysteria with lots of ferments and problems or absolute quiet on a pure, white sand beach.

You know, I'm at the point now where I can do just about anything I want, finanically, emotionally, time-wise. I can make time to go anywhere with anyone

(Continued on page 115)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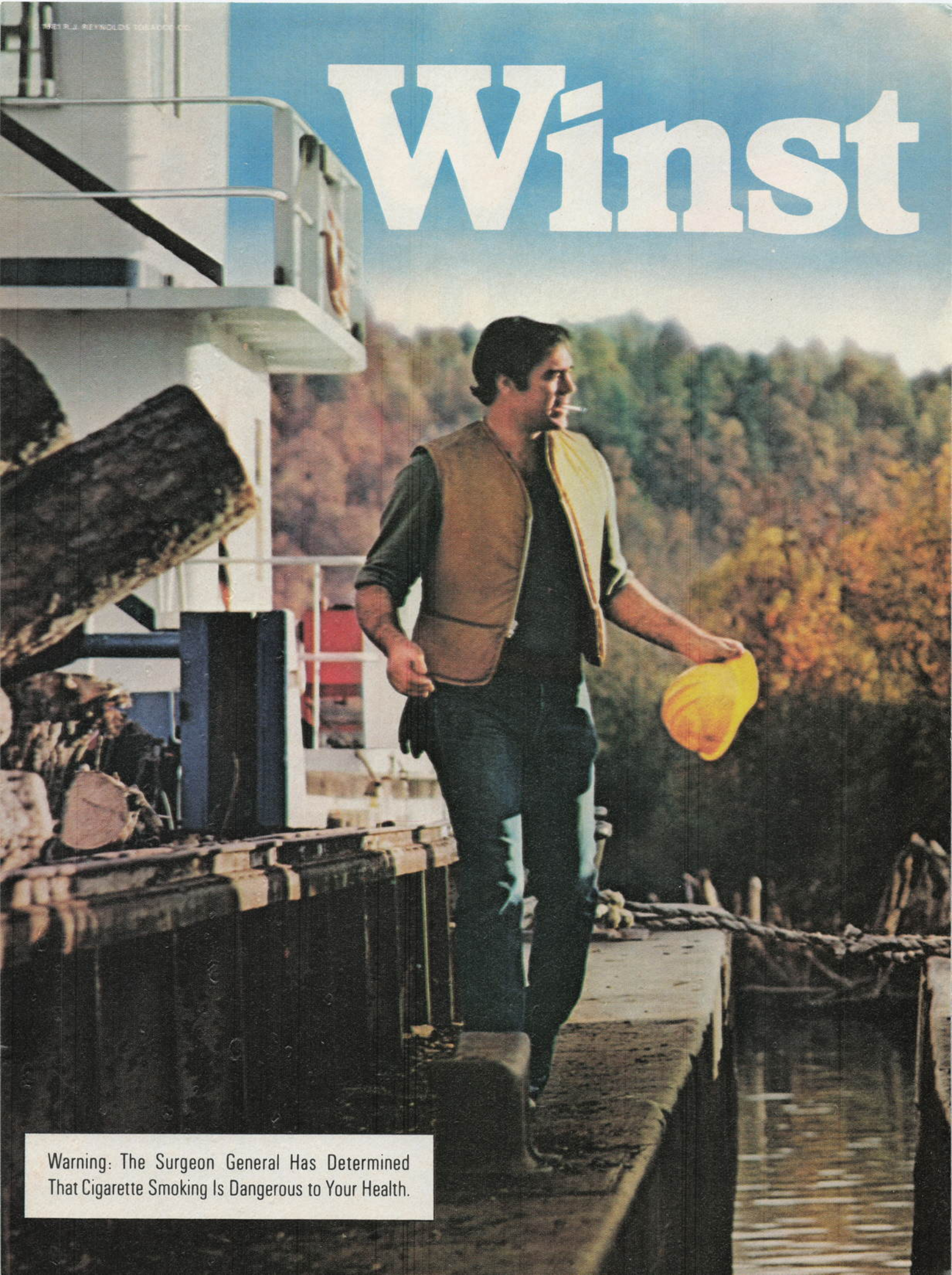

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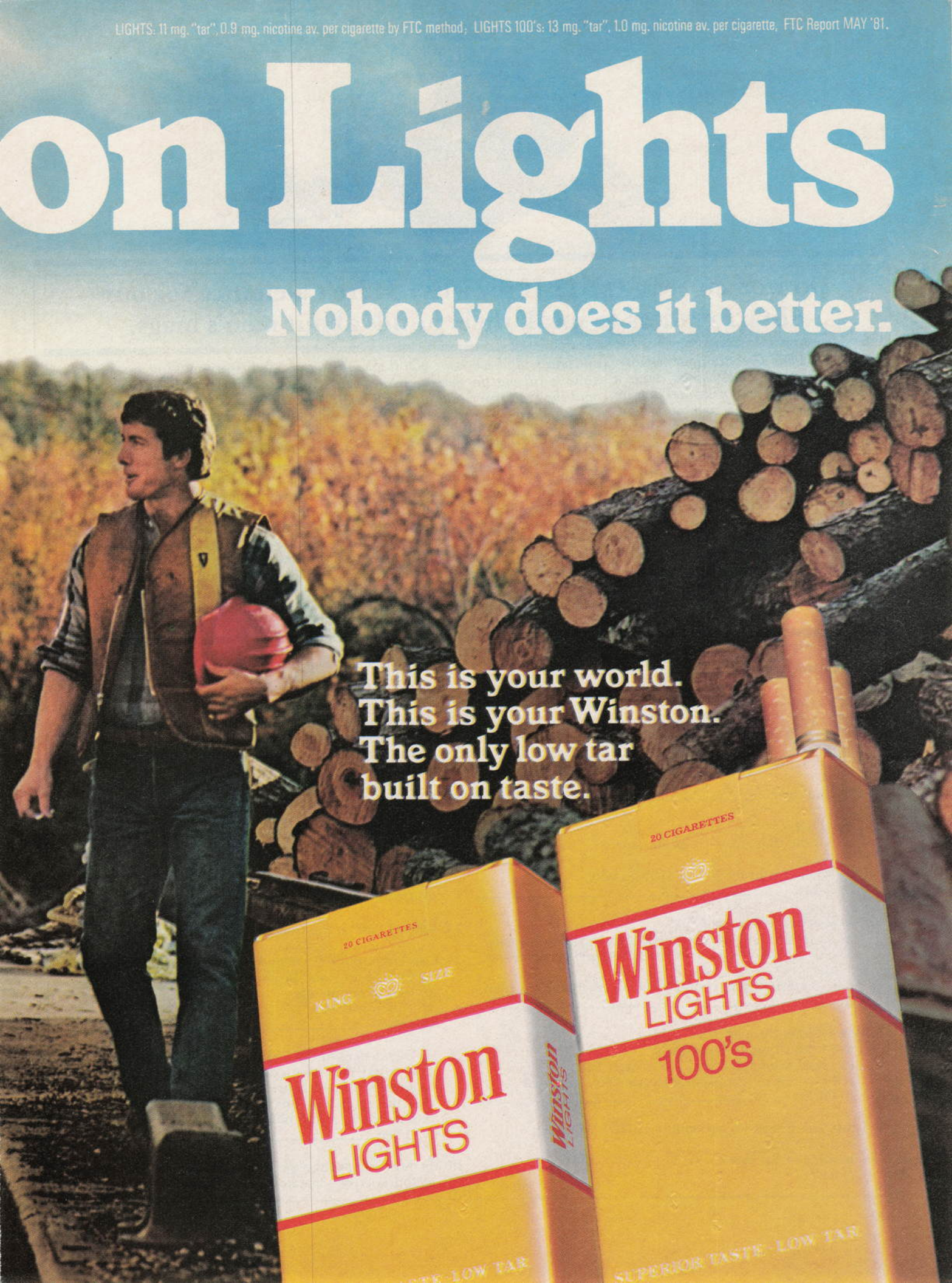

Do women read OUI? If so, why? Here's a chance for our distaff readers to speak their minds about men's mags.

CLUB OUI has a very unique membership: You. Men, and women, with a special interest in exploring and sharing the endless varieties of sexual satisfaction. Every month, CLUB OUI Sex Journal will feature some of the more provocative, inventive letters we receive from our readers. And every month we will take one topic, promoted by readers interest, and prepare the CLUB OUI questionnaire. The subject could be anything that excites your curiosity or inspires you to share an erotic experience with other CLUB OUI members. This month, we've printed a letter by a "closet" reader of OUI. A woman. We think you'll be intrigued. And we hope you'll take the time to fill out the Questionnaire—and join the exclusive world of CLUB OUI.

FOR WOMEN'S EYES ONLY

Surveys show that maybe only 5% of men's magazines are actually purchased by women but—let's admit it, ladies—a lot of you cast your curious eyes through the pages of OUI (we hope!). And we're not talking stereo components or a spread on the latest lightweight street bike. We're talking women. Naked women. So we thought we'd prepare a special history-making questionnaire just for you female aficionados of the female. Won't you tell us just how you came to enjoy our lovely ladies? Sneak a peek? Did your boyfriend strap you to a chair? Or do you and your man appreciate the comely flesh together? Just as interesting, we wonder about your reaction. Stare and compare? Do you get off on sultry French ladies in soft-lit boudoirs? —or perhaps you lean toward lanky southern California gals sporting through surf. So take out your pencils, ladies, and let us know your innermost secrets. All identities, as usual, kept in strictest confidence.

1. First name only: _____

2. Age: _____

3. Occupation: _____

4. Marital Status: _____

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6. I buy OUI...
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   c) When I'm in the mood. Occasionally.
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   b) only when my boyfriend/lover/husband persuades me. to.
   c) in a spirit of sexy cooperation, together with my man.
   d) Other: _____

8. When I look through OUI...
   a) I head straight for the girls.
   b) I read some interviews and articles first.
   c) I give the girls a passing glance. Not interested.
   d) Other: _____

9. I compare myself to the women in OUI...
   a) all the time.
   b) some of the time.
   c) never.

10. When I do compare I always check out: _____

11. Looking at the women...
   a) excites me because I'm sexually attracted to women.
   b) pleases me aesthetically, like any pretty picture.
   c) turns me on because my boyfriend/lover/husband gets turned on.
   d) is usually a turn-off.
   e) Other: _____

12. Women in OUI that turn me on most are...
   a) women that look like me.
   b) women I'd *like* to look like.
   c) my opposite.
   d) Other: _____

13. When I look at the women I fantasize about: _____

14. Checking out OUI ladies with my boyfriend tends to...
   a) get us horny and promptly into bed.
   b) lead to arguments.
   c) lead to jealousy.
   d) Other: _____

15. My preferences in OUI women are those who...
   a) look like they have a personality and something to say.
   b) are posed in attractive surroundings.
   c) strike me as lewd and dirty.
   d) seem classy and sophisticated.
   e) Other: _____

16. My most interesting experience looking at OUI women was as follows (use separate page to explain):

"5 days a week I'm an account executive.
Then I bust loose with my team & Cuervo."

BUST LOOSE!
CUERVO & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

Tequila
Cuervo Especial
Distilled by
Tequila Cuervo, S.A.
Tequila, Jal. Mex.
PRODUCT OF MEXICO - 80 PROOF
A Distillate From The Mezcal Plant
(A Variety of The Maguey)

CUERVO ESPECIAL ® TEQUILA 80 PROOF
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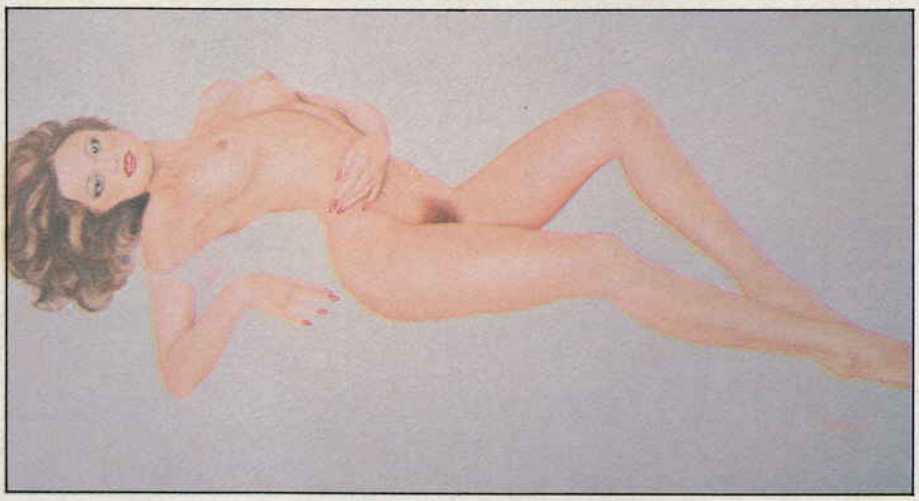
SNEAKING PEEKS



*"Since that day Don and I regularly go over the girls in OUI. He'll tell me—in great detail—what he likes about them: this one's ass, that one's crotch, and I'll tell him which ladies **I** find a turn-on and exactly why. It's the most fantastic warm-up for sex we've ever had. Sometimes I'll say, 'You'd really like to screw her, wouldn't you?' or 'Bet youd like to suck on those.' It gets him hard."*

You know that ad for *Cosmopolitan* that goes, "If you want to reach me you can find me reading my favorite magazine?" Well I have a little confession to make. If you want to reach me, you can find me reading my boyfriend's favorite men's magazine. (OUI, of course.) When the whole thing started, over a year ago, I was feeling a little peculiar and guilty. Don would go out drinking with some of his buddies and I'd find myself sneaking (sneaking!) into the bathroom and perusing his stash. I'm not really sure what my motives were. I suppose I was both curious and jealous. Maybe once or twice a week Don would disappear into the bathroom, lock the door and then emerge fifteen minutes later with a funny satisfied smile on his face. I'm sure I knew what he was doing—jerking off to some fantastic-looking lady—but I just didn't want to accept it. There wasn't really much reason to complain. Don and I have a pretty terrific sex life so why should I disallow him from getting a few extra kicks when I'm just dog-tired or not in the mood?

That's what I thought. What I felt was something else. Secretly I guess I suspected he preferred those fabulous nubile models from France with tits the size of watermelons (mine aren't too bad, either) and legs ten feet long. The first time I looked at OUI, I pretended I really didn't care that much. I read part of an interview, and some music stuff before I casually scanned the photos of "Marlene." I had to admit she was gorgeous. Of course I told myself it was just a lot of clever make-up that gave her that "St. Tropez" tan, and I figured the photographer had pulled some cute trick to make her nipples look that big. Her breasts also must have been enlarged by some camera sleight-of-hand. But then curiosity got the better of me. I took the magazine into the bedroom. We've got this big full-length mirror on the closet that faces the bed if the door's opened just right. With Marlene as inspiration, I adjusted the mirror, stripped off my clothes, then draped myself over the bed in the same pose as Marlene—with my legs spread a little and one hand cupping my tit.

Imagine my surprise. I didn't look quite as devastating as gorgeous Marlene—but I sure looked lewd. I shifted my body, parted my legs a bit more, and looked even better. And then I started getting really turned on, imagining Don returning and finding me posing like that. For the first time, I didn't feel quite so competitive with the girls in OUI. Maybe that's how Don saw me when we were screwing. Of course right away I began wondering if Don was picturing Marlene—or hordes of others—in the heat of *our* passion. I got up and started looking through the magazine again. I got some more of his stash from the bathroom and was just ogling a hot little redhead with a fantastic ass when the door popped open and in comes Don.

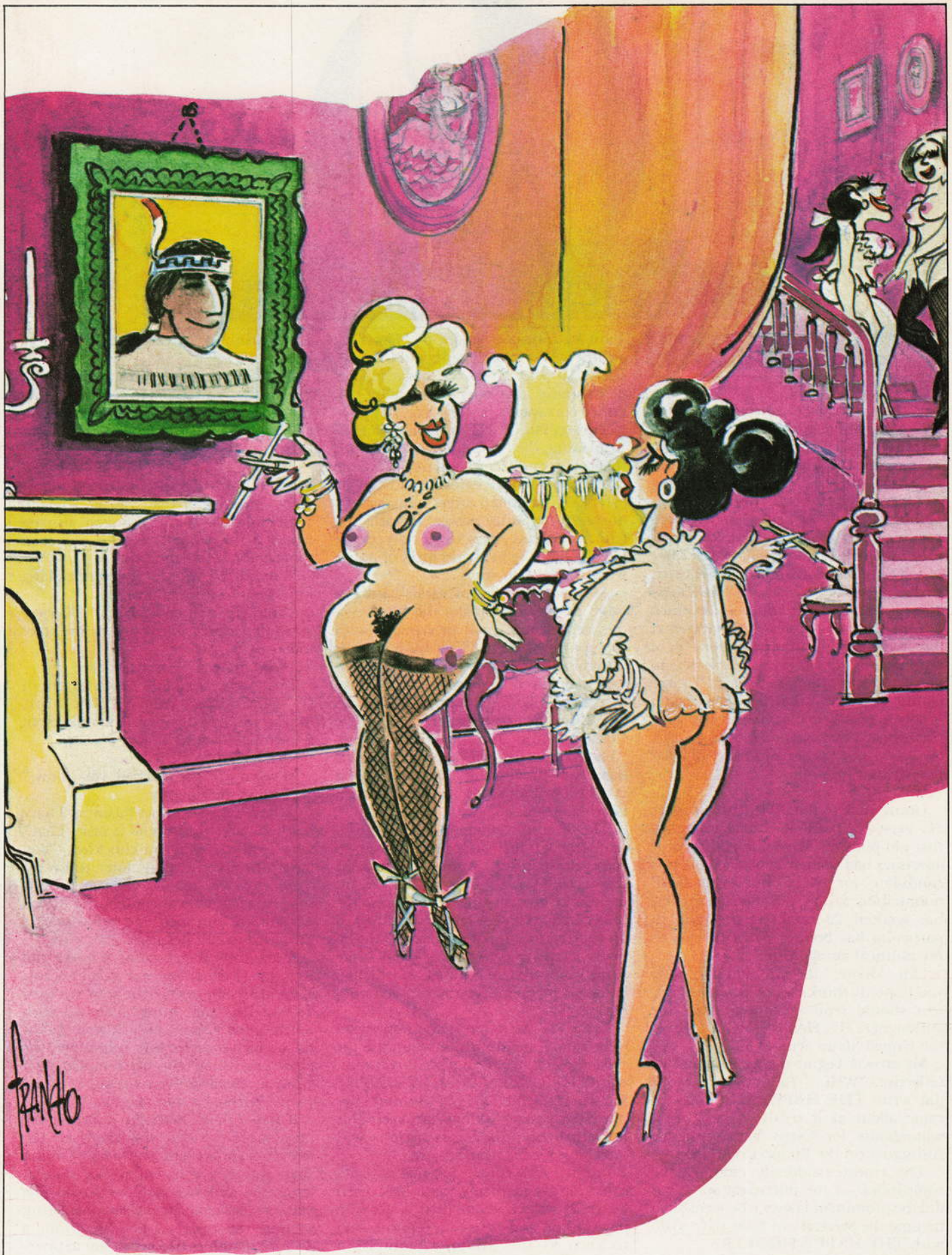
I don't know which of us had more explaining to do, but pretty soon we started to sort things out. Don—big surprise! —admitted he'd occasionally slip into the bathroom and jerk off to one of his favorite girls. I asked which were his favorites. He showed me an *extremely* sultry blonde, Janine (August '80), pulling down a white mesh top to expose a fabulous creamy breast. We both got so turned on studying her body that ten minutes later we were fucking in what must have been our hottest sex in months.

Okay, here's the point. Since that day, Don and I regularly go over the girls in OUI. He'll tell me—in great detail—what he likes about them: this one's ass, that one's crotch, and I'll tell Don which ladies *I* find a turn-on and exactly why. It's the most fantastic warm-up for sex we've ever had. Sometimes I'll say, "You'd really like to stick your stiff cock right up her pussy, wouldn't you?" or "Bet you'd like to suck those big brown nipples!" Needless to say, these are thoughts Don has had himself—but hearing me say them really gets him hard. Being able to share some of these fantasies also makes me feel less competitive, even when the girls are knockouts. I never get hot from lesbian fantasies—but I do get *very* hot imagining Don looking at me the way he looks at Marlene, Janine, etc.

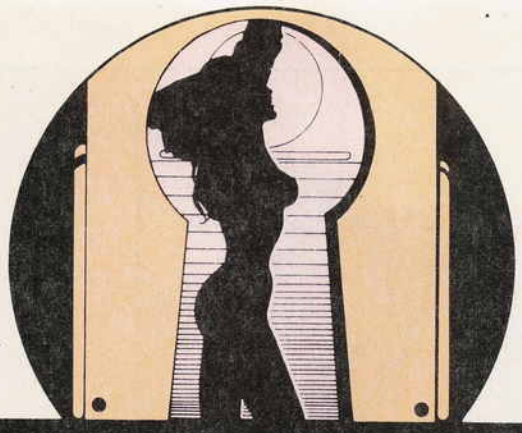
Something else has changed, too. I've never been much of an exhibitionist. I like my body, but I never really show if off to Don. Well now I do. Sometimes I'll dress purposely in a black lace bikini and bra and have a whole set of raunchy poses ready for Don when he gets back from work. Once, when I straddled the arm of an armchair with my legs dangling on either side while I lifted my tit to my mouth and tongued the nipple, Don practically shot his load on the spot. He's even brought a polaroid and directs me in a set of poses and costumes (or *lack* of costumes) that he imagines he'd like to see in OUI.

I'm curious how many other woman have gotten into the spirit of OUI. I guess this sounds like a commerical for your magazine but I'd sure recommend it!

Laurie, 24
Grand Rapids, Michigan



"He was the first BUCK I've made."



ROBIN MOORE
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

About Robin Moore:
Currently active in Connecticut politics, Moore is probably best known for his international best sellers **The French Connection** *and* **The Green Berets**—*both successful films. The author of many books, of popular fiction and nonfiction, Moore has led a life of both personal and professional involvement in this country and abroad. While some of what he has done must, of necessity, still be cloaked in secrecy, his* **The Happy Hooker** *tells of a condition, not so much unique as to its professional reference, but revealing in its associations as a reflection of our times and the men who make the important decisions. No one would be better qualified than Robin Moore to go where life imitates and often transcends the outlandish, the bizarre, the erotic and the corruptibility of what often passes for art.*

Going back to the Bible, Job, Chapter 31, Verse 35, politicians have reiterated that old phrase, "My desire is that mine adversary had written a book." Well, this candidate for the Connecticut GOP nomination to the U.S. Senate in 1982 has written 20 books. One book in particular has been of particular joy to my political antagonists.

"Mr. Moore," the question goes, "do you honestly think the voters of Connecticut should send a pornographer, the author of THE HAPPY HOOKER, to the United States Senate?"

My answer begins with a Reagan-like reflective, "Well..." followed by, "yes, I did write THE HAPPY HOOKER. It came about as a result of bugging a whorehouse for Cyrus Vance and his colleagues on the Knapp Commission."

The riposte suddenly changes the complexion of the interrogation. What did the prominent lawyer who went on to become the Secretary of State have to do with THE HAPPY HOOKER?

The Knapp Commission was established in May 1970 by executive order of John V. Lindsay, headed by New York attorneys Whitman Knapp and Cyrus R. Vance. It was given the basic task of determining the extent and nature of police corruption in New York City.

Through its Chief Counsel, Michael F. Armstrong, the Commission determined that corrupt policemen fall into two basic categories: "meat eaters" and "grass eaters." The meat eaters aggressively misuse their police powers for personal gain. The grass eaters simply accept the payoffs that the happenstances of police work throw their way.

Although the "meat eaters" get the huge payoffs that make the headlines, they represent a small percentage of all corrupt policemen. The truth is, the Commission reported to the mayor, the vast majority of policemen on the take don't deal in large amounts of graft; grass eaters are the heart of the problem. As the Commission's interim report stated, "The rookie who comes into the department is faced with the situation where it is easier for him to become corrupt than to remain honest."

The Knapp Commission was given one year of full subpoena power to complete its investigation and make its report to Mayor Lindsay. After eight months of the investigative process the blue ribbon panel of lawyers had turned up exactly nothing of substance. Oh yes, many suspicious activities—but Mike Armstrong still had nothing on which to hang his investigative and prosecutorial hat.

As the Knapp Commission investigators were vainly attempting to vindicate the existence of the Commission, this author, with THE GREEN BERETS and THE FRENCH CONNECTION behind him, (the latter having led him into a veritable labyrinth of police corruption) was searching for his next subject.

I came to the conclusion that no book could be more timely, and lend itself better to bestsellerdom than a story on prostitution and police corruption. And so even as the Knapp Commission investigators were seeking tangible evidence that could lead to convictions, I was seeking the corpus of a good whore book.

One day while working in the studio apartment I had sublet in New York City from an old friend whose name, coincidentally, was also Moore, the phone rang. I answered.

"Hallo, Mr. Moore, this is Xaviera." Even more than the unusual name (pronounced Zah-viera, as in Riviera) something about the strangely stirring female voice would have hit any man somewhere below the belt.

"I'm not the Mr. Moore you're looking for," I confessed regretfully.

"You are a friend of his?" Xaviera asked in her provocative accent and voice tone.

"Who are you?" I responded.

That light, ineffable laugh again. "I am Dutch. Two years in New York. Maybe you heard your friend talk about Evelyn Crestwood?"

"Maybe," I replied.

"Evelyn just got married, you know."

"I hope she's happy."

"I have taken over her business. I have her book and your friend is in it. That's why I called." Xaviera chuckled. "You have a nice voice. Why don't you come over and we get acquainted." The suggestive laugh was compelling. I took her phone number and address and promised to call her back.

A few days later I called Xaviera and went to see her at her apartment on East 57th Street. She opened the door in a baby doll nightie that hung about an inch north of her auburn pubic patch. As the spring lock snapped shut behind me, she turned provocatively, her dimpled pink buttocks dancing like twin out of phase yo-yos below the sheer nightie.

It was a slow afternoon, a Friday, the johns were on their way home for the weekend, and we had time to talk. I found that Xaviera was fluent in several languages and, strangely, well-read. She knew my books and had been considering writing the story of her life, from a doctor's daughter in Amsterdam to prize-winning secretary in Europe and the United Nations, and finally to her real

love, prostitution.

"You really like what you're doing," I remarked.

Xaviera's eyes turned shiny emerald. "I love it. I love sex. I love men and I love the business." She fixed me with a glowing stare. "And to get paid for doing the thing you love best—what woman wouldn't love it?"

"Let's talk about my profession a few minutes," I suggested.

An hour later we had a tentative agreement to write her story. "I like to call it COME AND GO for the title," she giggled.

Nevertheless, I might never have proceeded with the book had not a sinister phone call captured my imagination. A year previous, a lawyer had introduced me to one of the foremost electronic surveillance experts in the murky world of bugging, Ted Ratnoff. He had even bugged the limousine of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, John McCormick. Now Ted Ratnoff was calling me again. I agreed to meet him at a nearby restaurant and listened in fascination to his latest stories of investigations in New York and Washington.

I shook my head and Ted explained. In desperation the chief counsel for the Knapp Commission had hired Ratnoff to get the evidence on police corruption that the Commission's straightforward methods had failed to unearth. They only came to Ted when they had under five months of life left. Ted knew that I was well connected in police circles and considered an outstanding investigative writer. Slowly I wormed the details from him. Mike Armstrong had ambitions of becoming District Attorney out of the investigation and realized that only smarmy tactics would succeed in giving the high-minded gentlemen on the Commission the results they so badly needed.

"Where would you go to find every level of corruption in action?" I asked Ted.

"The Congress of the United States!" he shot back. "But that's not what I'm looking for this time."

"How about a whorehouse. A really high-class brothel. Those madams have to pay off to keep in business."

"Fantastic!" Ted exclaimed. "How do we do it?"

"It so happens I've been considering writing my next book about a prostitute, a very high level whore, I might add. One who works the United Nations and even provides women for a White House protocol officer when he has to service foreign dignitaries."

"Can you get me in?" Ted asked.

"I'll see what I can do. Xaviera is just moving to a new apartment in a different police precinct and I suspect she'll be looking to make the proper payoff contacts."

"Get me in there." Ted's eyes gleamed through coke bottle bottom thick glasses.

That afternoon I went back to see Xaviera again. She was waiting for the moving men to take her bed to the new apartment.

"Xaviera," I said, "I can make you the most famous courtesan in modern history."

She gave me a speculative look. "I'm sorry they're coming for the bed any minute, darling," she said.

"You still want to do a book?" I asked.

"Yes," Xaviera replied simply. "As soon as I get moved into the new apartment."

"Look," I said, "what I'd like to do is set up your new apartment so that you can, when something interesting happens, tape record it. Authenticity—that's the ticket to successful writing." Xaviera agreed.

"OK, I'm going to bring one of my research assistants up to your new place and he'll set up the microphones and recording equipment."

Xaviera was beginning to get excited about the book. As she gave the OK for me to bring Ted Ratnoff to her apartment, the moving men arrived. I watched as one

The party stirs with
Seagram's 7
Seagram's
Seven Crown
AMERICAN WHISKEY
A BLEND
Seagram's 7 really knows how to throw a party. Whether you mix it with cola, 7UP®, or your own favorite, it makes for the most refreshing occasions. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

of the movers unscrewed the brackets from the ceiling above the bed on which rested the round gold tinted mirror which provided the occupants of the bed an opportunity to look up and check their performance. The mirror hung down about four inches from the ceiling on the brackets.

As the movers were leaving with Xaviera's furniture, she and I concluded our deal. Fifty-fifty after expenses. The prospect of being of real service to what I considered a very worthwhile investigation on the part of the City of New York gave me the impetus to go ahead with the book project.

Despite Ted Ratnoff's rather grotesque appearance, magnified eyes behind thick glasses, large balding head and overbearing manner, Xaviera liked him. Over the course of the next few days Ted convinced her that he could keep her wires free of taps at the same time he was providing her with the ability to tape all of her phone calls and all the activities that occurred in the three-bedroom apartment she had taken.

Before Xaviera's girls moved in and the place opened for business Ted succeeded in putting taps on all four telephones and microphones throughout the apartment. This extremely sophisticated electronic surveillance all led to a large tape recorder which Ted installed in Xaviera's bedroom closet. He then gave her a switch which she could operate remotely and turn the tape recorder on and off.

Xaviera was convinced that she could at will record everything that went on in the apartment and was delighted with this new technique of keeping tabs on the girls, listening to the action and of course spotting any girls that might make dates on their own with customers they met at Xaviera's house.

"You can also tape any cop who takes a bribe from you without him knowing it," Ted mentioned. "Then if he gives you any trouble you've got the goods on him."

What Xaviera didn't know was that in the large tape recorder in her closet Ted had installed a high powered transmitter which would broadcast everything that went on in the apartment to a listening station Ted and I had set up half a block away from Xaviera's new apartment with a direct line of sight to her windows. Every phone call on all four lines, everything that happened in any one of the rooms, was monitored and taped in the listening station.

By now the Knapp Commission was down to under four months of life before its mandate ran out and had still not produced the first hard evidence of police corruption.

Ted Ratnoff was basically a genius in the field of electronic surveillance. With the backing of the Knapp Commission to protect him from prosecution for illegal wiretapping, Ted set up a veritable electronics display room in our listening post. District Attorney Eugene Gold of Brooklyn sent investigators to check out Ted's facilities and became a big customer of his. The FBI, CIA, and even Scotland Yard were amazed at the sophistication of the bugs and spent long hours listening to the sounds from Xaviera's place.

The official investigators of the Knapp Commission paid us infrequent visits as the entire operation was illegal and the New York District Attorney, Frank Hogan, was excluded from any knowledge of the investigation. There was well-founded suspicion that many leaks emanated from his office and this operation with Xaviera, if compromised, could well eliminate the commission's last chance to document police corruption.

Between interviews with Xaviera and the bizarre broadcasts that came over the telephones and from various bedrooms, we began to build up quite a dossier. And the book was coming along fine. So was the corruption probe. The police began coming up to Xaviera's and getting their payoffs. We also got far deeper into New York City and State corruption than we had intended.

Over the monitor one afternoon we heard Xaviera's phone ring and a cultured voice say, "My friend Abbot Gerard suggested I call you about an appointment."

"Would you hold please just a minute?" Xaviera replied politely.

"Now she's looking up Gerard in her books," Ted said. "I'm going to get my hands on those books and xerox them some day. They could lead us to some big people on the take."

"Yes, sir," Xaviera came back. "And what is your name?"

"Just call me Jack Smith."

Xaviera laughed. "When do you want to come over?"

"I'm calling from a pay station right around the corner," came the hoarse reply.

"Well come right up. I'm not busy."

Ted took a pair of binoculars and walked over to the window. He was just in time to spot a man walking out of the phone booth and up to the doorman. "There's a sharp looking type," Ted commented. "Either a banker or maybe even a political figure."

A few minutes later we heard Xaviera let him in. After some pleasantries they repaired to the bedroom. The rustling of clothes being discarded came over the microphones clearly and then Xaviera's usual compliments about the john's physique and the remarkable shape and size of his equipment. The john was obviously enjoying it all.

The sound of Xaviera's ministrations and the john's very audible appreciation of the same fed through the bug into the listening station and onto the tape.

By now my practiced ear was telling me that the john was about to climax when there was a whistle and along electronic beep. Then an efficient female voice cracked out, "Mr. R——O——Mr. R——, please call the Governor immediately. This is urgent."

"Oh my God! I left the goddamn beeper on!" came over the bug. Ted and I almost collapsed laughing.

There was a rustling sound and then the john said in chagrined tones, "I guess my little secret is out. But I am told you are discreet."

"You're safe here," Xaviera reassured him. "You can go in the other bedroom and make a phone call if you want to. I have four lines. I promise I don't listen in. Then we can finish up together what we have started," she added throatily.

A few moments later we heard R—— direct dial a telephone number.

"We have an automatic telephone number de-coder on the tape," Ted said. "Now we'll get the governor's private number." He paused. "By the way, I suppose you know who R——O—— —is?"

"What do you think I am. A hermit?" I asked.

I listened to the familiar voice answer his private line. "Thanks for calling so promptly, R—. Without going into detail on the telephone, since you're in Manhattan today, would you have a word with Knapp on his findings as they might involve SLA. You'll know what to do from there, I'm sure."

"I'll take care of it right now and report to you tomorrow afternoon," the john assured the governor.

"I wonder how State Liquor Authority figures into this?" Ted mused. "I figure that even the Knapp Commission might get stopped if it reached up too high. That's the story of my life as an investigator."

As we listened R——O—— returned to Xaviera's bedroom and continued where he had left off.

A few days later the phone call came into Xaviera's apartment that gave the investigation jet propulsion. Detective Bill Phillips was a meat eater. He had heard about Xaviera at P.J. Clarke's saloon a block away from her apartment and wasted no time making his proposal to her. She was to supply him one of her best girls twice a month along with a payoff of $500. He would handle the Police Precinct for her.

Phillips, currently in jail for murder, was a high living playboy whose salary as a police officer had very little to do with his style of living. Ted Ratnoff wired himself and personally went over to meet Bill Phillips at P.J. Clarke's. It was one

(Continued on page 96)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0 .7 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's, 8 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

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Take the road to flavor in a low tar cigarette.

The low 'tar' with genuine tobacco flavor.

RALEIGH LIGHTS

Sex Journal

(Continued from page 17)

herself. She told me that if I was not upset by that, we could continue our relationship. It was not a matter I pondered over long. My agreement was immediate.

Donna and I have shared our bed with several women since then, and never once did I have to lift a finger to entice anyone to join us. That's always been Donna's department.

I've learned more about living, loving and communicating with women since I met Donna, than I probably would have in any other way. I don't know if this relationship will last forever, but for right now, I'm just trying to pay attention and count my blessings.

Jeff, 27, broker
Manhattan, New York

FREE SAILING

I was married at 17—fresh out of high school, cheerleading and the back seat of Kirk's '63 Buick. That was ten years ago. In all that time, Kirk has been the only sex partner I've ever known. I never felt like I was missing anything, because we were very happy and had a satisfying sex life.

Eventually, for no particular reason that I can figure out to this day, I began to get curious. I'd find myself looking at the gas station attendant's bottom and wonder what it would feel like to be holding that firm little tush, helping him thrust into me. I felt guilty but was turned on practically all the time, fantasizing about perfect strangers I'd see on the street.

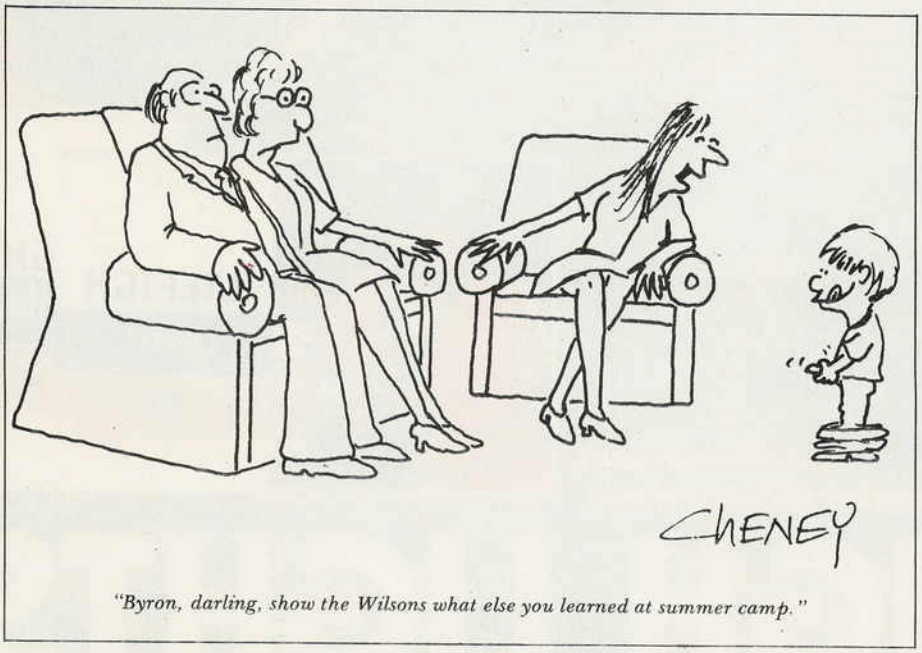
I finally followed my curious libido into a singles bar. It wasn't premeditated or anything. Kirk was busy with an architectural assignment, so I'd gone to visit my mother in San Francisco—something I often did when he was intensely involved in his work. It was there I got up the courage to go to Henry Africa's—mostly because it was in the middle of the afternoon.

Well, I'm not Farrah Fawcett, but I'm not exactly unattractive either. Within an hour, I had three serious offers from some really attractive guys. I decided to accept the invitation of a guy named Donald to go on his sailboat in the marina. That particular suggestion sounded appropriately romantic and adventurous.

Once we got there, I got scared, but I couldn't find a way to back out gracefully. We drank tequila sunrises and ended up balling below deck on a narrow little bunk. Donald, it turned out, had but one interest. All he wanted was for me to go down on him, over and over again.

Oral sex isn't something Kirk has ever expressed much interest in, and I found it really exciting. The first time. Maybe even the second. It felt strange when I wasn't even undressed, though. At one point, Donald did ask me to take off my skirt so that he could watch me masturbate while I was sucking on him. I followed his suggestion, and to my surprise, I had an orgasm almost immediately.

Believe it or not, that was the extent of our sex. The guy offered to take me back to the bar, but I insisted on taking a cab, which I did. It seemed an appropriate end to my "illicit affair."



"Byron, darling, show the Wilsons what else you learned at summer camp."

Maybe I should feel guilty, but I don't. I never told Kirk and I never will. That one fling was more than enough to remind me of how special Kirk and I are. Know what else? I found out that he really loves it when I perform fellatio on him.

Frances, 27, housewife and poet
Sacramento, California

OLD-FASHIONED?

You might think it's strange, but I'm having a difficult time finding a guy who wants to screw an old-fashioned girl like me. By that I mean that I prefer the standard missionary position, with no holds barred. Most of the guys I meet these days seem to want to impress me with cunnilingus and other fancy techniques, but I'm just not into that stuff. I like to simply lie flat on my back, grip my ankles, spread my legs wide and have some guy with staying power slam away just as hard as he can. The harder and faster, the better.

When I mentioned this to some of my female friends, they acted like I was retarded or something because I don't like a bunch of exotic, slow-moving sexual positions.

Well, that's not the way I am. What really brings me to orgasm faster than anything is when my lover gets so excited that he just can't wait to throw me down and jump on top. His excitement, and the weight of his body, plus the feeling of being "taken" that I get with my legs spread wide—that can't be matched by any complicated, slow-train tangle.

Adele, 23, cashier
Missoula, Montana

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

I have to let you know about a wonderful sex game that I play with my boyfriend all the time. My inspiration came from an old issue of *Oui* that had an interview with comedian Andy Kaufman. In that interview Kaufman talked about his interest in wrestling—not only as part of his act, but also as a fun thing to do with a girlfriend.

I thought it sounded like a great idea, and I told my boyfriend Jarris I'd like to give it a try. At first, he thought I was being silly, but I asked him to read some rules I'd thought up and see if he might not change his mind. The rules went like this:

A. No kicking, punching, scratching or hair-pulling.

B. Only grappling holds. No arm or leg twisting allowed.

RAVEN DE LA CROIX: THE SLOE-EYED SEX MACHINE?

By PETER WOLFF

Photos by KEN MARCUS

She has been called everything from "The Sloe-Eyed Sex Machine" to "The Female Burt Reynolds" and some of it is true and some of it isn't. Raven De La Croix is, indeed, a physical phenomenon, a being blessed with a great and powerful body, and endowed, with a great deal of input by her American Indian genes, with a face that belongs on a canvas.

What she is, in reality, is a kind of Space Age Candide—this robust physical presence, so tailored to the specifications of her time, who has fallen headfirst into just about every pitfall imaginable. She has emerged with all the cynicism of, say, a Little Annie Fannie (which is to say, none), collecting her experiences like stamps or butterflies, but almost totally unaffected by them.

On first impression you think, "Here's this gorgeous chick, built like a brick shithouse, who's run with bikers, who's survived the meatgrinder of the record promotion business, who's done X-rated movies, who's making her nut on the strip circuit. This ain't no babe in the woods. It's all an act."

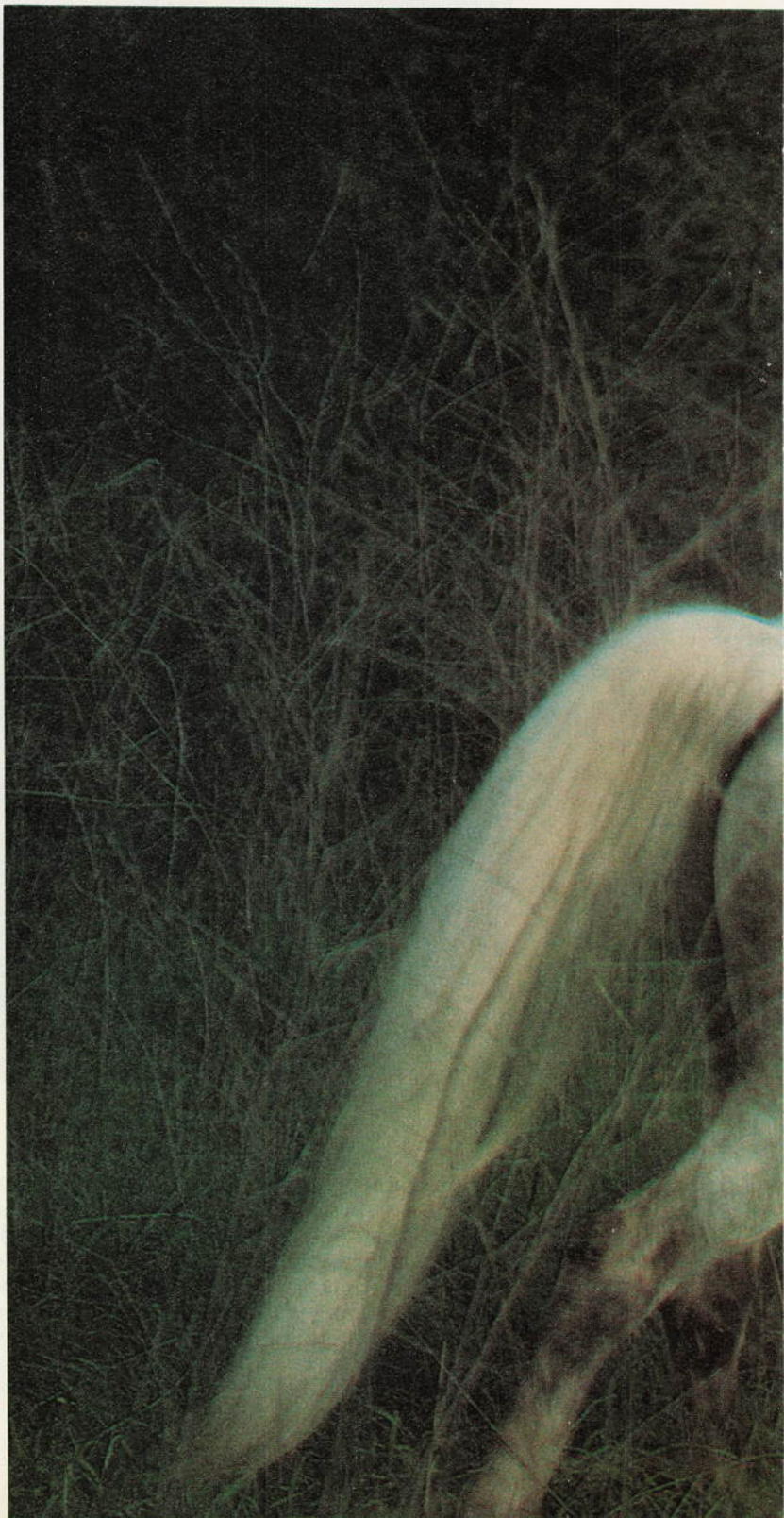
"Russ Meyer is very protective of his girls. He wants you to build up sexual energy when you're appearing in front of the camera...."

An act to fake maidenhood and -head. To keep the predators at arm's length. To separate herself from the paying customers. To establish her superiority to the flow.

But, after hanging out with her for a while, I can write, in utter truth and amazement, that none of this is true. She is simply a lady who has chosen to stay unaffected by the slime of our times. And it isn't that she doesn't understand or recognize it. She chooses not to let it get to her.

In the summer of her 29th year, she has become, for the first time in her life, a mainstay of the strip circuit, plying her trade mostly in Canada, where her five elaborate costume changes, her antique vaudevillian attention to grace style, and sexlessness, her fantastically firm breasts, and her sensitive and artistic nature make headlines on a weekly basis.

"Since I've become a stripper, I've become more creative in bed. I understand more about what men want...."



As a person, she is exceedingly articulate and smart, considerably prudish, unalterably friendly, unstoppably mothering, and delightfully wise.

Her prudishness. Her shyness, for instance, about displaying her pubis on stage (which she does some six times a day in her new life). Her reluctance to curse (her word, not mine.) Her insistence on romance and magic during intercourse (when a little nookie here and there could have given her a far easier life). All of this could be so sanctimonious, so holier-than-thou, so bullshit.

But it isn't. She is tolerant and toleratingly fascinated. This biker broad from the Bronx returned to New York recently for

"The girl had been whipped for hours and forced to have sex with all the gang members....There was blood coming out of her ears and nose....Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore...."

a gig at the notorious Melody Theatre, where lunch is served hourly from the underbellies of the dancing vixens. She never changed her act, cavorting gracefully to the tease of those big boobs, finally revealing, with blushing cheek and downcast eyes, a handsome bush amidst tightly clenched thighs. In an emporium where a performer is just as likely to sit on your face as swirl before your eyes, this nun-like show was astonishing.

And she drew throngs.

I sat with her, late at night, fully clothed, at Plato's Retreat, while the couple at our table engaged noisily and vigorously in a blow job. Raven watched carefully, almost scientifically, trying to understand. She has witnessed godawful biker gangbangs, girlbeatings, drug chaos, all with the same wonder.

In "Up!", the weird and wonderful Russ Meyer film, Raven made her biggest imprint upon the national psyche. She was its poster girl, its draw. In it she was raped twice molested by a woman, and nude and screwing (simulated, of course) most of the time.

The film reveals her as a mammalian monument, one of a long line of Meyer heroines designed to lure an audience of men to whom bosomania is an acceptable form of mental disorder. She is abetted in her performance by such peers as Candy Samples, and Kitten Natividad.

"Up!" is a blend of the venal and the violent. Softcore actualities played against hardcore myths and played for laughs, at that. Like one long dirty joke. This is how Raven earned her wings in show biz. For the vestal in her, those runnings (huge boobs abounce) and writhings, must have a true test of her inner realities.

Check out the perils of Margo (Raven's character). She is brutally assaulted by this guy, raped mercilessly while unconscious, discovered and blackmailed by the law (who turns out to be an uncompromising sexual marathoner), seduced by her employer, raped in front of three dozen cheering men by a 300-pound lumberjack, and, finally, seduced by a homocidal AC/DC chick. She emerges from the storyline unscathed.

And so has Supersquaw Raven De LaCroix, born in the shadow of Fort Apache, The Bronx; raised in the go-go joints, pizza parlors, and bowling alleys of Urban America; nurtured at the bosom of a motorcycle gang; turned out to fend for herself (warding off the feels, dodging the itches, rejecting the sexola) in the record biz; forced to grow up quickly as an instant movie star; vintaging gracefully (with some out-of-synch-with-the-Age posturing) on the hardwood altars of the Continent's strip clubs; so has Raven De LaCroix, would-be artist, expressionist, poet, sex object, fleshpot, softie, mother....emerged unscathed from a scabrous past.

We sit in the last honky-tonk on The Great White Way, on a Saturday morning, and talk about innocence....

OUI: I just want you to know that I finally believe you. I have come to think of you as unscathed and unmanipulating as you think you are. My question is, do you feel you have been rewarded for your innocence and your stubborn refusal to put out in the world's terms.

RAVEN: I don't think life has rewarded me. I am happy because I have come to grips with what I do and the way I do it. I haven't achieved all my dreams yet, but it's working out, bit by bit.

OUI: Could You have gotten there a bit faster by being more merchandizing with yourself?

RAVEN: Sure. If I'd played the game—and, believe me, there are many different games to play—I'd have progressed more, career-wise. It's a little slower, but my personal life is very rewading at this point. I could use a hot romance though....

OUI: What's the goal?

RAVEN: There are a lot of things I want to say as a person; I want to achieve things artistically. I paint. I write. I'd like to do motion pictures. I've done a couple of screen plays...Everybody has a bottom line. Mine is to make everything I do a form of communication.

OUI: What was your rudest awakening?

RAVEN: Realizing that people weren't always listening to me. That people were taking me at face value. "Well, you've done this and this, so you must be this....even though you *say* that..."

OUI: Have you always been a physical phenomenon?

RAVEN: I think so, but I just didn't realize it for a very long time...I didn't know how to use myself as a physical phenomenon....At the World's Fair in the Sixties, some cab drivers and truck drivers got into a collision from staring at me....That's when I began to realize. I was wearing a long-sleeved knit outfit, nothing sexy even....

OUI: Do you have trouble getting men to take you seriously?

RAVEN: Definitely.

OUI: Do you have trouble getting men to take you seriously?

RAVEN: Definitely. But I never realized it before just recently.

OUI: You must have thought you were dumb, huh?

RAVEN: No, I just wasn't smart enough to see how men were reacting to me. I had spent too much time with men in

"I was in a 'family' movie one time and the set was worse than a porno flick. There was an actress in the bushes doing the whole crew."

the entertainment business. But I listened a lot and one day the big bright light hit me. So now I'm not abused any more.

OUI: At least you're willing to play the role and willing to exploit your body.

RAVEN: I've come to a situation in my life where I can merchandise my body in a manner that I'm comfortable with. I don't find any of it displeasing or degrading to women. It's feminine and I see nothing wrong with feminine and sensual women.

OUI: What was it like being in an X-rated movie?

RAVEN: In truth, I thought it was R-rated, just a nudie movie. I'd never seen a porno movie, a Russ Meyer movie, or a nudie movie even. All I was told was that it was being backed by Twentieth and so I never thought about an X-rating. When I got on the set and saw the first take, though, I *knew*....

OUI: "Up!" was your first movie?

RAVEN: My very first. I was sitting in Joe Allen's in LA. I had been building a tree house and looked kinda grungy. This woman, Samantha Monsour, comes up to me and asks if I wanted to be in a Russ Meyer film. She was working with Eddie Foy III who was casting it for Twentieth Century Fox.

OUI: You immediately figured she was trying to pick you up?

RAVEN: No, she didn't seem the type. She was very straight-forward. Yes, there'll be some nudity. No, no real sex. I wasn't wearing a bra, so she must have seen that I had natural Russ Meyer boobs. Anyhow, when I met Russ, I was quaking because I thought I'd have to take off my clothes. But he never asked me to. It was the weirdest thing. He didn't even ask for pictures. And he's so demanding, usually, about the kind of breasts he wants in his films. Look, I have nice breasts, but they're not as perfect as they were when I was a kid in the Bronx, and I have scars and a tattoo and some other

"I once broke into the penitentiary so I could have sex with the man I loved...."

imperfections. But Samantha said to me that she could tell through my blouse that I didn't have pendulous breasts—and that's what counted.

OUI: I loved the movie. I thought it was tremendously underrated. I think it's very dirty, even though everything is simulated.

RAVEN: Working with Russ was the highest thrill. His style is so different, so nostalgic. He doesn't operate like

any director I've ever worked with. The shots are very carefully conceived and he's usually behind the camera himself. He does all the editing himself and it's a movie with a lot of quick cuts. He shoots what he wants to shoot and he knows what he wants to say. He's very, very particular about the way his film looks and very concerned about it "sitting still", so he keeps the film moving with editing.

OUI: What happens to Russ Meyer actresses? They're all so stunning and many of them can act, but they don't seem to *go* anywhere?

RAVEN: That question confuses him, too. He's taken all these gorgeous girls and given them their starts and they get into the Screen Actors Guild by being in his film and that would seem like a good enough push. But they just sort of die off.

OUI: Whatever happened to the girl who played Alice in "Up!" She was gorgeous, and she had a great body, and she could really act.

RAVEN: She did some soap operas before that. And she'd never been in a nudie film, either. But she hasn't done much since.

OUI: In the movie, you fornicate in about thirty different positions—are you as

(Continued on page 126)

THE GREAT SNORT SCARE

How racist legislators, portraying blacks as toot-crazed rapists, cleaned cocaine from the American medicine cabinet 100 years ago. And how the story continues...

By Dean Latimer and Jeff Goldberg

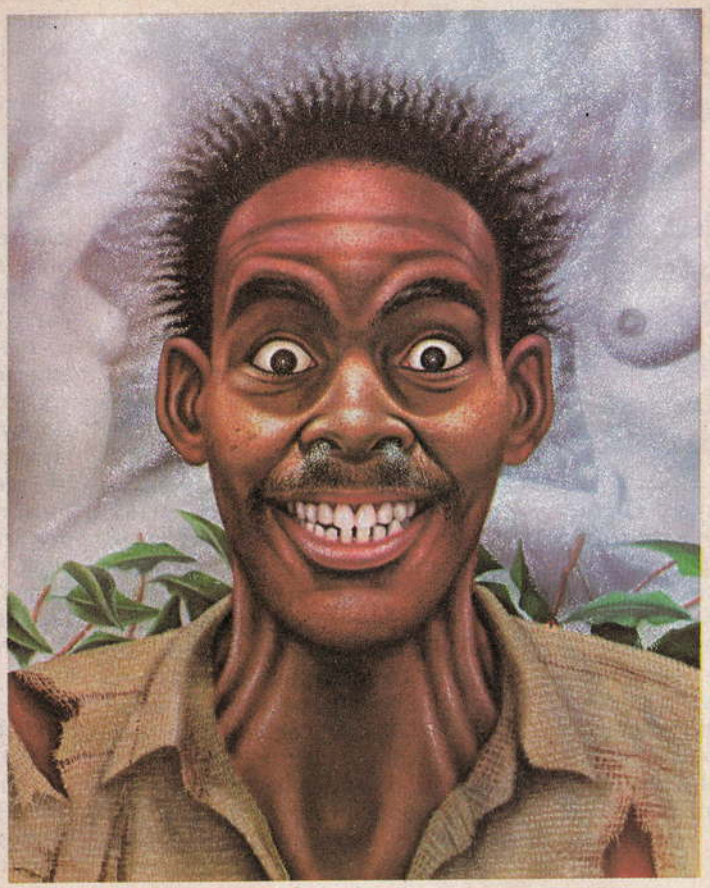
This day and every day, if you believe what media mavens and drug enforcement officials tell you, some ten million Americans may be found hunkered down over pocket mirrors, engaged in the dark and dangerous rite of chopping fine white crystals into tiny thin lines with razor blades, meticulously sorting, arranging and rearranging them, then shamelessly snorting the powder up their noses. Impervious to law and order, and ready to risk life and nostril, they're tooting in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Pa., Miami, the Big Apple, the Windy City, *everywhere.*

One hundred million untaxed dollars of cocaine per day, estimates the Internal Revenue Service, is disappearing into the mucous membranes of mainstream America. The scourge, according to *TV Guide,* has already decimated Hollywood, and is primarily responsible for the idiotic pap and soft-core sleaze being fed to the public on television. Worse still, asserts a recent *Time* magazine cover-story, the cocaine-craze—which a few years ago was associated *only* with fast Hollywood honchos and rock 'n' rollers—has now invaded the middle class, seducing and enslaving lawyers and businessmen, politicians and cops, secretaries and clerks, mechanics and waitresses. "We see coke sales in the suburbs, in recreational centers, and in national parks," claims Peter Bensinger, former head of the Drug Enforcement Administration. "It's an unrecognized tornado!"

And the horror stories abound. On Wall Street, the erstwhile man in the gray flannel suit has been transformed into a crazed snort fiend, obsessed with coke, unable to trade stocks without it. Innocent young lasses are metamorphosed

Dean Latimer and Jeff Goldberg collaborated on "The Opium Reader" which appeared in the December, 1979 OUI, an article that has since been expanded into a book *Flowers of Blood: The Story of Opium* (Franklin Watts).

WANTED!



COCAINE-O-MANIACS

into coke-whores, willing to perform the most perverse act for a mere sniff. This is cocainomania, circa 1981.

The majority of Americans, who'd never snort anything stronger than Sinex, eat up this kind of scandalous druglore. It's been selling newspapers and magazines at least as far back as the 1880s, when the Hearst syndicate specialized in lurid tales of insidious Chinamen using opium to lure innocent white women and children in prostitution rings.

MEDIA NOW:

"The scourge, according to TV Guide, has already decimated Hollywood and is primarily responsible for the idiotic pap and soft-core sleaze fed to the public on television."

"We see coke sales in suburbs, in recreational centers, and in national parks," claims Peter Bensinger, former head of the Drug Enforcement Administration. "It's an unrecognized tornado!"

Yet, despite such doomsday warnings, the millions of Americans who've tried and like coke remain unconvinced that this drug, which merely makes them feel bright and peppy for a blissful thirty minutes, could really be doing harm. Back a century ago—before cocaine was illegal and cocainomania was invented—folks apparently felt much the same way. In fact no one knew there *was* a "dark side" to cocaine, until drug reformers and journalists sounded the alarm. And what an alarm it was!

MEDIA THEN:

"Most of the attacks upon white women in the South are the direct result of the cocainecrazed Negro brain," Dr. Edmund Koch told the U.S. Congress in 1914. "Cocaine is often the direct incentive to the crime of rape."

"The negros in some parts of the South," exclaimed the Journal of the American Medical Association in 1900, "are reported to be addicted to a new form of vice—that of cocaine 'sniffing' or the 'coke habit.' "

Until the turn of the century, Grey's Catarrah Powder, available at apothecaries everywhere, sold for 25 cents per bottle, and each bottle contained 480 milligrams of pure cocaine hydrocholoride. The Grey Medicine Company of New York touted it as a palliative for chronic cough, hay fever, head cold, sore throat, tonsillitis, bronchitis, asthma and deafness. Indeed, it may have been good for a sore throat, if you swallowed it, but everybody snorted it. *Everybody.* Col. D.F. MacMartin, who was a dedicated morphinist at the time in Montana, records this scabrous opinion of cocainomaniacs in the tiny copper town of Taft:

> "There were dope fiends, compromising hypodermic shooters, sniffers, snowbirds and happy dust devotees, some with their nasal organs eaten away by the ravages of cocaine snorting, others in the last stages of habituation, with attenuated shapes and visages as white as the artificial snow which they wantonly introduced into their circulation. To possess the crystals in the pursuit of allaying the nerves and under the hotspur of want, these became willing factors in "con" games and petty thievery."

Cocaine was as ubiquitous back then as caffeine is now, it was present in virtually every patent medicine from cold cures to maternity diet supplements. It was present in Coke and Pepsi, in fine French wines. A particularly invigorating coca-leaf syrup had been merchandised for years by the illustrious Angelo Mariani of Corsica and Paris, who suspended it in superb Burgundy as his own celebrated "Vin Tonique," and won rave commendations from the Prince of Wales, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the kings of Norway and Sweden, even Pope Leo XIII.

Ulysses S. Grant, burnt out by years of boozing, was miraculously revitalized near the end of his life by daily doses of Mariani tea, and Pres. William McKinley's secretary noted that a case of Vin Mariani had received an enthusiastic reception from the President. Imitation cordials abounded. The American drug firm Parke Davis even peddled rolled coca leaf cheroots for the treatment of bronchial ailments.

Cocaine promoted fierce brand loyalty among its consumers, and made its merchandisers rich beyond reckoning. In its most elemental powdered form, cocaine muirate (hydrochloride salt powder), it was far cheaper than any other high around. So naturally people tended to use it as a recreational drug. Cocaine had virtually no therapeutic properties when taken internally and doesn't now. It's strictly a pleasure drug—and that's precisely why it became so controversial.

Sigmund Freud rudely discovered this fact back in 1884, when he quaffed his first 200 milligram dose of pure Merck cocaine in a glass of water (about five times the nose dose of the average rock star), and blithely wrote in his notebook, "There is nothing at all to worry about." Early in his career, Freud had engaged in a vigorous campaign to find medical uses for cocaine; as an antacid, a nutritious dietry supplement, a syphilis treatment, an antiasthmatic, and a cure for morphinism. But except as an anesthetic in eye surgery, none of young Freud's expectations for cocaine were realized, and his most notable failure scandalized the medical community. Freud's close friend Ernst von Fleishl-Marxow, whom Freud was attempting to wean from morphine with cocaine, developed the first medically documented case of "coke horrors" after injecting over a gram of coke daily for months on end. Freud's collegue Carl Koller reported of Fleishl: "Many a night I have slept with him

(Continued on page 86)

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JAILHOUSE INTERVIEW: BOBBY BEAUSOLEIL AND THE MANSON MURDERS

THE MAN WHO PAVED THE WAY FOR THE TATE-LA BIANCA MURDERS FINALLY SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT

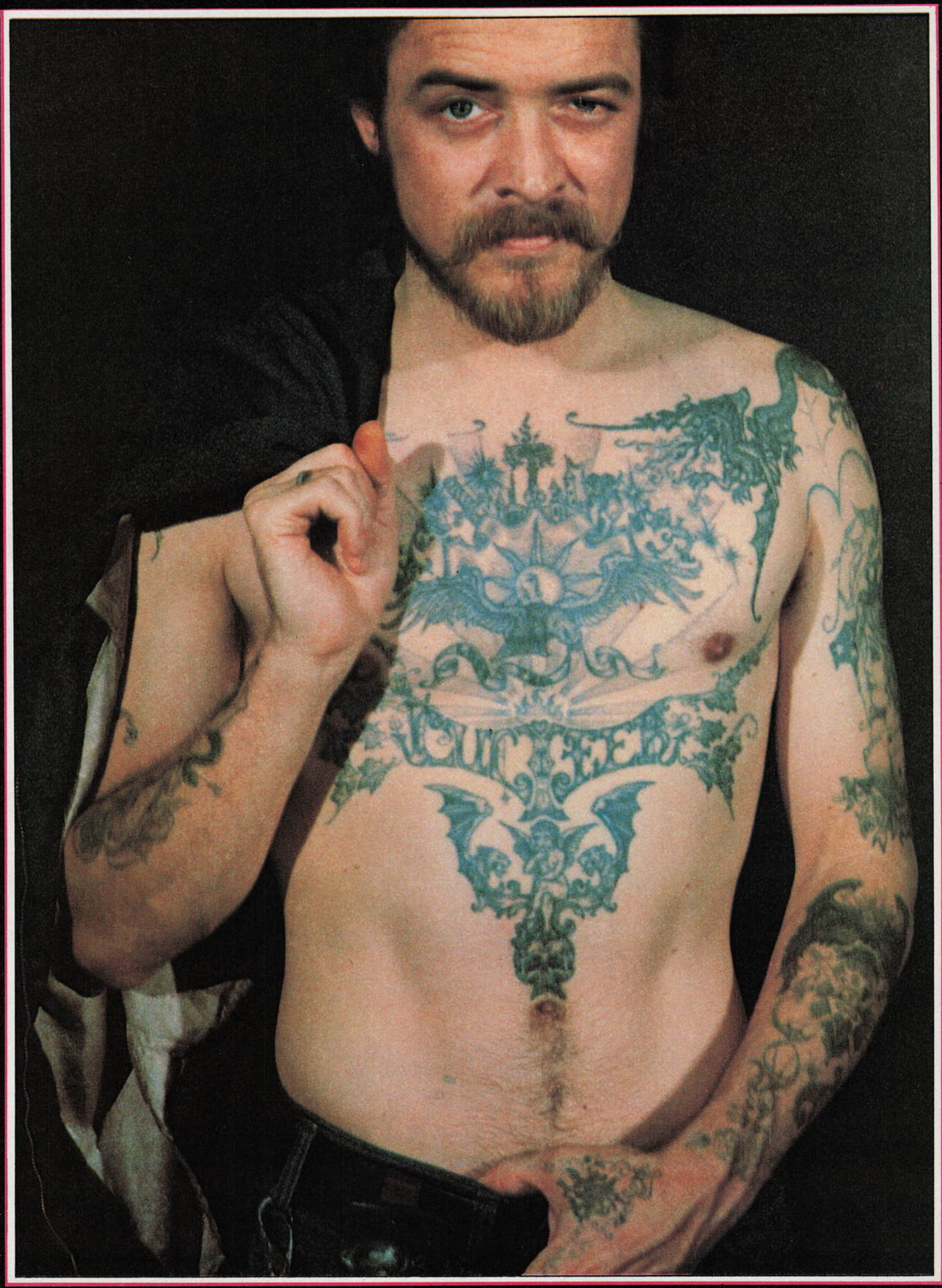
It was July 25th, 1969, and the merciless summer heat beat down on the dusty northwestern reaches of Los Angeles. When Bobby Beausoleil, a slim, handsome 21-year-old musician, hit the Pacific Highway and coastal stretch of beach he was tempted to stop for a swim. But Beausoleil had more important business. His destination late this afternoon was the rustic hippie enclave embedded in Topanga Canyon just south of Malibu, the home of Gary Hinman.

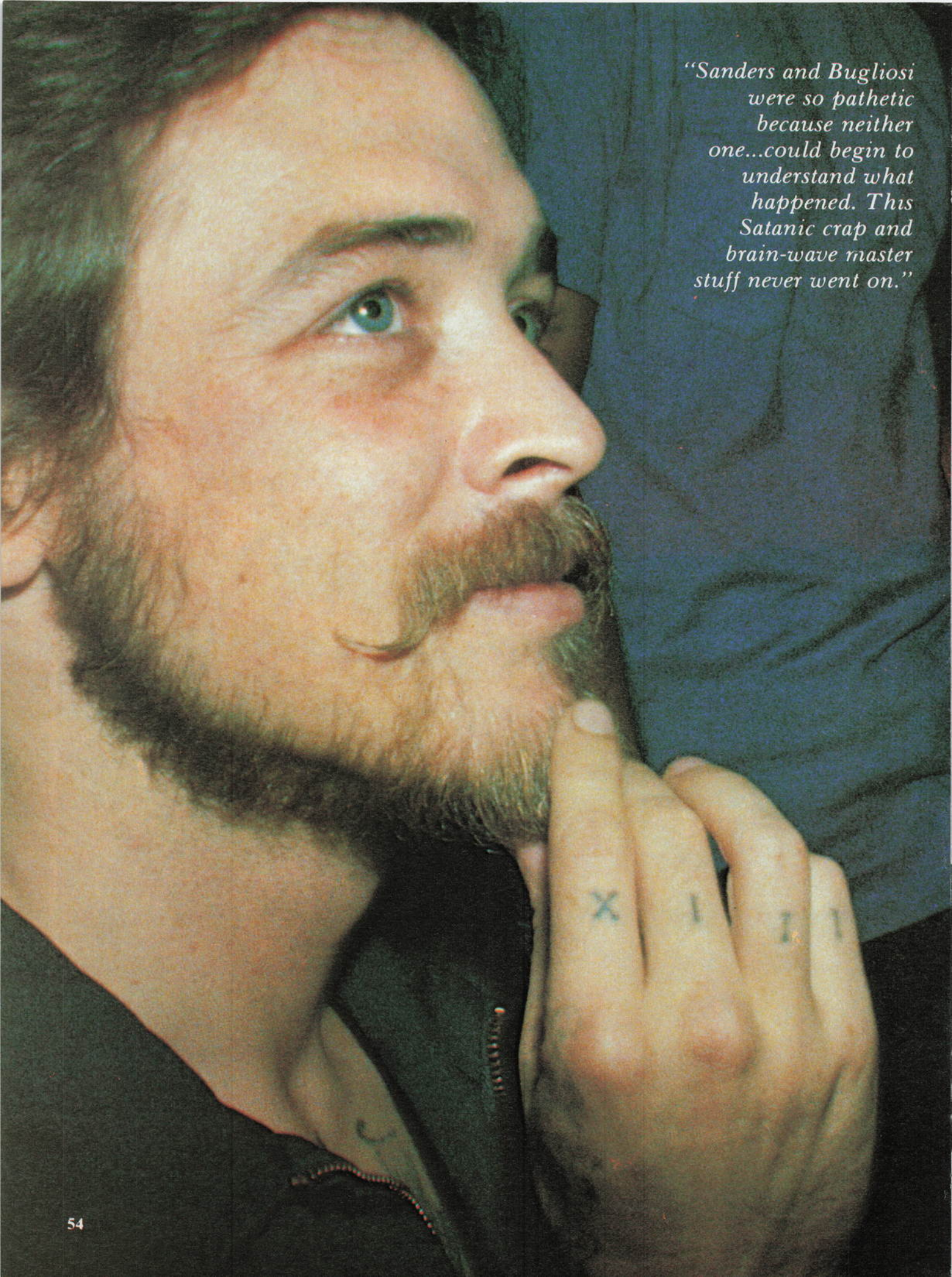
Beausoleil had spent the previous evening with his friend Charlie Manson at Manson's desert spread, the Spahn Ranch. It was at the ranch that Beausoleil claims he delivered 1000 tabs of Hinman's home-manufactured mescaline to Manson's buddy, Danny DeCarlo, who also served as club treasurer for the motorcycle gang, the Straight Satans. Several hours later, according to Beausoleil, the bikers reported back that the substance was actually strychnine and demanded their money returned, pronto. Beausoleil decided to confront Hinman and retrieve his money the next day. While preparing to leave, two of Manson's groupie girlfriends asked Beausoleil if they could come along for the ride because "they liked Gary Hinman." Their names were Mary Brunner and Susan "Sadie" Atkins.

The man Beausoleil planned to confront, Gary Hinman, was a kind of hippie renaissance figure in the '60s, a Ph.D. candidate in Sociology at U.C.L.A., a political activist, Zen Buddhist devotee, a musician and a piano teacher...and a drug dealer with a mescaline factory tucked away in his basement. Assuming that Hinman would see the folly of a drug burn with a biker club, Beausoleil did not anticipate much resistance.

On July 31st, Gary Hinman was found dead in his Topanga Canyon

Interview By Ann Bardach





"Sanders and Bugliosi were so pathetic because neither one...could begin to understand what happened. This Satanic crap and brain-wave master stuff never went on."

home. He had been stabbed twice in the eart and badly slashed across the left side of his face. His house had been ransacked and both of his cars were missing. Scrawled on the wall in Hinman's blood was the macabre epithet, *"Political Piggy."* The police, with no leads in the case, were resigned to tagging the crime just another unsolved hippie weirdo murder in Los Angeles.

On August 5th, the California Highway Patrol found Beausoleil napping in the rear of Hinman's Fiat station wagon near San Luis Obispo. Beausoleil told the police that the car had broken down while he was driving to San Francisco. Beausoleil didn't have a driver's license—only some false ID and a sheath knife attached to his belt. It was not long before Robert Kenneth Beausoleil was booked for the murder of Gary Hinman.

Within three days of Beausoleil's arrest, all the occupants of the Sharon Tate and La Bianca homes were brutally, senselessly slaughtered. Though blood writing on the walls was a common factor at all three murder sites (*"Pig"* on the Tate wall and *"Death to the Pigs"* on the La Bianca refrigerator), investigators failed to link up the obvious. According to Beausoleil, this came as something of a shock to the Manson group who had hoped that the authorities would assume the same killer responsible for all three homicidal sprees, and then release Beausoleil; being in jail during the Tate-La Bianca blood orgies, he was obviously not the Hinman killer. Such was the lunatic logic of the Manson family.

Beausoleil's first trial in November, 1969 ended in a hung jury. Chances are he would have been acquitted had the police not picked up the erstwhile Danny DeCarlo who had a rap sheet as long as a roll of paper towels. DeCarlo offered to turn state's evidence against Beausoleil in exchange for immunity on some dozen charges (from dope dealing to gun smuggling and car theft). DeCarlo arrived at the Beausoleil trial after both sides had already rested. Against the ravings of the defense, the court permitted the testimony of DeCarlo who fingered not only Beausoleil as the Hinman killer but also a man whose name had never been heard during the trial, Charlie Manson. It was an extremely inauspicious day for Beausoleil.

Beausoleil's second trial came during March, 1970, following a five-month media blitz on the Manson family. It was not a healthy time to be known as a friend of Charlie Manson. The prosecution asked for the death penalty and got it with Beausoleil's conviction for 1st degree murder. Knowing how close he had been to an acquittal, Beausoleil was bitter in his closing remarks: "You can't judge me. There is no possible way to feel any remorse," he declared before feebly quoting Bob Dylan at his conclusion, "Only God can judge me and God is on my side."

During more than ten years, Beausoleil has proclaimed his innocence in the murder of Gary Hinman. However, in the summer of 1980 he granted this reporter the following interview at Deuel Vocational Institute, commonly known as Tracy Prison. For the first time, Beausoleil admitted his guilt in the murder and related what he claims were the actual events, motives and relationships within the Manson family.

Bobby Beausoleil has now been in jail for almost 12 years. He escaped from death ow after 26 months when California voters repealed the death penalty (it was reinstated a few years later and automatically his sentence was commuted to *life* with an indeterminate sentence).

Beausoleil was born in 1948, the eldest of a large French Catholic working class family from Santa Barbara. His father worked as a milkman for twenty years for Arden Farms before stepping up to a managerial position. From age 12, he was in and out of small-time trouble ("walking my dog without a leash, stolen Christmas tree ornaments, bomb scares, hitchhiking on the freeway") which landed him a one-year stay as Las Priestas reform school when he was 15. Shortly thereafter, he drifted down to Los Angeles where he played music and joined a series of hippie bands (The Weeds, Grassroots, Love) and was featured in some early porn classics, notably *Ramrod* and *The Tennis Shoe Indian Classic.*

> *"Charlie's not homosexual at all. Kenneth Anger was indulging in wishful thinking, daydreaming. Actually, it was Andy Warhol's wishful thinking and Ken just picked up on it."*

In the mid-'60s he moved in with author/filmmaker Kenneth Anger in an apartment above the Russian Embassy in San Francisco. Theirs was a tumultous relationship, both personally and professionally. Anger had chosen Beausoleil to play Lucifer in the sequel to his underground classic, *Scorpio Rising*, aptly titled *Lucifer Rising*, and *Lucifer Rising* has finally been released, ten years later, with a film score composed by Beausoleil recorded at Tracy Prison. After a fight with Anger, Beausoleil stole both Anger's film and his car and headed for Los Angeles. Anger maintains that following a curse he put on Beausoleil, the car broke down outside the Spahn Ranch. From the film remnants left behind, Anger made another film, *Invocation of My Demon Brother*, about Beausoleil and the incident. The film plays, not infrequently, at art movie theaters. Since his conviction, Anger has again befriended Beausoleil.

Although nicknamed "Cupid" during his teen years, Beausoleil has promoted a Mephistophelean image while behind bars. He sports a full torso of tattoos. While flesh painting is not uncommon in jail, the designs and extensiveness of his tattoos are a rarity. Emblazoned across his chest in large dark letters is his pet name, LUCIFER. It has taken nine years to decorate his body with cartoon-like nymphets, "done with ink and a broken guitar string."

His incarceration has done little to dampen the zeal and lust of curious California girls. Beausoleil is known in and out of jail as a womanizer. In early 1980, he married a 21-year old blond devotee. Learning of Beausoleil's predilection for "more than one," she is presently seeking an annulment.

In jail, he is a busy man, painting his erotic drawings (some have been published in *Puritan* magazine), working in the prison video room, and writing music for his prison ensemble, *The Freedom Orchestra.*

Notwithstanding some gray hairs in his goatee, Beausoleil appears fit and reasonably well adjusted to prison rigors. One suspects that he would make out okay in virtually any environment. In accordance with prison propriety, he is admired, disliked and feared by the appropriate numbers of prisoners and guards.

AB: When and how did you meet Charlie Manson?

BB: Listen, one thing that you should establish about me—I was not then nor am I now a member of the Manson family. There never was a Manson family. That didn't happen until everybody got busted. There were a bunch of girls, a few guys, a couple of ex-cons, a bunch of kids, some runaways with no support from home, and they were living in a garbage dump called the Spahn Ranch.

AB: When did you first meet Manson?

BB: I met him shortly after he got out of prison. I think he had been out ten months or so. This was '66, I believe. Living in Topanga Canyon.

AB: Were you living at Gary Hinman's at the time?

BB: No, I wasn't living with Gary. I had stayed with him previous to that. I joined a band, *The Milky Way*, that Charlie was in. That's how I met him. He was a very

talented songwriter, good musician, lyrically, just excellent. He was somebody with an incredibly intense, vivid, expanded imagination because of all the *time* he's done.

AB: Was his imagination the magic that people attributed to him?

BB: Charlie Manson grew up in a tomb. To describe his personality, you have to understand that aspect. Like I've been in a state of incubation for a decade. For Charlie, it was more than a decade. He had been locked up since he was a little kid, I mean locked up *all the time*. I think his first commitment to a prison environment was at 13 years old in West Virginia and his life before that was foster homes and orphanages. When he got out at 33, it was the first time he ever had anybody to care about him.

AB: Did he really care about his "family" or were they each disposable units?

BB: That was the only family he ever had, the only people who ever really cared about him and showed it. Let me explain this: Charlie made a commitment that he would be willing to die for his family. And when you make this commitment, it's very easy to fall into the trap of: "I would be willing to *kill* for the family."

AB: Did he have an hypnotic effect on people?

BB: I never thought of him that way. I suppose with some people he did.

AB: Some sources say that the girls looked up to Manson, but that Manson looked up to *you*. And Kenneth Anger once said that you and Manson had a homosexual relationship.

BB: I would say he was attracted to me, but not.... He's not homosexual at all. Ken was indulging in wishful thinking, daydreaming. That idea came first from Capote's interview of Andy Warhol in *Rolling Stone* magazine (See Box). And, of course that was Andy Warhol's wishful thinking. Ken just picked it up. It was good gay gossip (laughs. Aside to the photographer). Truman Capote just wants to get dicked in the ass and killed. There's never been *any* homosexual relationship between me and Charlie Manson.

AB: Well, it's certainly not uncommon in jails.

BB: Yeah, I'm sure he's fucked a few fat butt boys, yeah. So have I. In that respect, maybe I'm homosexual, you know? But it's a different kind of thing.

AB: What else did you and Manson do together?

BB: Made love to women once in a while.

AB: How long did you know Manson?

BB: About three years.

AB: What were some of the things that you did together?

BB: Oh, mostly played music. And a million crazy things that a lot of crazy guys do together. One time Charlie and I drove two trucks through Death Valley, just for the hell of it. We didn't drag race. We just wanted to ride through that kind of terrain. We took two 4-wheel drive Army surplus power wagons. He had his group up in the desert. It took two days. We left the trucks, ate their beans and rice, stayed a couple of days. We wanted to hellraise and it was a blast.

AB: Did Manson have many male friends?

BB: A few. Charles Manson was lonely. He used his women to attract a man because he liked having other men around to do "men things" with. What

(Continued on page 70)

BOBBY BEAUSOLEIL ON TRUMAN CAPOTE

A: There was a Truman Capote interview that took place in 1973, a television interview by CBS. It was going to be a series, but I think that a one-hour special was the extent of it. What Truman Capote did was to take a few fragments of that original television interview and rewrite it. I have the actual original transcript somewhere and it doesn't match at all with his interview in *Interview* magazine. Most of it was a complete fabrication.

Q: Why do you think he did that?

A: Well, I can assume by his *Rolling Stone* interview with Andy Warhol that he's trying to relive *In Cold Blood* or something, I really don't know. But he seems to be obsessed with this idea, and no matter what I say to him, he's not going to get that idea out of his mind.

Q: Did you personally dislike him when you met him?

A: Oh, the moment I met him I didn't dislike him. I was open to doing something with him. The only thing I knew about him was that he had tried to do some prison reform work, or something like that. Everyone in San Quentin at the time he came there was interested in cooperating with Truman Capote in the hopes that he could do something for them. Truman Capote, to put it mildly, did not meet their expectations.

Q: Did everybody at San Quentin feel that way?

A: Everybody at San Quentin assumed that he came in there for the purpose of discussing prison problems and trying to educate the public as to what was really going on in prison. And things were bad in a lot of respects. Everyone was interested in having that opportunity. It turned out that Truman Capote was only interested in coming there to have some conversations with the so-called "notorious" murderers. I would never have cooperated with him had I known this. The day before he interviewed me, he had a short personal interview with me, to explain his intentions. And what he explained to me was that he wanted to expose prison problems, discuss prison problems, and let the public know what's going on. The next day we're in front of the TV camera and he comes on with "This thing with you and the Manson family" and he never got off of it. I fenced with him the whole time in front of the cameras.

Q: Did you ever protest to the news stations that this was inaccurate?

A: It's like appealing Capote to Capote. I hadn't found one corner in the media where I could get a fair hearing.

Q: Who else did he interview at San Quentin?

A: He interviewed several people...I don't recall.

Q: Sirhan Sirhan?

A: Sirhan Sirhan wasn't there. He wasn't in San Quentin at that time. He interviewed mostly murderers on death row. He specifically chose murderers.

Q: But in *Interview* he did say he saw Sirhan Sirhan at San Quentin. You're saying he wasn't there?

A: He wasn't there, no. In his Andy Warhol interview with *Rolling Stone* and in this interview in *Interview* magazine, Truman Capote seems preoccupied with himself and reliving what...I don't know, it's hard to say. I'm not a psychologist.

Q: I find that interesting, because he (Capote) said he had a little talk with Sirhan Sirhan. He says that you say, "So does Sirhan beef about being kept in special security?"

A: He asked me that?

Q: He has you saying that.

A: Fabrication.

Q: Sirhan Sirhan wasn't in the jail, then?

A: No. You can tell how long ago this was. He tries to sell himself on this preoccupation with murder. I don't know; maybe he's got a death wish—I don't know.

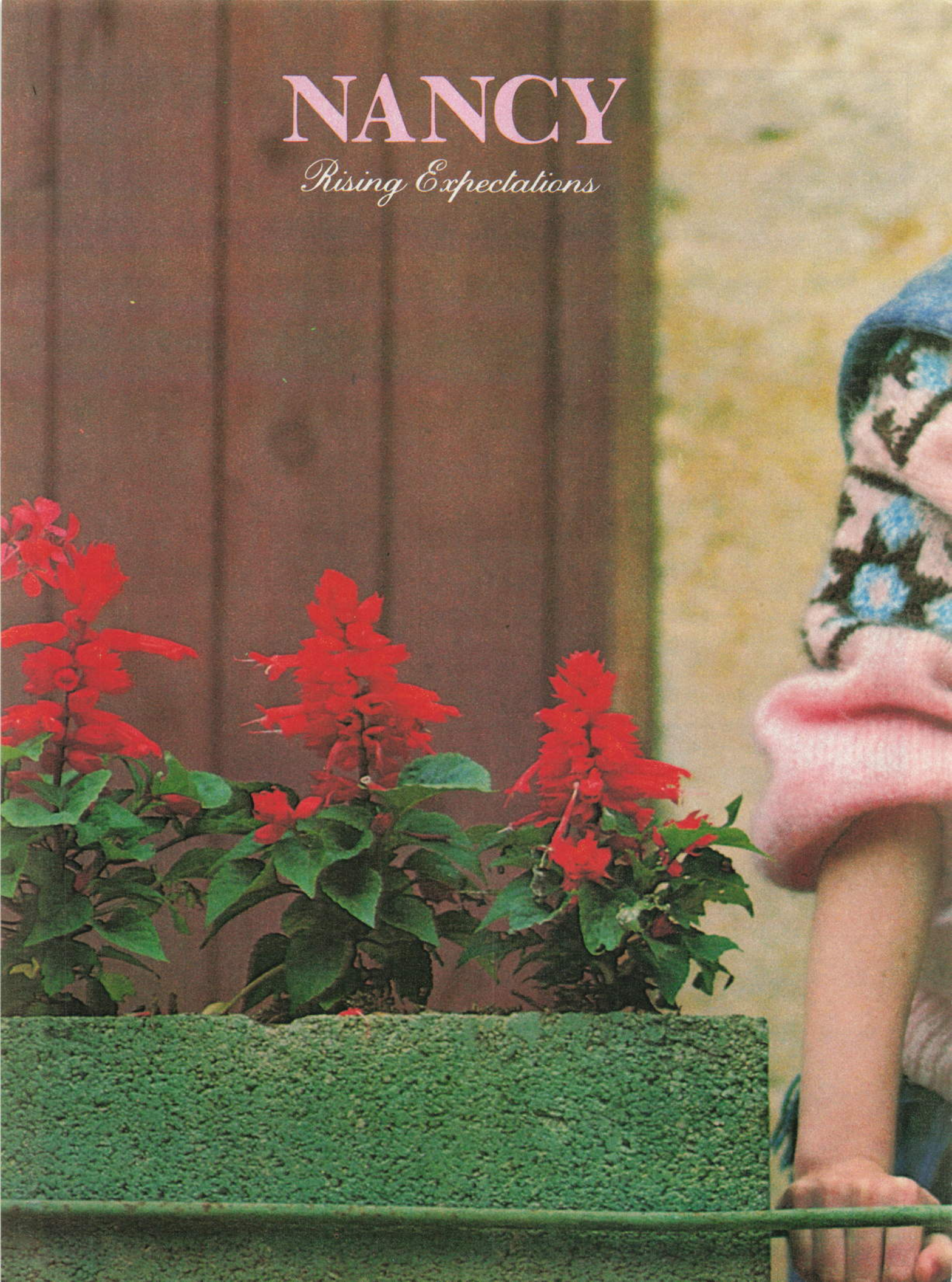
Q: In this interview he has you being very pro-Manson family. About how it was all justifiable homicide and that's the way it was, very California sixties business and that kind of thing. Have you changed your views?

A: My stand on that, if you want to call it that, hasn't changed. What I've been explaining to you is basically what I was trying to explain to him. I tried to take it (the murders) in some way out of that interpretation of the senseless robot murder machine type of image and make them perhaps just a little bit more understandable...Oh, this is sick. Anyone who would do something like this is, as far as I'm concerned, sicker than anything he's trying to call sick. That is totally irresponsible journalism. And this guy (Capote) is supposed to be somebody....

"We can't go on meeting like this Stella, you're starting to stink."

NANCY

Rising Expectations



When Nancy was a little girl, she learned how to swim by going straight for the deep end. She's been living that way ever since. Nancy is dating a man who can snap his fingers and summon other men to do his bidding.

Nancy's a mover. Ten years ago, happiness was a Rolling Stones album and a bottle of supermarket wine. Today her main pastime is playing polo without a bra just to tease the rich old gents at the club. The sports cars, the spiral staircase—it can all be hers. Nancy's eyes remind us of that old proverb: "She who hesitates is lost."

BURFFLES

MAKING IT WITH THE BLACK PRINCE OF PRESCOTT

His name was Filet of Sol, burnt and the best. Burffles for short, sometimes speckled ass too.

No, Burffles never gave it away but you should have seen him go go go. It was in the cafeteria. I have a good tight firm B curve and no hair around the curvatures. Had a buttock checked out before he holds his pelvis and relishes mine. Would you like a bit more relish? My tight white blouse about to burst, I am wondering

By Matuschka

Matuschka, a model and author, appeared in OUI's first "Literary Pictorial," in September.

where I will make it with the Black Prince of Prescott.

Lunchtime in the messhall: tuna fish, macaroni, lemon meringue and Burffles has something in his eyes. His eyes, umbrellas for tracing a dead line. I find, well, vexatious as it was, sitting across the cafeteria from him, trying to be ladylike and romantic—this meringue taking shape of scrotum. My desert boots and long underwear. Couldn't tell if he was impressed. I know a professor at the other table is "interested" in me, and while I watched his nervous peformance with the tuna—Burffles was defusing my thoughts with his joint licking inspiration.

* * *

We met in a life sketching class. We had to draw someone for our second assignment. Did I choose him or did he pick me? Wild. We practiced drawing each other in each other's dormitories. Specifically our own rooms. Ironically the drawing of him looked more like me, and the one of me—more like him. That's how it started.

I get him up to my dorm one evening. Always dress to peel. "Love the peaches" he says, throwing my shirt into the ashtray. I still had on my Puerto Rican tan enough white on black to make me love black on white. Waiting for that particular moment of nourishment. Still half dressed I was cooking. Unrolled his thing. Back and forth back and forth, his muscular ambitions going nowhere. I start the fire but he does everything to get me off him.

HE: Move your hand.

ME: Everytime I throw something logical out about a woman's feelings you don't want to hear it. (I start taking off the underwear.)

HE: I don't want to see it. Put some sheets on it.

Burffles' cock: the size of a gumdrop—me squeezing it with both hands but his blood below going quite dead.

* * *

Are there ways to avoid non-erection? How can I make it more exciting for him? Should I change the sheets? My perfume? The eyelashes? If he does not get an erection still—is it because he drank too much? Didn't drink enough? Saw a magazine shot and prefers her? I like a man with a well defined profile. Will this make him more nervous? Pissed off? Should I take a chunk anyway? Push up the tits? When will I make it with the Black Prince of Prescott?

A few nights later, after two repeats of lovers nuts, I find Burffles in a bar strutting around with a cue stick. I play a good game of nine ball and find myself behind the eight-back side slope poking sideways—stick just chalked looking at Burffles instead of the pocket. I know he's fucked up in the head but those legs. He's big. Bigger than me. I stop the shot and tiptoe to his ear. That little gold chain around his black neck, vein slightly bulged. I want to bite.

ME: Are you leaving with me or not?

HE: Are you crazy? Don't talk to me.

ME: Why don't you come back and fuck me for a change?

* * *

Midnight: My hands are occupied but not with him. Drink in one and cue stick in the other. I cannot even wave but only watch him go with his friends and bottle of blackberry brandy. Me with this junky feeling of isolation and deprivation. Seized by frustration I started to hiccup. How will I ever make it with the Black Prince of Prescott?

Answer: He thinks he's so cool
But he won't be that cool
When they find his underpants
Wrapped around his head.

I was at a perverse point.

> *"And when we're in bed, will he perpetually organize the orgasm and ask me if I came? Does he know that I hate things like that?"*

We never got to see each other, really, with all the hocus-pocus. Me trying hard to get it up so he could hold it while I undressed the two of us. Never peeling off more than a blouse in one night. And how erotic will it be, making it with Burffles in the boy's dormitory with the sounds of footsteps outside his door and the smells of beer, marijuana and we, wild minks wrestling in the blankets pitch hot?

No use bitching over split seams. My underpants not the fanciest but I pay much attention to things like this. I am wondering which ones he would like best. In front of the mirror I turn to see the black transparent panties with little red hearts. Better maybe the second night. How about the baby blue undies with the black zipper up front? They're convenient for special occasions but perhaps too Frederick's of Hollywood. I settle for the high cut cottons with ruffles around the ridges.

* * *

I wonder how well he feels up?

Does he have all his teeth?

Does he concentrate on the tip of the nipple?

Is he as graspful as an explorer?

And when we're in bed, will he perpetually organize the orgasm and ask me if I came? Does he know I hate things like that? Pressure and acknowledgement at their worst.

Can he detect tipped uteruses? Cervical caps? A lost flying IUD?

Miscellaneous hair clips?

Will he receive my message if I have a physical pain localized in the crotch? Welded lust.

Does he hallucinate down there in the petals and how sticky can he make it?

When he is tired and drunk maybe he kisses like a salamander. My mouth is bigger than his. Will he realize this and maneuver cautiously? Let me do the biting lip sucking tongue thrusts or will he fuck it up?

I want to kiss first.

Does he think all this is a rehearsal for something better that is yet to come?

Do I love him?

Do I know this for sure?

Now.

* * *

"Burffles--------?"

"Yes?"

"Hello darling."

"Are you kidding?"

"When can we see each other--------?"

bleep bleep

Again: 4 3 6 78 99

"Burffles-------!"

"Yeah."

"Burffles-------?"

"What do you want?"

"Let me give you some life------"

"Whaaaaa----------"

bleep bleep bleep bleep

* * *

HE: Can we talk first?

ME: If that's what you want, sure.

HE: I have a girlfriend back home. I came to Prescott to cool out.

ME: Yeah.

HE: I'm not into complicated involved things.

ME: Sure.

HE: I don't want the affair to seem unfair—but I'm not into commitments.

ME: Yeah. We're not going to have an affair, that's unfair. We're just seeing each other.

HE: There's an old saying.

ME: Yeah?

HE: Trees grow close, choking out each others limbs—

ME: Note that as you make love.

HE: Yeah.

ME: Aren't you emotional about anything?

HE:---------

ME: Are you?

HE:---------

ME: Emotional?

HE: I keep the pleasure down in my throat.

"Okay---------"

(Continued on page 110)

"But dear, wouldn't a chamois make a better diaper instead of black leather?"

man couldn't be attracted by having the opportunity to go to bed with several women? To cater to his every fantasy, whatever. I didn't have that attraction to that group. I didn't need it. His women could not attract me. *He* could attract me because I admired his creativity.

AB: Then, you were indifferent to Charlie's girls?

BB: Oh no. I wouldn't say that. Some of the girls were awfully cute, and I went to bed with some of them. But, it was never because I needed that. I never lacked having women around me.

AB: Did Manson really care or like women?

BB: Oh, Charlie loved women. He showed them plenty of respect. He treated those women better than most men ever treat their women.

AB: Were there many orgies and group sex events?

BB: Once in a while. They were beautiful. Usually ten women, at least. And three or four men.

AB: When did you first meet Gary Hinman?

BB: I guess about six or eight months after I came down (to L.A.) from San Francisco.

AB: That was in 1966 and he invited you to stay at his home?

BB: Yeah. He had a two level house and I stayed in the basement for two or three weeks. I never knew the man very well. He was a recluse.

AB: But you did live with him.

BB: A very short while. He gave me the loan of his basement, and he was very rarely home. Gary Hinman was not somebody you could be close with. I was never a close friend of Gary Hinman's. He was just somebody that I knew among a crowd of people in Topanga Canyon. His ideologies were very different from mine. He was into communism and all that sort of thing. I couldn't relate to that at all. He was a political science major with a piano on the side for some kind of an income.

AB: Did you play music with him?

BB: I did a little work with Gary. I didn't know how to read or write music. He gave me a few basic lessons on how to notate.

AB: Why did you go to Gary Hinman's home on July 25th, 1969?

BB: I didn't go there with the intention of killing Gary. If I was going to kill him, I wouldn't have taken the girls (Mary Brunner and Susan Atkins). I was going there for one purpose only, which was to collect $1000 that I had already turned over to him, that didn't belong to me.

AB: When had you given him the $1000?

BB: The night before.

AB: You paid Hinman $1000 for 1000 tabs of mescaline and then returned to the Spahn Ranch?

BB: Right. The whole transaction with the Straight Satans motorcycle club took place at Spahn's Ranch. There were a few Satan Slavers hanging out there as well. The Straight Satans took the mescaline back to the motorcycle club at Venice where they were intending to party. They were really mad about it.

AB: How did you know that it was strychnine instead of mescaline in such a short time? If you didn't try the drug yourself, how could you be certain that it was bogus or poison?

BB: I don't think that those guys would have lied to me. They wouldn't have been *that* mad.

AB: How long had you and Hinman been doing these transactions?

BB: Very rarely. I just happened to know that he had something. I was trying to be a nice guy, trying to be *in* with the fellows, trying to impress somebody.

"He was stabbed in the heart twice. He died immediately. He was dead but there are those spasms that people go through. Death rattle. Susan didn't suffocate him. He was already dead."

AB: Impress the bikers?

BB: They represented to me an element of freedom in America. On the road, and in their lifestyle, the freedom that they express with each other. I felt so desperate in this situation, being put in a cross with the motorcycle club. Naturally, they are going to be mad at me—not at him. They didn't even know him. I'm the one who took their money and brought back this mescaline, *supposed* mescaline. I'm in a helluva bind. If I don't give them something, who knows about their plans.

AB: Why did you bring Susan Atkins and Mary Brunner to the Hinman house?

BB: Because they were friends of Gary Hinman. Mary Brunner was close to him because she stayed with him for a while. She was as close as anybody could be with him. The girls didn't even know what was going on. They just wanted to go party and see him. No one was going there with any intention of killing Gary Hinman.

AB: In neither of your two trials, nor in Ed Sanders' or Bugliosi's books, is there any mention of the Hinman murder stemming from a drug burn.

BB: I never testified about it. I never told anybody. I didn't know how to deal with it. What happened to me that day was the culmination of a whole lot of pressures that had been on me for several years.

AB: Alright. You arrived at Hinman's and asked for your money back?

BB: I demanded it. I wasn't going to take no for an answer. I had a motorcycle band on my back.

AB: And Hinman refused to return the money?

BB: Right. I was carrying a knife in a sheath at that time, more for utility than anything else. I had been wearing a knife for three to four years prior to that because I was always on the road.

AB: Who had the gun?

BB: I gave the gun to Susan Atkins. We were sitting at the kitchen table. I was looking for something worth $1000 that I could take back to these people. "If he moves," I said, "shoot him." She wasn't going to shoot him. I was right about that. But he decided to be a hero and dove at the gun. And she's (Atkins) yelling and screaming, "He's got the gun, he's got the gun." Oh God. We had a hell of a night. I wasn't going to let him get the gun.

AB: How long were you in Hinman's house?

BB: A little less than 24 hours. It got dark again.

AB: When you killed Hinman, were you high on anything?

BB: No. Nothing. I think I had a glass of wine at Gary's that night.

AB: It was stated at your trial and assumed by virtually all parties that Charlie Manson made an entrance at the Hinman home, sometime during the period when you were there. Didn't Manson show up at one point?

BB: No, no, no. You see the Sheriff's Homicide Department wanted to get Manson involved in my case, which was very difficult because Manson was not *involved.*

AB: Both prosecutor/author Vincent Bugliosi and Ed Sanders (in his book *The Family)* maintained that Charlie Manson came to Hinman's during the night and slashed off Hinman's ear with his knife. Now you say that you *alone* cut his face and killed him.

BB: Yeah, yeah. That was the prosecution's theory because they wanted to get Manson into the act (laughs). They tried every trick in the book and I'll tell you why. The Tate-La Bianca murders fell under the jurisdiction of the Los Angeles Police Department. However, the Shorty Shea and Gary Hinman murders both came into the jurisdiction of the Sheriff's Department (LASO). And the Sheriff's Dept. was in competition. Actually Hinman's ear was never gone, never cut off. It was more his cheek sliced, actually a cut on his cheek that intersected the edge of his ear. That slash across his face

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RAINCOAT BRIGADIER

Harry, pictured here, donned a modish mack, and—Voila!—instant macho.

Take Harry Le Nerd, here, Wimpdom Personified before he slipped into the Gaberdine from Yankee Barroux or the cotton "Impermeable" (a kind of waterproof French trench) from Renoma. Some people check to see if their flies are zipped before they leave the theatre. Harry had always checked to see if his oilskin slicker was buttoned, the turkey!

Then he met Renee. Her thing was swinging in the rain. No more Roman showers in dingy grindhouses for Harry. He cleaned up his act with a garbardine number in Georges Rech cotton from Claude Rey. (Complete with flannel pants from Structure). And he wiped up the streets of Boston with Renee.

"Le Trench" from Paris...It can turn a mouse into a man, regardless of the weather.

The Raincoat. A classic victim of bad press. Here's a utilitarian uniform with some devastatingly deviate implications. Sportswear for the Flasher. Spy vines. The official uniform of Times Square. In fact, it's so undeniably a part of the dress code of perversity, that it can make you feel sleazy just buttoning up.

But the new breed of pluvial plumage from France ennobles rather than demeans, and is guaranteed to turn the most committed adult-moviehouse log-flogger into a fashion plate.

Drenched in a French trench, Harry welcomes Renee's wetness. She, for her part, craves liquid refreshment.

Now, as they caper amidst the cats and dogs, preening themselves to the pitter-patter of the precipitation, he worries not about poplin shirt (from Structure) or tricot tie (from Renoma), but how to withhold his jollies and better please his wet-look woman. Renee, for her part, is very into Harry's new and far smarter appearance, very caught up in the liquidity of it all, and easily pleased.

They stop often along the way, for one format of drenched dalliance or other, maybe a careful tres urbane flash here and there, and then on to another display of ever-novel, ever-stimulating public pornography.

For Harry, who rarely saw the light of day from his perch along the runway at Roxie's Rip-'em-off Retreat, all this al fresco *openness represents an Rx for his skin blemishes as well as his formerly declassé threads.*

(Continued from page 70)

occurred the night before he died in the fight over the gun.

AB: If you had no intention of killing Hinman, why did you bring a 9 mm. Radon pistol?

BB: I borrowed it from Bruce Davis. I didn't actually ask him. It was around (the Spahn Ranch). I just borrowed it. I didn't even know how to use the damn thing.

AB: But you did fire a shot that missed Hinman.

BB: Struggling with Gary Hinman for the gun, it went off in the kitchen. (The bullet) went through the sink. That was the only time it was fired. I knew so little about operating this gun that after it went off and not knowing that it was a semi-automatic, I cocked the gun which jammed it. I didn't know that it wouldn't fire again without removing the clip and the shell.

AB: Did Gary Hinman bleed to death?

BB: No, no, no. Nobody was killing him until the last minute.

AB: I think that's at odds with the coroner's report. The prosecution at your trial charged there was torture involved.

BB: There had been some suggestion that I tortured him, a theory used by the district attorney to justify a 1st degree conviction, a felony murder. District attorney, Burton Katz, with a red Cadillac pitted against a paunchy Jewish public defender [Leon Salter].

AB: You're saying that you attacked Hinman with the knife after a struggle over the gun.

BB: Right. And I sewed up his ear too, by the way, with dental floss.

AB: That was mighty white of you.

BB: Oh, stop being sarcastic. We had a helluva fight. I wasn't going to let him get the gun.

AB: When did you decide to kill Hinman? And why?

BB: *Gary Hinman would not have died if he had not told me that he was going to blow the whistle as soon as I was gone.*

AB: Blow the whistle to whom?

BB: He told me that he was going to the police (and tell them) that I had come and assaulted him to get money from him. I had my back against the wall. He said, "I'm going to tell the police what you did to me." Up until that point I had assumed that everything was square between us. This guy is a drug dealer. He's playing the game. And if you're going to dance, you've got to pay the fiddler. You burn somebody, that's the way it is. You expect somebody to knock on your door to collect. I figured we were straight. He had signed over the pink slips of his two cars to me. They were pieces of junk but they were worth between them, perhaps one thousand dollars. I figured that I'd give these cars to the motorcycle club, hoping they would accept them in return for their $1000, and get myself out of my bind with them. The only reason that I stayed over was so that I wouldn't be seen driving his beat-up VW van during the daylight.

AB: Did you ever call the Spahn Ranch during this period?

BB: Yes, I did and talked to a guy named Bruce. I said, "Come over and pick up a car." He did. He came over and picked up the car.

AB: Was this after you had killed Hinman?

BB: No. At the time that Bruce Davis was coming over to pick up the car, everything between Gary and I was straight. Bruce came to the house and stayed just long enough to pick up the car. He didn't even come inside. He picked up the car keys and somebody who was with him—it was more than likely Elda who was tight with Bruce—drove the car back that he came in. That was Bruce Davis' *only involvement*. He had no idea what was going on.

> *"As far as I'm concerned, Capote is sicker than anything he's trying to call sick. That is totally irresponsible journalism. And he's supposed to* be *somebody."*

AB: Where is he now?

BB: He's in Folsom Prison.

AB: For the murder of Hinman...

BB: Yeah and they tied him up with the Shorty Shea thing. (Stuntman Shorty Shea who lived at the Spahn Ranch prior to his death/murder).

AB: How did Gary Hinman die?

BB: Stabbed in the heart twice. He died immediately. He had signed over both pink slips to me and I figured that we were square. One car had already been picked up, and I was going to drive the other. So I stayed over and the next evening he tells me, "I'm sending you to prison for assault," or whatever. I thought, well, here goes my life. My freedom is my life. The slash on his face is pretty bad. I didn't really know what to do. Hinman would have a scar on his face now for the rest of his life. He was a lot more upstanding than me. He's a homeowner and so forth, a college student. I'm at a loss trying to resolve this situation, where we can go from there and not get in each other's way. And it was a stupid decision. I should have taken my chances with whatever he was going to do.

AB: Did Susan Atkins and Mary Brunner simply stand around and watch you kill Hinman?

BB: Well, no one wanted to kill him. They had just come along for the ride.

AB: What did the girls do?

BB: They didn't know what to do. He (Gary) was closer to them than he was to me. Susan Atkins seemed to think, "Oh, what fun, how interesting." Mary Brunner was just scared to death. Mary Brunner just faded into the woodwork. She was a librarian. Susan Atkins is now a Jesus freak in jail. She gave five different testimonies and in one of them, she claimed that *she* killed Hinman. (laughs).

AB: Who actually wrote *Political Piggy* on the wall in Hinman's blood?

BB: I didn't, but I had it written. Well, it was my idea to do it. Susan Atkins was on that wall. The whole thing was to take the heat off the trail. Gary Hinman was into his revolutionary communism. His whole living room was a library of Communist literature. I figured I'd make it look like one of his cohorts, you know.

AB: Make it look like a Black Panther killing?

BB: I wasn't thinking about blacks necessarily.

AB: That was Manson's trip.

BB: It's never really been his trip. I mean, he's from the South. West Virginia. Since he's been in (prison) he gets along with blacks better than anybody.

AB: When you returned to the Spahn Ranch and returned the jammed gun to Bruce Davis, did you tell him that you had killed Gary Hinman?

BB: I didn't talk to anybody about it. But Susan Atkins has a motor mouth. She (Atkins) was the one, *not me*, that Danny DeCarlo had the conversation with. The district attorney and Danny DeCarlo were drinking buddies and that is how he (DeCarlo) got the two felony charges and a federal gun charge dropped in return for his testimony.

AB: If Hinman died immediately as you say, why did Susan Atkins run back inside the house and suffocate him?

BB: It was death gasps. He was dead but there are spasms that people go through. What do they call it? Death rattle. I mean it's a normal thing that happens. She ran back into the house and laid a pillow over his face to muffle the sound. There was no suffocating. He was dead.

AB: Was this the first time that you had ever killed somebody?

BB: The first and only time. I'm not ordinarily violence-prone. I've been in some situations here (in prison) where I've had to stand up for myself, but I've never had any preoccupation with violence.

AB: Were you frightened after you killed Hinman?

(Continued on page 108)

THE GLORIOUS LIFE, VAINGLORIOUS DYING, AND INGLORIOUS DEATH OF PHIL OCHS.

Once America's Most Political Musical Guerrilla, His Last Years Were Spent In A Self-Indulgent Romance With Death...

BY CHRIS ALLFIRST

Beer and sweat. The Kettle of Fish Bar in Greenwich Village in 1962 — they feature two grey cats (overweight), a good jukebox and sawdust (three inches deep) on the floor.

Dylan sits there as if made of stone. Like a statue in the park, not smiling, not even breathing. Absolute granite. Bob the human tombstone. The room was humming; the ceiling flew away.

Bob, holding his shotglass in the manner of an old lady pointing her pinky with extravagant finesse, turns slowly gesturing with his Johnny Walker teacup, "...and this is Phil Ochs...he should have been a journalist."

And there's this guy, Ochs, he's all in black. He's got a black raincoat. He's got black eyebrows.

He's wearing this very large black raincoat. Black pants, and those late '50s pointy shoes (nose-pickers). He's got this little black notebook, and he's taking note of everything. Dylan was right: Ochs looked like a journalist. He looked like Joseph Wiseman in "Viva Zapata."

We became friends.

Indian Summer, summer of sixty-two, I was living on East Ninth Street. Upstairs was a writer of books. He had won a prize for being a great writer and he was real serious. Meanwhile, underneath him, I'm playing rock records and this poor dude was on the verge of assault and battery.

One day, Ochs comes over for a visit (with his guitar— in those days they always brought their own guitar) and starts singing his new material. Ochs had songs, thirty minute songs, forty minute songs. He would do these really epic productions and you would have to sit through it.

So, as it happened, this guy upstairs, this writer, was also named Phil. I figured this was a great time to get, you know, neighborly. So, we went upstairs and knocked on the door and got this upstairs guy, Roth. I say, "Phil Ochs, this is Phil Roth."

So we're standing around the hall there and Ochs volunteers that he read "Goodbye Columbus" and it's his favorite book ever written, etc. Roth lights up...you could tell right away he thought Ochs had great taste. Ochs could be real ingratiating when he sensed the potential for a captive audience which he could trap into listening to one of his marathon epic songs, live and uninterrupted. He says, "Would you like to hear a song that I'm writing right now?"

We go downstairs. Ochs tunes up. He's all set, he says, "This is about Lenny Bruce."

Well, about twenty minutes later, it was still about Lenny Bruce and Roth was starting to complain. I mean, he didn't want to talk out loud, but it became evident that he had a *complaint.*

By the time forty minutes had rolled around, this guy, Philip Roth, his eyeballs had rolled skyward so many times, I felt he would turn stiff and fall off the chair with his arms and legs stuck up in the air (aural rigor mortis: commonly known as lockjaw of the ear.) It was a devastating experience for him. That was the end of his innocence. That was it.

Ochs was funny. After a while, once you got to know him...he was weird.

Phil was always worried about being assassinated—he figured they'd get him while he was performing. One night at Town Hall, a stage hand dropped a broom while sweeping up in the wings. The sound of the broomstick hitting the wood floor sounded to Ochs like a gunshot. He actually threw himself down on the floor (as if pushed by an imaginary secret service man.) For weeks after this spine-tingling episode, people were still speculating as to the size of the attempted murder weapon: "...was that a thirty-eight or a forty-five caliber broomstick?"

A friend of mine said, "Watch out for Phil Ochs. He's a lot smarter than he looks." It was true.

He always managed to live in what he would describe in glowingly optimistic terms as fabulous duplex apartments. These descriptions inevitably described the same apartment (although in different buildings) over and over. Phil was a man who liked to live below the sidewalk. He loved those old basement garden apartments. Dank, dirty and disgusting. One of his primary concerns in hunting for an apartment was he wanted something like his old black outfit—something that wouldn't show blood (ho, ho, ho).

"After having justified the most outrageous behavior with the excuse that he was dying, he lost his gimmick...He had no choice. He hung himself. He died. Of embarrassment...."

Phil liked sort of decrepit looking girl friends—ones that went with the decor. He loved to embarrass them in public. During dinner, he would talk about how they were becoming first anorexic and then tubercular. Start asking them ominously clinical questions. A great fellow, Ochs.

As time went by, I found myself falling in love with the ex-wife I had walked away from five years before. We were dating. Movies...museums...trips. I would take her out to parties.

Now, one night, maybe in '64, a famous fashion photographer, who was trying to figure out how to become a famous movie director, threw a very lavish party in his studio. For the Rolling Stones. Everybody was there. Brian Jones was still alive. Mick Jagger was rude. They were all kind of scary.

So here we are, I'm introducing her to all these guys and down the end of the stairs is Ochs..."Down there, that's Phil Ochs. You'll like him."

Well, I was right about that because two or three months afterwards, I'm sitting in the Carnegie Delicatessen looking out at the passing parade and down the steps of the building across the street comes Phil with his arm around my ex-wife.

I couldn't believe what a shit he was. He *knew*...you talk about your Austin Nichols Wild Turkeys, you talk about your wooden pennies—your counterfeit faces and your counterfeit names. Ochs was a pretty good guitar player and he was sort of fun to hang around with because he was often depressed. And at that time, in that scene, depression was like a card of identity. To be depressed was considered daringly honest. Ochs was Jewish. A closet kike. Mister in public, he was the Bing Crosby of protest singers, but, meanwhile, back at the ranch, he was real mean when it came to money. He'd come after you for fifty cents. No unpaid debt was too low to attempt collecting on.

Poor Ochs. One time (drunk) he puked rather forcefully all over the bar at the original Max's Kansas City...his left contact lens popped out and landed in the festering puddle of toxic puke. A large salad bowl was brought and Phil spent the evening carefully going through every single spoonful that bowl of barf had to offer...he found the contact lens. From then on—so the story goes—there was no dealing with the man. In that one experience, he changed from a juvenile to a leading man.

Phil Ochs was best known as a protest singer. He was against almost everything and in favor of almost nothing.

As time went by, Ochs began to mellow out. He developed a fascination for bizarre, exotic deaths. He was very impressed with Jayne Mansfield and James Dean. He wrote a great song about James Dean. Somehow people don't seem to remember that. Phil thought Bruce Lee was the most important media hero since Attila the Hun, "...now that's really *original*, original sin."

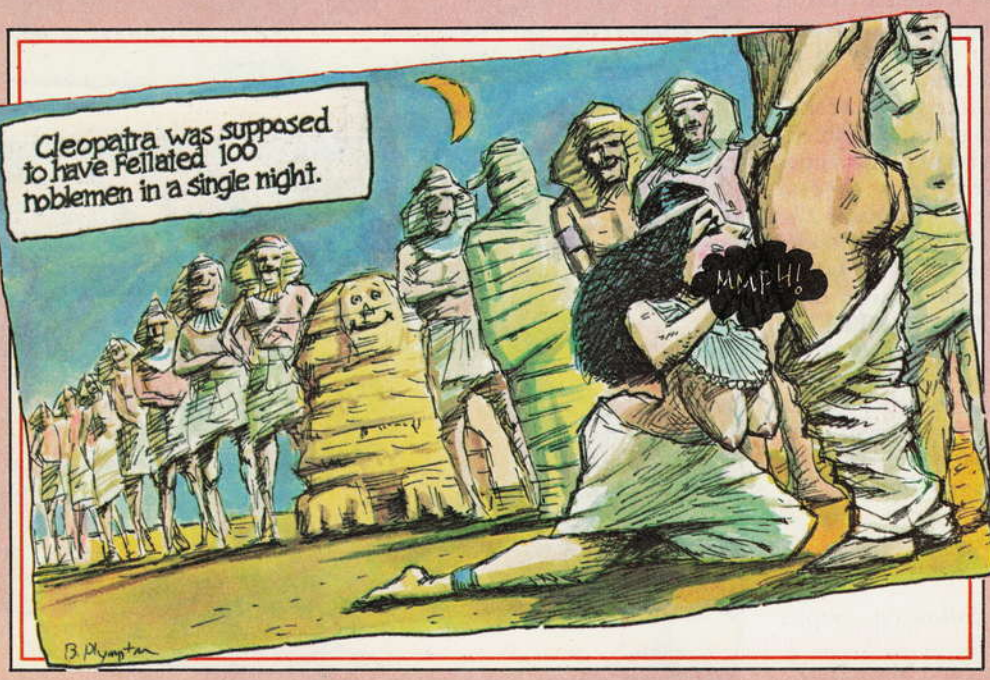
Ochs used to always carry a dream book. It would be one of those ledgers you sometimes see in old stationery stores. A black leatherette cover, white pages with blue lines. And Ochs carried these books around and everyone he met (most of whom were celebrities of one sort or another) did a page or two. The pages consisted of some writing and some drawings and so on. They were fabulous.

There were at least ten Dream Books. The best from all ten would make an incredible soft cover coffeetable best seller. They've never been printed or even written about.

By 1968, I was a psychedelic tycoon. Thirty years old, thirteen guys on the

(Continued on page 85)

DAVID WALLECHINSKY'S "INTIMATE CELEBRITY SEX LIVES" SUPERQUIZ



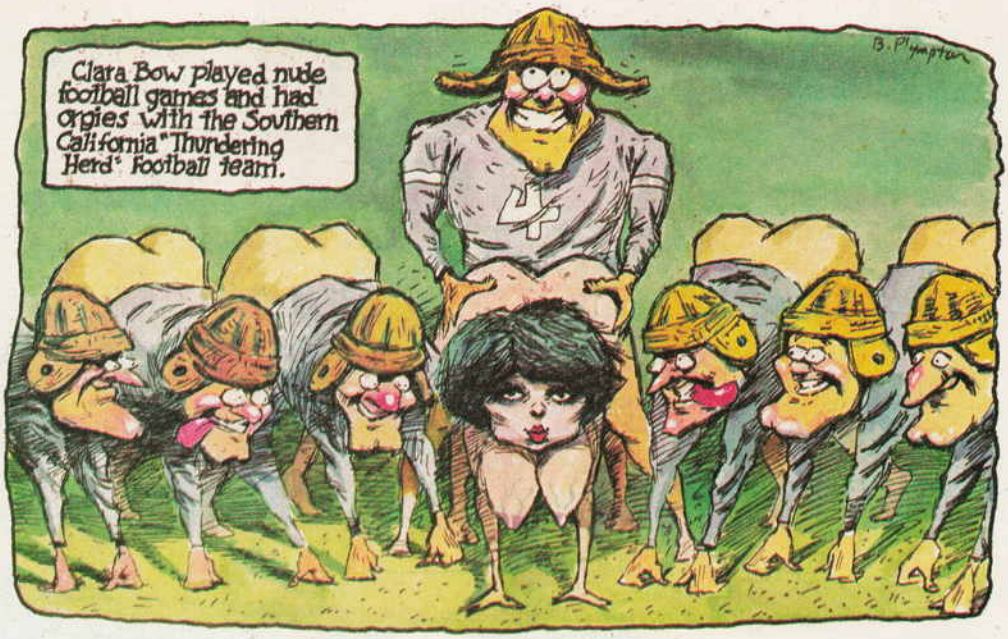
• Illustrations by Bill Plympton •

"He who forgets the orgies of the past will be condemned to relive them. Ya-hoo!"

—Ugly George Santayana, 1913—

If you're the sort of OUI scholar who crams his skull full of give-a-shit facts about long-forgotten treaty signings, you'll be delighted with David Wallechinsky's "Sex Lives of Famous People" superquiz. As any history buff knows, the colossi whose names dance down the ages didn't get to be eternally famous by being *boring*. Many of history's topliners were, in fact, sexual dynamos of the first order, and the cheekier ones didn't even bother to cover their tracks. So along comes a topnotch sleuth like David and oy!—suddenly we've got corroboration of some of history's strangest fiddlings, diddlings, perversions and predilections.

Try to match the famous personages with their specific sexual kink(s). This may be the first time a history quiz ever gave you a boner, and, if so, there's more where that came from in the Wallechinsky family's *The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People* (Delacorte).



DAVID WALLECHINSKY was born in Los Angeles, California in 1948. His pop is **IRVING WALLACE,** one of America's most successful postwar writers. Wallechinsky's first creative works were quintessence-of-Sixties projects: a cinema verité film about nitrous oxide (laughing gas) parties called *Gas* and a book entitled *Chico's Organic Gardening and Natural Living,* written in cahoots with an illiterate Italian farmer.

Wallechinsky—like most Woodstockian-aged young people in America—settled down a bit in the Seventies and paid the rent with several bestsellers, the first of which was *The People's Almanac* (1975). *What Really Happened To The Class of '65,* which Wallechinsky co-authored with high school classmate **MICHAEL MEDVED,** provided the basis for a short-lived television series. Then came *The Book of Lists,* and, in short order, *Almanac II* and *Lists II.* At present, the Wallechinsky/Wallace juggernaut is readying *People's Almanac 3* for publication.

1. Which of the following couples never made love?
   - ☐ Jack Johnson and Mata Hari
   - ☐ Milton Berle and Aimee Semple McPherson
   - ☐ Eva Peron and Aristotle Onassis
   - ☐ Isadora Duncan and Waslaw Nijinsky

2. Which of the following men had three daughters named Elizabeth, each by a different woman?_____.
   a) Errol Flynn b)Father Divine c)Duke of Wellington d)Alexander Graham Bell e) Robert Burns

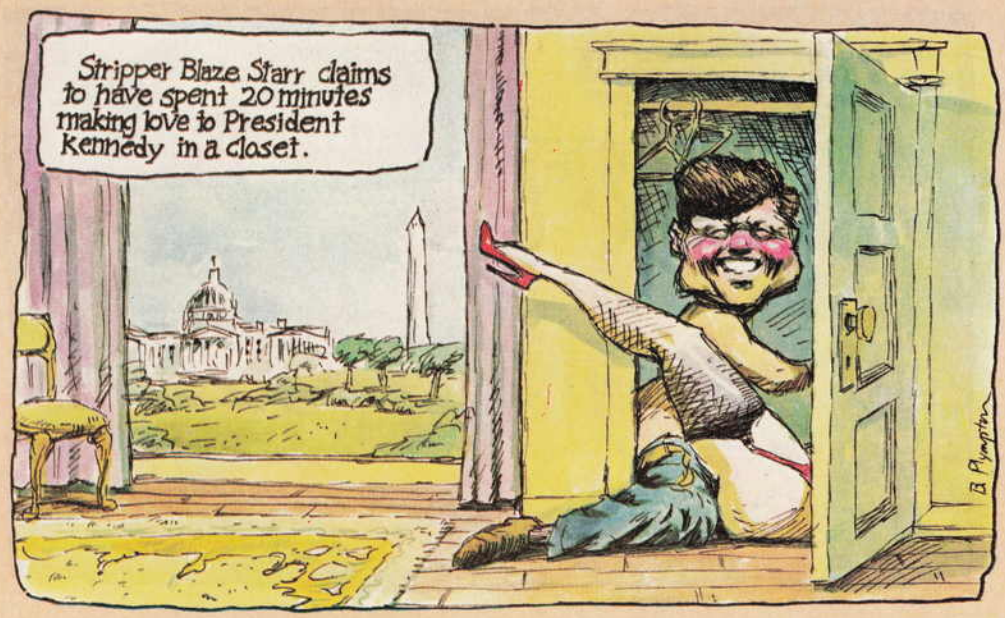
3. Which of the following *didn't* have a child out of wedlock? _____.
   a) Maria Montessori b) Francisco de Goya c) W. Somerset Maugham d) Gertrude Stein e) Frank Lloyd Wright

4. Which famous actress was married to four men for four years each?
   a) Clara Bow b) Joan Crawford c) Lillian Russell d) Sarah Bernhardt

5. Match the quote with the person who said it:
   - A) "I have never been able to understand how a father could tenderly love his charming daughter without having slept with her at least once."
   - B) "It is clear that the Divine purpose in the (Bible) text 'It is better to marry than to burn' is to make us all feel how *very* dreadful the torments of Hell must be."
   - C) "It is a sad fact that Man does not live for pleasure alone."
   - D) "Conscience is that which hurts when everything else feels marvelous."
   - E) "One must be either undiscerning or frightened to love only one person, when the world is so full of gracious and noble spirits."
   - F) "No man or woman really knows what perfect love is until they have been married a quarter of a century."

   _____1) Casanova
   _____2) Albert Einstein
   _____3) Edna St. Vincent Millay
   _____4) Bertrand Russell
   _____5) Leopold Stokowski
   _____6) Mark Twain

6. Which one of the following statements accurately describes adventure writer William Seabrook?
   a) He once made love to a female gorilla.
   b) He refused to engage in sex with any woman who spoke English.
   c) He had a collection of the pubic hair of famous people.
   d) He was only able to achieve orgasm if his partner held a gun to his temple.



e) He and his wife went to sleep with a naked woman chained to the foot of their bed.
f) All of the above.

7. Who gave the following argument for why women were meant to stay at home: "The way they were created indicates this, for they have broad hips and a wide fundament to sit upon"? _____.
a) Henry VIII b) Isaac Newton c) Martin Luther d) W.C. Fields e) Rembrandt van Rijn

8. By what nickname did Christiane Volpius call the penis of her husband, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe? _____.
a) "Mr. Nicefoot"
b) "The Little Mephisto"
c) "Jumping Jack"
d) "The Quill"
e) "Der Wienerschnitzel"

9. Who said: "Woe to you, my princess, when I come...And if you are forward you shall see who is the stronger, a gentle little girl who doesn't eat enough or a big wild man who has cocaine in his body"? _____.
a) Charlie Chaplin b) Errol Flynn c) Sigmund Freud d) Rudolph Valentino e) Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

10. Match the quote with the woman who said it:
A) "Any intelligent woman who reads the marriage contract, and then goes into it, deserves all the consequences."
B) "I have never given a kiss in my life that wasn't sincere. As for intercourse, I'd say three times a day was about right."
C) "God, grant us our desires, and grant them quickly."
D) "You never know a guy till you've tried him in bed....In the sack, they can't cheat."
E) "Onstage I make love to 25,000 people, then I go home alone."
_____1) Catherine the Great
_____2) Isadora Duncan
_____3) Janis Joplin
_____4) Edith Piaf
_____5) Margaret Sanger

11. Match the quote with the man who said it:
A) "Women are like elephants to me: I like to look at them, but I wouldn't want to own one."
B) "The older woman has seen more, heard more, and knows more than the demure young girl. . .I'll take the older woman every time."
C) "There's nothing so similar to one poodle dog as another poodle dog, and that goes for women, too."
D) "All women want to mother you. Give them a chance to and before you know it you're home free."
E) "I know wimmins, and wimmins is difficult."
_____1)James Dean
_____2) W.C. Fields
_____3) Clark Gable
_____4) Ernest Hemingway
_____5) Pablo Picasso

12. Which of the following did *not* die a virgin? _____.
a) Hans Christian Andersen b) Emily Dickinson c) Johannes Brahms d) Isaac Newton e) John Ruskin

13. What two well-known American women tried to sell their bodies and failed?

14. Which misogynist said, "It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulse that could give the name of the fair sex to the undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race"?

15. The wife *and* mistress of which of

the following men both shot themselves over him? _____.
a) Mao Tse-tung b) Claude Debussy c) Louis Pasteur d) Porfirio Rubirosa e) Babe Ruth

16. Which fiery man-hater called men "nicotine-soaked, beer-besmeared, whiskey greased, red-eyed devils"?

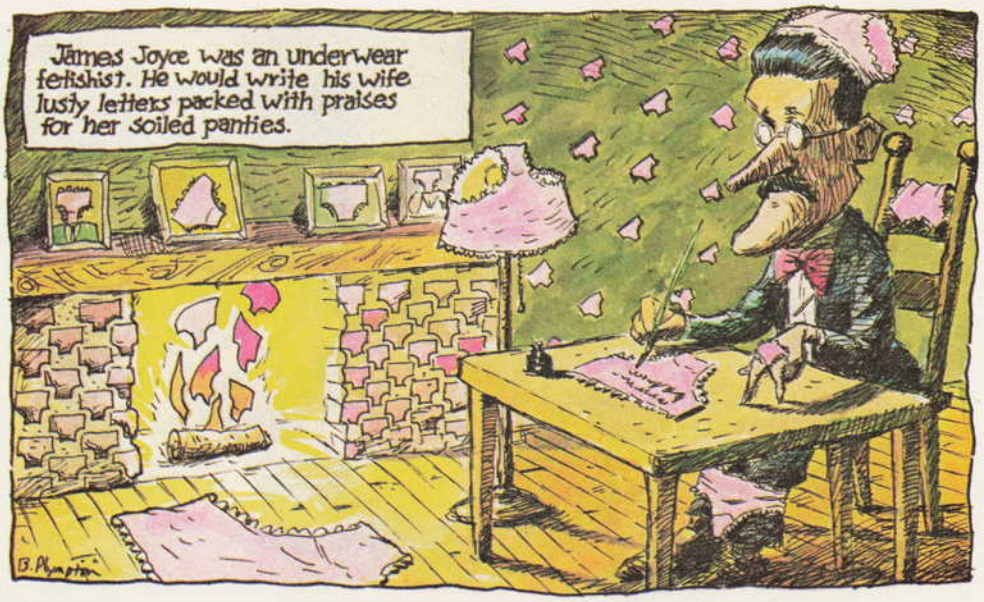
17. Match the man and his quirk.
A) Enrico Caruso
B) Feodor Dostoevski
C) James Joyce
D) Jean-Jacques Rousseau
E) Algernon Swinburne
_____1) carried a pair of doll's panties in his pocket
_____2) enjoyed being flogged
_____3) exposed his buttocks to women in public
_____4) foot fetishist
_____5) convicted of pinching a woman's bottom

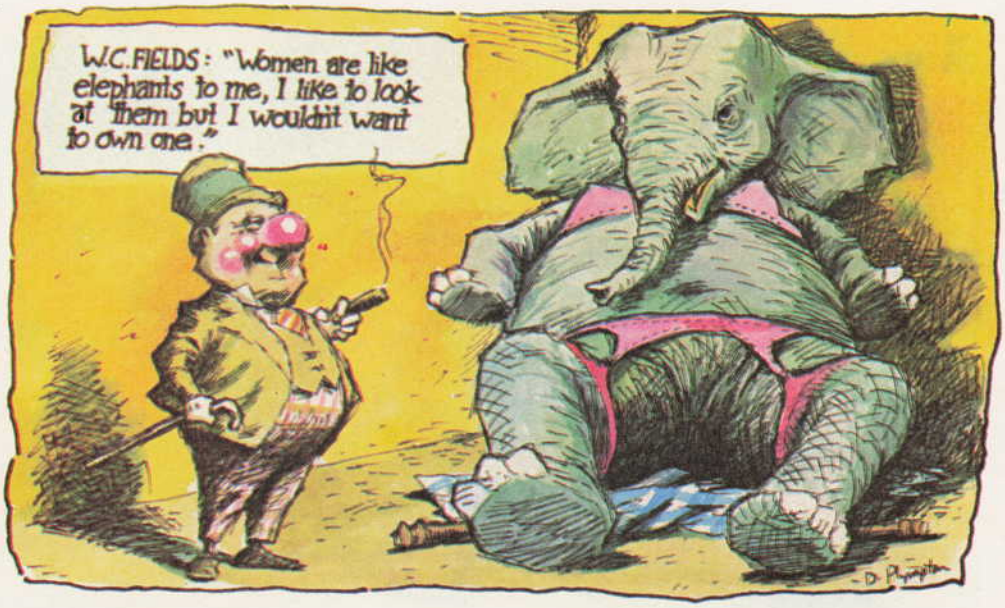
18. What was Casanova's record for the longest time engaged in sexual intercourse?_____.
a) 10 minutes b) 1½ hours c) 4 hours d) 7 hours e) 18 hours

19. Which of the following never made love to a man? _____.
a) Cole Porter b) Charles Laughton c) James Dean d) Mata Hari e) Lewis Carroll

20. Which of the following never made love to a woman?
a) Pope Alexander VI b) Jean Harlow c) Bessie Smith d) Oscar Wilde e) Virginia Woolf

21. Which religious leader's penis was more than half the size of one of opera star Adelina Patti's lovers?


James Joyce was an underwear fetishist. He would write his wife lusty letters packed with praises for her soiled panties.



ANSWERS

1. Isadora Duncan and Waslaw Nijinsky. Duncan suggested it, but Nijinksy refused.
2. e—Robert Burns, who was also the author of the poem "Nine-Inch Will Please a Lady."
3. d—Gertrude Stein did *not* have a child in or out of wedlock.
4. b—Joan Crawford. Lillian Russell also married four times, but not for four years each.
5. A-1, B-4, C-2, D-5, E-3, F-6
6. e
7. c—Martin Luther
8. a—"Herr Schonfuss" ("Mr. Nicefoot")
9. c—Sigmund Freud
10. A-2, B-5, C-1, D-4, E-3
11. A-2, B-3, C-5, D-1, E-4
12. c—Johannes Brahms made love—but only to prostitutes.
13. Emma Goldman and Janis Joplin
14. German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer
15. b—Claude Debussy
16. Temperance crusader Carry Nation
17. A-5, B-4, C-1, D-3, E-2
18. d—7 hours
19. e—Lewis Carroll
20. b—Jean Harlow
21. The mystical monk Grigori Rasputin (penis—over 12" long.) Patti's lover, General Mite, was 22" tall.

SCORING: 1) 10 points; 2) 5 points; 3) 5 points; 4) 5 points; 5) 30 points; 6) 5 points; 7) 5 points; 8) 5 points; 9) 5 points; 10) 25 points; 11) 25 points; 12) 5 points; 13) 10 points; 14) 5 points; 15) 5 points; 16) 5 points; 17) 25 points; 18) 5 points; 19) 5 points; 20) 5 points; 21) 5 points

ANALYZING YOUR SCORE:

Below 50	Dismal showing. You're so unschooled in history that you probably think Desiree Cousteau was Napoleon's mistress.
50-100	Okay, so you didn't blossom in the humanities department. We suggest you "learn to boss the big rigs" at Diesel Truck Driving Academy.
100-150	You're getting there. Purchase a foldout map of 18th century Europe and try not to get Vienna stuck to Prague.
150-180	Damn good. You are obviously a museum curator who moonlights as a sex-aid salesman.
Over 180	You're making history of your *own!*

PHIL OCHS

(Continued from page 80)

payroll. Five maids and seventy-two pairs of stereo headsets. And Ochs would come around and disapprove. Where was my integrity? Where was my sense of integrity? Where was Phil's bank account?

I didn't see him for a while.

Several years later, I changed direction, I ran across Ochs again. What happened to me was I got cancer from too much of everything: unlimited drugs, unlimited sex, unlimited rock and roll. And, before you know it, you're pushing up daisies before you intended. So all of a sudden, I'm on the road. Literally, I'm on the road. I can't get a job, I can't get money. I can't get anything. I don't have anything; I'm dying. Incredible pain. No doctor knows what to do. My hand is locked in paralysis; it looks like a claw coming up out of the muck in a graveyard rainstorm on a frosty Halloween night. Who shows up but my old buddy Ochs. I'm in the home of a highly-paid rock and roll musician who lives in the upstairs bedroom with his darling little blonde wife. On the livingroom couch in trade for cooking and cleaning. I'm dying away.

Commuting from New Jersey to Mexico—Laetrile in Mexico and Mega-Vitamins in Jersey. Five years on the road. The worst is the first. The first winter was the coldest winter. Cold. And, who shows up but Ochs.

He looks like an outtake from "Night of the Living Dead." I couldn't believe it, fifty pounds overweight. His voice is fucked up. Somebody strangled him in an alley in Africa.

Fifty pounds. His eyes are all red and funny and puffy and all the time he looks so sad. So sad you couldn't believe. And he comes over to visit me and when we're alone he says, "You know, I haven't shit in three months."

"Oh, that's great news, Phil, I'm glad to hear it."

I'll never forget that night. We found a folding canvas and wood cot in one of the closets. We set it up right in the livingroom. And there we are lying on these improvised hospital beds. Moaning and groaning all night long.

The next morning we went for a walk. We went shopping in the supermarket and like a little kid he gets lost—I couldn't find him and it was driving me nuts. It was a game. He waltzed himself outside and got caught up in the window display of the cigar store two doors down. He was staring at a wooden Indian and tears were running down his face.

It was a very sad little visit there. None of his old friends wanted to help him out. One guy, who was this true big buddy of his, Jerry Rubin, was about to take ARICA Training in New York. I kept trying to convince Phil he should do that too. He didn't care. Nobody seemed to care.

Somehow, his mother got wind of the condition and called him at the place we were staying. That afternoon he went for a walk in Central Park. There's a new playground near the St. Moritz Hotel. It's not new now, but it sure was new then. We were walking around all these different castles and moats and statues for kids to climb on, and Ochs starts to cry. He's crying a lot in those days. We started to sing. We sang "Up The Lazy River (by the Old Mill Run)" and there we were crying in a phone booth. And you know, with all of this shit and pain and sorrow and death, Ochs is still wheeling and dealing. He'd been a con-job all his life and he was still an operator...even in the face of death. He used to come around to Thanksgiving dinner parties (he did this to me twice), he would come uninvited and be around all morning watching the preparing of the food and then he would have the turkey dinner with you and as soon as it was over and the coffee was down he'd have a few more free drinks, he would get up and announce that he was going to some other turkey celebration on the other side of town. He was very blatant. So there he was up the lazy river in this phone booth on Central Park South and Broadway, and he's negotiating with some big record company vice president—and the tears of terror and trepidation are unheard and unseen by the sleazeball vinyl mogul on the other end of the line.

"Ochs took to fighting in bars...He had an entourage of five or six guys, all of whom had one thing in common: they were great bar fighters...."

A year later, I'm so sick I can hardly walk. I'm 5'11". I weigh 112 pounds and I can't sit down. At that weight you don't have an ass to speak of, let alone to sit on.

And there I am in L.A., having just begged an airplane seat from New York ("Could I borrow a pillow to sit on?" "Got a real bad cold, do you, sir?") and who should meet me but Ochs.

I'm dying and Phil—well, he's also dying. I've known this guy for eighteen years. He was a casual friend, now he's a fellow terminal. We're both young, we've both been told—convincingly—that we're going to croak any second. What an opportunity for blackmail. This is like sitting in a restaurant with a friend and you say, "How about getting me a glass of water because—" He looks at you and says: "Because *what*, you idiot? Get up and go over there yourself." Because what. He knows not to ask the question. If he does, you'll say, "Because I'm *dying*." He can see it in your eyes. Birds of a feather. Emotional blackmail.

I lived. Most of my friends are dead. And back then, along comes Phil. And suddenly he's in the same reality as me, which is desperately chasing around in search of medical attention. Only Phil, being a big culture hero, got Jonathan Lily, the famous inventor of the paper cup, to prescribe a healthy dose of niacin. Phil said, "Well, it made me turn red but it didn't make me shit."

Phil was getting far out. He adopted certain beliefs like a madman. He got this three inch silver cross that he fingers all the time, and he won't talk to anyone but this very inner group. In his case—it was a little different than mine—I was pretty much only interested in people that were in big trouble—Phil was interested in people that could keep it a secret. I couldn't drive because my eyes were damaged by cortisone treatments, so in California, Phil decided to take me on as a case. We both figured it wasn't going to be the longest possible shooting schedule, whatever the script, so Phil showed me a couple of things. We started going to the movies together. We saw "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre," "Pink Flamingos," and "Truckstop Women." Killing time.

I went to Mexico, Ochs went to New York.

One of the last times I saw him was pretty funny. I was living upstate on a small river and had come into the city to see a show and stayed over at my friend's house. My friend was a friend of Phil's, too, and at about 7 a.m. there's this guy pounding on the door—my friend's in the bedroom asleep.

"Who is it, who is it?"

"I'm a cab driver." He shows me that I.D. thing, you know, that license in plastic. So I open the door and he says, "The guy downstairs, he's a millionaire rock and roll star and he doesn't have any money and he wants you to come downstairs and pay for his cab."

"Oh sure, no problem." So I put on a pair of pants, grab some money off the tabletop. Shoes. Shirt. Run downstairs and to my great surprise sitting in the back seat of this checker cab, looking like Howard Hughes at the peak of his perfection, there's Ochs in this totally

(Continued on page 122)

THE GREAT SNORT SCARE

(Continued from page 50)

watching him dig imaginary insects out of his skin."

Such grand hallucinatory reactions, which typically follow extreme over-indulgence in coke, were described thereafter in the medical annals as "cocainomania." But full-blown cocaine psychosis—then as now—was a rarity, given the enormous national appetite for coke. A few years later, however, when it came time to ban cocaine in America, the risks of coke had been transformed into a totally different horror by the medical community.

> "The negros in some parts of the South," the *Journal* of the American Medical Association exclaimed in its June 23, 1900 issue, "are reported to be addicted to a new form of vice—that of 'cocaine sniffing,' or the 'coke habit.' This was cocainomania, American style.

The immediate objective of the anti-cocaine campaign launched in the 1900s by the AMA and APhA (American Pharmaceutical Association) was simply to put the competition out of business as quickly as possible. The competition consisted of the Grey Medicine Company of New York and their ilk—freebooting laymen who waxed rich on patent remedies, bizarre concoctions of drugs and vegetables and pure ethyl alcohol which they merchandised as cures for every ailment under the sun. It mattered little whether these nostrums were effective (and for simple maladies and infections, undoubtedly many of them served superbly), or even whether they were harmful or addictive. They drove doctors out of business and reduced profits for druggists, that was the problem.

The selection of black men as the mythic victim/agents of cocainomania was overtly political. At the turn of the century, after the collapse of Reconstruction in the South, black people were of minimal political consequence. Obviously, then, the horrors of cocainomania could readily be attributed to blacks, since they undoubtedly took it only to get high—just like everyone else. (It was at least as cheap as the most wretched raisin jack, and considerably less poisonous.) Those who felt compassion for blacks would bleed their hearts pale over the exploitation of blacks by the avaricious "medicine" merchandisers, and those who feared and hated blacks would be pleased to read of all the atrocities they committed under the influence.

Republican Congressmen particularly welcomed this new scientific proof that cocaine was dangerous, and that blacks were especially susceptible. With the failure of Reconstruction, a sizable block of Southern Negroes had been disenfranchished by the bible Belt Dixiecrats, a bloc that could otherwise have been depended on to vote solidly Republican. With the shibboleth of State's Rights standing in the way, it was impossible to get federal agents to open the election process south of the Mason-Dixon Line; police enforcement was felt by many lawmakers to be strictly the purview of states and localities. But if drug legislation were passed, it could open the way for federal enforcement of voting rights, and there were few southern congressmen who could long hold out against drug-control once the cocainomania scare was fully operative. That cocainomania led indirectly to civil rights enforcement in the South is wonderfully ironic.

The soft drinks were the first to go, in 1910, after Representative Francis Harrison growled into the Congressional Record his suspicions about "Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola and all those things that are sold to Negroes all over the South." Both companies directly took cocaine out of their secret formulas,* replaced it with caffeine, and sustained no noticeable drop in sales because of it.

> "There is no escaping the conviction that drug-taking has become a race menace," allowed Dr. Williams in a 1914 article: "Negro Cocaine 'Fiends' Are A New Southern Menace."

Cocaine was being snorted by negroes everywhere; everyone agreed on that, and everyone agreed that this was dangerous. At first it was presented as dangerous for the blacks themselves, since it supposedly zonked them out even as it pepped them up, exposing them to exploitation by vicious Mississippi plantationers: "When an overseer in the South will deliberately put cocaine into the rations of his negro laborers in order to get more work out of them to meet a sudden emergency," glowered a New York City cure specialist, Charles B. Towns, "it is time to have some policy of accounting for the sale of a drug like cocaine." No such incident of cocaine-dosing, incidentally, is on any existing record.

When it came to pushing anti-drug bills through legislatures, though, it always worked best to portray this Negro in precisely the same terms as the drug—some elemental force, an impalpable but deeply-felt menace, uncontrollable, irrational, and primordially *lustful.*

"Most of the attacks upon white women in the South are the direct result of the cocaine-crazed Negro brain," Dr. Edmund Koch told the U.S. Congress in 1914. "Cocaine is often the direct incentive to the crime of rape by the Negroes of the South." Dr. Koch's testimony was crucial to the passage of the celebrated Harrison Narcotics Act, and all federal drug legislation and law enforcement since then has been subtly informed by Dr. Koch's expert testimony. (Even in the last few years, cocaine defendants have succeeded in escaping jail after their attorneys read Koch's "expert" testimony into the trial record.)

Nor did cocaine merely cause blacks to forget what color they were. It had the specific pharmacological property of turning them into *everything* which whites feared and fantasized. Dr. Koch's testimony was itself undoubtedly well-grounded in a 1914 *New York Times* article—"Negro Cocaine 'Fiends' are a New Southern Menace"—by Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, the renowned drug expert.

"There is no escaping the conviction that drug taking has become a race menace in certain regions south of the Line," Dr. Williams allowed, having been advised by reliable sources (the police) that the jails down south were packed with crazed black coke tooters convicted of multiple violent offenses. The Negro had a special affinity for coke over morphine—the white addict's drug of choice—because coke was snortable, Dr. Williams concluded. Whereas you have to *shoot* morphine, involving "a somewhat complicated process of preparation," the simple negro would naturally opt for a drug which could easily be whiffed straight up the nose, simply and efficiently.

Once inside the negro, cocaine made him into a perfect werewolf, consumed with violent homocidal passion and, worst of all, invulnerable to bullets. "Bullets fired into the vital parts, that would drop a sane man in his tracks, fail to check the "fiend"—fail to stop his rush

(Continued on page 98)

* Coca-Cola is still a weird and fascinating beverage. Thanks to their prompt compliance with the feds in 1910, the makers of Coke were vouchsafed a special dispensation under the Pure Food and Drug Act, and their secret formula remains largely a secret to this day. The company still gathers the dross from the coca leaves of the Mallinkcroft Pharmaceutical Company in New Jersey, after the cocaine has been extracted, so that Coke buffs still get the benefit of the 25 allied alkaloids in the coca leaf. Coke and Pepsi both still also contain extracts from the kola nut, which contains certain trepaine alkaloids similar to the psychoactive components of *Erythroxylen Coca.*

Deena

"I'm back where I want to be," beams Deena, a Florida music student. "Tampa may not be the hippest place, but the guys are capable of real relationships." That's quite a contrast to the way she was treated last spring at a New York City music academy. "They acted like I was a Florida airhead," Deena explains. "I was pretty lonely."

"I'm a damn good pianist *and* I like to lie by the pool with a pina colada in my hand. Just because I've got talent, does that mean I'm never supposed to cut loose and have fun? People forget that some of the great composers were practically sex maniacs!"

STEINWAY & SONS

"People in Tampa are pretty balanced," says Deena. "They don't freak out if you're hard to label. This winter, for example, I'm taking a dance exercise class where we do all the Sixties' dances: The Twist, The Monkey, and The Boogaloo. I don't care if it's "in" or not—I've never had this much fun while losing weight." For sure OUI readers have never had this much fun looking at photos of a piano player, either.

WINNING WITH WOMEN

(Continued from page 8)

camera, or poster or painting you've just bought. Ride a bicycle or wear roller skates to class. Do anything you can think of, so long as you're not being too show-offy or exhibitionistic, that will make it natural, and thus, comfortable for a woman to comment on. Don't forget, picking up men is still new to women, even the most avant garde of them, and the more matter-of-fact and uncontroversial you can make it for them, the quicker they're going to pick you up.

How else can you get women to pick you up?

An old friend used to tend bar in singles joints in Manhattan. At closing time, just as he was emptying the last ashtray, cleaning the final glass, he would look up and sitting across the bar from him there would invariably be some poor lonely girl, only too eager to make conversation. My friend reports that he went an entire year without having to rent his own apartment!

If you're young and carefree enough, or have the summer off, I suggest applying for a job as a cabana or pool boy or a lifeguard (if you swim well enough) at a country club. During the day, while the men work, their wives and daughters bake. And when women are lying around in nothing but a skimpy bathing suit, heating up under the blazing sun, admiring their own tan limbs and lithe bodies, their minds inevitably turn to sex. And who can supply that better than the nice man who is bringing them their tall cool gin-and-tonic—you.

In short, my friends, go where there are lots and lots of women and as few men as possible. Do it, and I assure you that at least some of them, and maybe a whole bunch of them, will wind up being just as big a pushover as your mother once was.

Next month we're going to discuss a subject very much related to getting women to pick you up: How to start a relationship with an older woman. With the divorce rate climbing ever higher, there are more of them out there, unattached and horny, than ever before. And are *they* ever eager and assertive! ■

"Charlie, you never told me you were a garage mechanic!"

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

(Continued from page 36)

con man to another and Ted had the cop outclassed. He told Phillips that Xaviera's boyfriend, Larry, was in trouble for insurance fraud—the truth, incidentally—and needed a good lawyer with connections to buy off the judge. Phillips said he knew just the lawyer and Ted, wired, went to see the attorney. The trail soon led to a state supreme court justice.

Now the Knapp Commission was beginning to get hard evidence. Ted Ratnoff finally told Phillips that the Knapp Commission was onto him and if he wanted to avoid going to jail he could do so by letting Ted wire him up to get further evidence on the higher-ups in the police department. From patrolmen to sergeants up to lieutenants and even captains, the thread of corruption was carefully followed and evidence gathered on tape. Everything began and ended with Xaviera. It was her money in marked bills that found its way into the judge's possession. Many high ranking police officers were in on the graft.

As an excited Michael Armstrong and the members of the Knapp Commission began at last to see results, Ted outdid himself in the field of electronic surveillance.

It was close to the end of the Knapp investigation that Ted asked me to go with him to Xaviera's place for a special purpose.

"I want you to keep her out of her bedroom for an hour," he said.

I managed to keep Xaviera distracted until Ted came into the living room, a wide grin on his round face, his eyes gleaming behind the thick glasses. "OK, Xaviera, I checked out all the equipment. It's working fine. Also I burned a bug off your phone."

Ted gave me a nod and I left with him and we went back to the listening post.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Wait till you see," Ted said gleefully. He turned on a television monitor and to my surprise I saw Xaviera's bed on the screen. Ted chuckled gleefully. "I scraped some of the emulsion off of that gold mirror and put a small TV transmitter above it. Now we can see everything that happens."

"I'm amazed that you get such a strong picture from so small a video transmitter," I remarked.

"Oh the picture will go all over the city," Ted replied. "I have it set to the highest channel on the spectrum which no ordinary TV set can pick up."

Ted settled down in front of the television contentedly and waited for the next customer to come into Xaviera's. He didn't have long to wait before a customer arrived and Ted videotaped the

performance. Ted couldn't resist inviting some of his colleagues in law enforcement bugging to see his latest touch of genius.

Unfortunately Ted became so immersed in the activities flashed from Xaviera's bed that he failed to notice the transmitter was sliding down the spectrum and finally hit Channel 41, the local Spanish-speaking TV station. Over the late night movie a particularly energetic orgy from the bedroom was superimposed. Throughout the barrios of New York there was surprise, consternation, and excitement. Calls came into the station from all over. "When is zee next special?"

The station complained to the FBI which was well aware of the name and location of the only wizard able to perform such an electronic feat. The listening station was closed down but the Knapp Commission, thanks to THE HAPPY HOOKER, successfully exposed the entire web of police corruption in New York City.

I was proud of my part in making this investigation a success particularly when John Lindsay's letter to the Honorable Whitman Knapp was published which read in part: "I consider...the work of your Commission to be one of the most important accomplishments of my administration."

So as my campaign for the United States Senate proceeds, far from concealing my role in the book, I point with pride to THE HAPPY HOOKER and the job Xaviera, Ted and I did to expose police and judicial corruption in New York. ■

MAIL

(Continued from page 7)

Editor,

I am writing you in regard to the interyiew with Jane Seymour in the August 1981 issue. I found the interview to be very interesting, especially the comments made about my home—Dallas, Texas. I find it distressing that one of my favorite actresses should feel so badly about Dallas.

Gary P.
Hays, Kansas

Editor,

In "City of Women," Fellini's new film, Donatella Damiani plays the part of the ideal woman. I can certainly see why! Ideal, and almost un*REAL* would adequately describe certain parts of Ms. Damiani's anatomy.

Thomas F.
Washington, D.C.

Editor,

Talented Jane Seymour's L.A. put-down suggests that she's spending too much time caged in Birdland. Granted, Tinsel Town's twinkle-toes have built a very visible and often questionable aura frequently worthy of the derision Ms. Seymour doles out. On the other hand, there's another hand. And it's comprised of literature, art, theatre, music any way you want it, and some of the finer forms of fleshly fulfillment (sailing, for example) in a combination which only Los Angeles can offer in so great a variety and degree. Even the Apple plays second fiddle. However, like New York, Los Angeles doesn't come out to find you. Instead, you've got to find it. Jane needs to fire up the old Alfa before she gripes about never driving. L.A.'s right down the street.

Stewart I.
L.A.

Editor,

I am a 27-year-old male who regularly buys men's magazines. Odd as it may seem, I buy them mainly to read the articles. However, in a recent issue, I discovered a picture of a face that comes closer to being perfect than any face I have ever seen. I am, of course, referring to the facial picture of Lori Ann on page 79.

When I look at that picture (10 to 15 times daily), my heart and soul just ache trying to bring that face to life. Lori Ann's face exudes so many feelings to me, feelings like sincerity, sensitivity and love. It's really hard to describe my inner feelings of peace and tranquility when I gaze upon this miracle of nature.

The good Lord surely smiles upon the man that wakes up to see Lori's face every morning.

M.H.
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Editor,

Would it be possible to have your models wear white ankle socks and saddle shoes? How about white cotton knee socks and saddle shoes? Waiting to see your next issue!

Unsigned

"Which ones are the porno stars?"

WHAT

AFFORDABLE JAMS:

GREAT CAR STEREOS THAT WON'T BANKRUPT YOU.

Let's face it. You're confused about car stereo. And who wouldn't be? It seems like everyone and his baby brother has one sort of car stereo doo-dah or another and they all claim to give you what some overzealous advertising copywriter a few years back decided to call "highway hi-fi." That term may add glamour to automotive sound but like all buzz words it tends to cloud the issue. But you want to make buying automotive sound easier. So forget the term "highway hi-fi." High fidelity is a term that describes a host of attributes of home sound reproduction equipment that doesn't have any meaning in a car. The goal of home hi-fi gear is to make music in your living room sound true-to-life; that is, make it sound as though you were sitting in a concert hall. You just can't do that in a car. At home, stereo speakers are supposed to create the illusion that there's a musical group or soloist in front of you. That's called imaging and a well-made pair of loudspeakers will accomplish the goal. That can't happen in a car. The speakers simply can't be placed in the correct position relative to your ears to create the effect. Then there's the matter of frequency response and distortion levels. With all the road noise and engine roar of a typical automobile, distortion levels

(Continued on page 120)

THE GREAT SNORT SCARE

(Continued from page 86)

or weaken his attack," declared Williams.

A recent experience of Chief of Police Lyerle of Asheville, N.C. illustrated this particular phase of cocainism, explained Williams. The chief was informed that a hitherto inoffensive negro, with whom he was well acquainted, was "running amok" in a cocaine frenzy, had attempted to stab a storekeeper, and was at the moment engaged in "beating up" the various members of his own household. Being fully aware of the respect that the negro had for brass buttons (and incidentally, having a record for courage), the officer went single-handed to the negro's house for the purposes of arresting him.

But when he arrived there the negro had completed the beatings and had left the place. A few moments later, however, the man returned, and entered the room where the Chief was waiting concealed behind a door. When the unsuspecting negro reached the middle of the room, the officer closed the door to prevent his escape, and informed him quietly that he was under arrest, and asked him to come to the station. In reply the crazed negro drew a long knife, grappled with the officer, and slashed him violently across the shoulder.

Knowing that he must kill the man or be killed himself, the Chief drew his revolver, placed the muzzle over the negro's heart, and fired—"intending to kill him right quick," as the officer tells it. But the shot did not even stagger the man. And a second shot that pierced the arm and entered the chest had just as little effect in crippling the negro or checking his attack.

Meanwhile the Chief, out of the corner of his eye, spotted a horde of infuriated negroes rushing toward the cabin from all directions. He had only three cartridges remaining in his gun, and he might need these in a minute to stop the mob. So he saved his ammunition and "finished the man with his club."

Chief Lyerle's revolver, another cop guaranteed Williams, had been sufficient to "kill any game in America." Accordingly the Asheville cops were requesting an even heavier ordinance, and Dr. E. H. Williams' recommended that they get it.

"Negro Cocaine 'Fiends'" was not merely a Sunday-supplement squib for the titillation of white voyeurs. By the standards of the time, it was a serious scientific research paper, "proof" offered by a recognized medical authority that cocaine turned black males into superhuman werewolves. No matter that it was just a collection of ancedotes relayed secondhand by Williams. No matter that a survey of 2100 admissions to a Georgia asylum that year showed that only *two* had ever done cocaine in their lives and that the drug had absolutely no bearing on their mental aberrations.

Not many papers like Williams' were required to get the Harrison Act on the books, and thankfully, not many were really produced. In fact only one companion piece went to press in 1914, for the consideration of those preparing the new narcotics bill. This was simply titled "The Cocaine Crime," published in *Good Housekeeping* that March, written by Dr. Harvey Wiley, father of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration:

> "Most people who have made no study of the subject imagine that this (drug) traffic is something which threatens only the criminal and the degenerate and naturally depraved; but this is not true. While cocaine is a valued adjunct in all haunts of vice, it also spreads ruin in various insidious ways among normal, decent folk.
>
> A direful practice discovered in several cities, notably Philadelphia, is that of selling cocaine under the name of "flake" or "coke" to the school-children at recess time in the alleys about the schools. Vendors of coke and candy offer it to be "sniffed" through a small rubber tube...The happy feeling that follows results in the establishment of the habit. Negroes also fall ready victims to this drug and its exhilarating power..."

> "Worse still, asserts a recent *Time* magazine cover-story, the cocaine craze has now invaded the middle class, seducing and enslaving lawyers and politicians secretaries and clerks."

Between Williams' "Negro Cocaine 'Fiends'" and "The Cocaine Crime," supplemented with Dr. Koch's prurient testimony about white women ravished by cocaine-crazed negro brains, the Washington legislators had every rational reason to believe that coke was a grave, immediate threat to the national health and security. Accordingly, most rationally, they banned it outright—ten full years before heroin was banned.

When cocaine went off the pharmacy shelves after the Harrison Act, the image of the cocaine-crazed negro rapist obligingly passed from the scene. Indeed researchers are universally impressed by the disappearance of most references to cocaine in the popular and scientific press after 1915. It was cited thereafter mainly in efforts to ban other drugs like heroin and peyote. In 1921, Dr. Thomas Blair, chief of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Drug Control called for a federal measure to stop peyote "vendors," as he termed Indian shamans who used the sacred hallucinogen in their rituals. In a paper titled "Habit Indulgence in Certain Cacaceous Plants Among the Indians," he complained bitterly of "the superstition of the Indians who believe in the Peyote Church," adding "as soon as an effort is made to suppress peyote, the cry is raised that it is unconstitutional to do so and is an invasion of religious liberty. Suppose the negroes of the South had a Cocaine Church?" Even arrests for cocaine dropped dramatically between 1915 and 1925.

Then the cocainomania scare reappeared full-blown, like Athena from the forehead of Zeus. The scenario was precisely the same as it was before, except for one minor alteration—the victim/agents of the coke plague were not southern negroes, but white middleclass kids.

White kids on drugs were destined to star in the next wave of anti-drug lobbying—and every wave thereafter. Following World War I, the threat of drugs to the nation's draft age men was the subject of considerable worry, and varied horror stories increasingly linked cocaine to youth gangs, crime, and the threat of incipient rebellion.

The prime propagandist of this scare in the late '20s was Winifred Black, the syndicated columnist. A stout middleaged woman with frosted hair and a supremely thin-lipped authoritarian smile on her syndicated photos, Black was equal parts of Ann Landers and William Buckley. Her areas of expertise were public health and sanitation, the maintenance of good moral values, conservative politics and drugs.

> "It is easy to recognize a "snow bird," wrote Black. "There is something about the walk, a sort of high-stepping, hysterical gait—there's something about the hair, the way it stands out from the scalp...The dull boy who becomes suddenly brilliant, the brilliant girl who becomes suddenly dull—watch them and see if they haven't got a little package of white powder somewhere among their possessions."

Mind you, cocaine was already going at stiff blackmarket prices, well beyond the allowance of any middleclass teenager, but reality did not intrude on Black's diatribes. "That is what cocaine is—the 'kid catcher'—for most cocaine subjects are little more than children." Brilliant schoolboys and beautiful

(Continued on page 111)

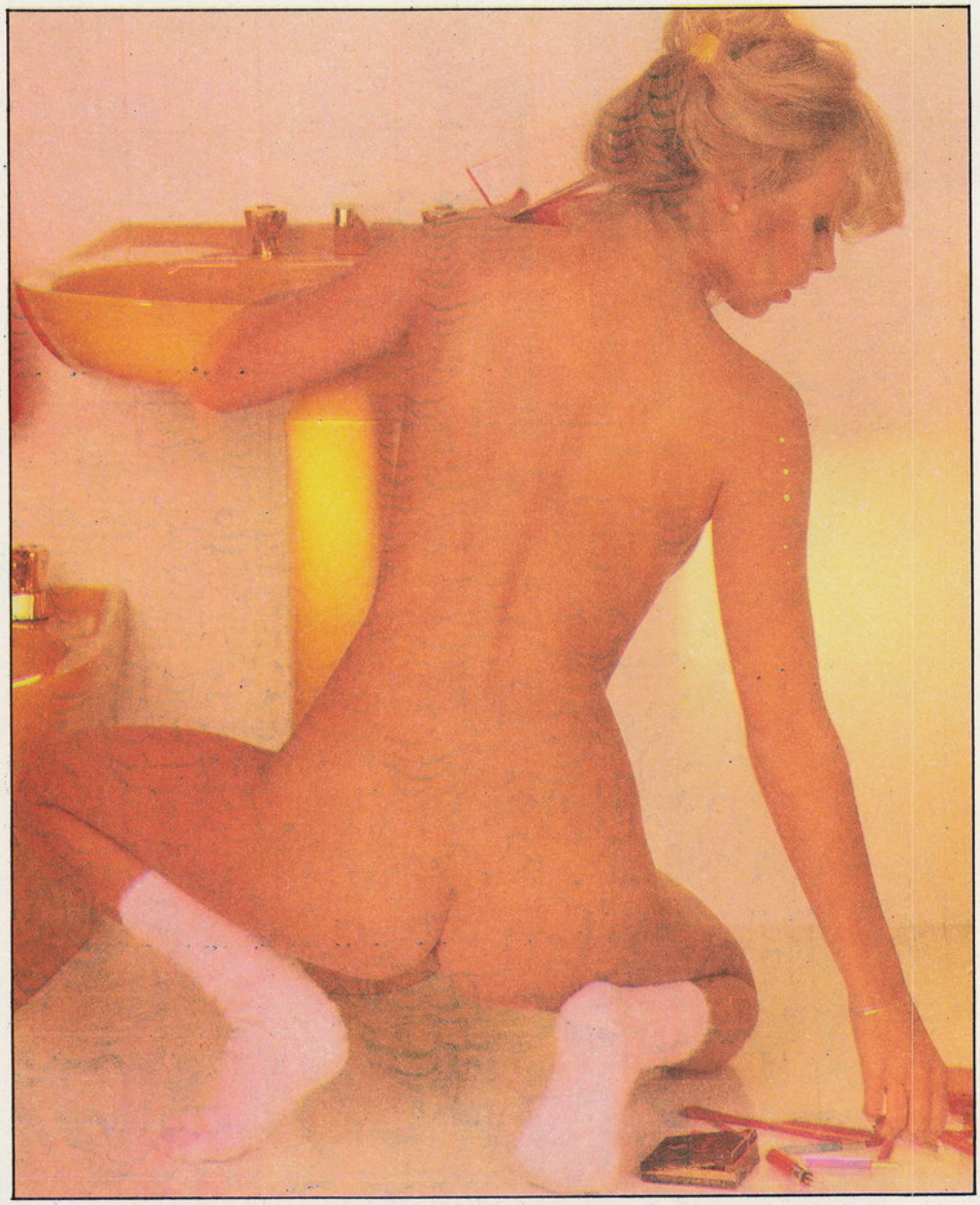
CYBIL
SHE'S SO VAIN...

Cybil was born in England 21 years ago this month, and we were surprised to discover that a creature this lovely still has a touch of the British bulldog in her. "I can be impossibly stubborn," she laughs, shaking the golden curls from her neck. "Most of the young people I grew up with are very negative. They think I'm vain and materialistic,but I worked hard for what I've got."

"My parents didn't have much money, so when I started making a good living as a model, it was only natural that I would want to accumulate pretty things. I mean, the royal wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Di was *overflowing* with gorgeous baubles, so I didn't feel the least bit guilty about redecorating my loo ("bathroom" to you Yanks) in luxurious pastels.

"A bathroom can be a sensuous place," says Cybil, "depending on how imaginative you are. I like to get made up very slowly in the morning. I never drink coffee and rush about. A Bloody Mary is more my style. As soon as I've had my eye-opener, I draw some *very* hot water—the kind that one mustn't jump in too quickly. So I do a few simple calisthenics—leg stretches mostly—and then reach for my hand mirror to see what must be done after I've toweled off and the steam is beginning to clear. Some mornings I worry that I might be lavishing too much attention on my face, but the photographers I work with never complain about my breasts or thighs!"

Cybil sighs and puts the hand mirror down for a moment. "What good is beauty if you have to get a second opinion all the time? Honestly, I wish I could find a lover who would be reassuring in all the right ways." Not to worry, Cybil. When you smile for the cameras today, men will be lining up to offer all the reassurance you'll ever need.



BEAUSOLEIL

(Continued from page 78)

BB: It's hard to say. You go through a lot of things. Guilt. Anxiety over getting busted.

AB: Were you surprised that it took a week before you were caught?

BB: No. I thought the body would be discovered later than it was because the cars were gone and, by all appearances, Hinman was gone too. The heat of the summer and decomposure attracted flies and some attention. The body was found five days later.

AB: And when you were caught driving his car, you had some of his blood on you. True?

BB: No. Well, in a matter of speaking. I wasn't wearing the clothes I was wearing then. There were a couple of spots and they (forensic) couldn't even tell if it was animal blood. It was probably not Gary Hinman's blood.

AB: Whose blood could it have been?

BB: More than likely it was my own. I have a tendency to cut myself. I work with my hands a lot.

AB: In light of the murder you had committed only a week before, it doesn't appear that you were taking precautions against getting caught. Driving a dead man's car, for instance.

BB: I'm not sure that I was trying so desperately to prevent my apprehension. I was kind of devastated by what I had done. I drove the car off on the pretense of ditching it somewhere. I picked up some hitchhikers and took them to where they were going and just continued north. In retrospect, it was definitely a stupid move.

AB: What are your thoughts about Gary Hinman now? Are you still bitter?

BB: No. I don't begrudge anything that happened. Gary Hinman was as stupid as me. If he was going to do something like that (report Beausoleil), he should never have told me. It was done and finished. He had a thin cut on his cheek. It would have healed and he would have had a thin line to show for it. Well, he burned somebody. He sold some drugs that would have killed people.

AB: What was your biggest mistake that night, and at your trials?

BB: My biggest mistake was simply in killing Gary Hinman. I told the judge that I didn't feel any remorse because I wouldn't give him that satisfaction. That's the only reason I told him that. As far as I'm concerned that man (Judge John Shea) is a helluva lot more diabolical than Charlie Manson ever was. But the thing is, I've felt a great deal of remorse within me. I think I wanted to pay for Gary Hinman's death. I think I owed Gary that. I've worshipped life my whole life. What's heartbreaking to me more than anything else is that killing Gary Hinman has negated all of my creative efforts. (The world) doesn't concentrate on anything other than that one mistake I made in my life. And it was a big mistake. You can't give a life back.

AB: Did it ever occur to you to turn state's evidence or offer your hunch on who committed the Tate-La Bianca murders in exchange for having the Hinman charge dropped?

BB: Yes. But there's no future...

AB: For a snitch?

BB: Not to me. I wouldn't be able to.

AB: Do you still get letters from (Manson) family members?

BB: I've gotten a few from Squeaky. Squeaky and Sandra Goode are trying to hold together the illusion of this Manson family thing. They're into this fanatical religion hype.

AB: What do they ask you to do?

BB: They just preach. I don't know why. I can't relate to that.

AB: Do you have any letters from Manson?

BB: Oh, heavens yes.

AB: When was the last time you heard from him?

BB: Probably about eight years ago.

AB: Have you heard from your old girlfriend Kitty Leutsinger who testified against you when she was pregnant with your child?

BB: Not for many, many years. The last time I heard she was living with a junkie in Santa Cruz.

AB: How old is your child?

BB: A girl. She's eleven now and lives with her grandparents. Kitty's.

AB: Who was killed first? When did the murder sprees begin?

BB: Gary Hinman was killed before anybody was killed. Before that nobody had any real plans of killing anybody, but when it happened...

AB: It became contagious?

BB: Yeah, sort of.

AB: You're saying then that the Hinman murder was almost a catalyst for mass killing.

BB: I think it did have some kind of triggering effect. Yes.

AB: As a consequence, the people in the Tate and La Bianca homes were killed. Did you have any notice that they were going to be killed?

BB: No, nothing at all. When it happened, I knew who had done it. I was fairly certain.

AB: What made you so certain? Because you knew that the Tate house used to be Terry Melcher's? Did they think they would find Terry Melcher?

BB: Yeah, I would assume. Yeah. That's what I've heard.

AB: And the style of the murders was a grotesque exageration of the way you killed Gary Hinman. More blood writing on the wall, the way you did it. It has been said that the Tate-La Bianca murders were done to try to spring you from jail. An attempt to prove that they were all connected by the consistent motif of writing on the walls with the victim's blood. Hence, if you were in jail during the Tate-La Biancas and they were done by the same person who killed Hinman, their crazy logic was that the police would have to release you.

BB: I do believe there was something to that, yes, because of the way the murders were made to look. They (Tate-La Biancas) were a few days after I was arrested. That was the 9th (August 9, 1969). I don't think that whoever's idea it was to commit these murders would have been able to get the participation of those involved unless there had been this noble concept.

AB: Meaning freeing Bobby from jail?

BB: Gary Hinman had his own personal relationship with the so-called Manson Family and perhaps they interpreted the thing that I had defended them from him, as well as myself.

AB: Did that enter your mind when you killed him, that he could squeal on the Family?

BB: It's not that *I* did that, but whether *they* thought I had intended that. You've got to understand that these people were not totally without some kind of scruples. They had to have some kind of reason to justify it in their own minds, even if the justification was twisted and bizarre.

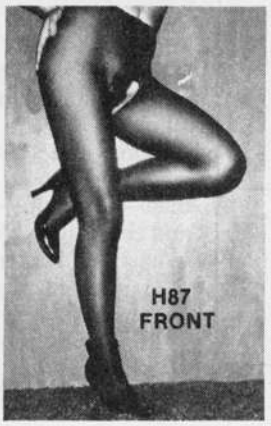
AB: Why would your incarceration be such a threat or loss to them?

BB: I believe that it led to a situation in which Charlie and the others, who had made similar commitments to each other, were forced into a situation of acting upon their commitment. I don't think it was because of Charlie Manson's fondness for me, necessarily. I think that this was a justification—something that would give the whole episode a more noble cause than just going out to kill some people. This was 1969. "Kill your Parents"—Jerry Rubin and all of that. There was a lot of doomsday talk around at that time when everybody was pretty well frustrated and not knowing what to do and still having some romantic vision of revolution. What the exact motives were I can't really say. It wasn't a plot by Beatles' records and it was not the "I was hypnotized" concept of Susan Atkins. I think it falls back to a basic commitment that Charlie made with people. The striking out was very senseless. I've seen it a lot in here, where people are so desperate that they really don't know who to strike out at. It was more that sort of thing than something that was sat down and plotted out.

AB: How accurate are the descriptions of Manson and the family in Bugliosi's *Helter Skelter* and Ed Sanders' *The*

(Continued on page 115)

Indulge your fantasies



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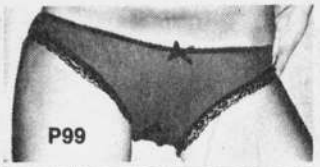

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BURFFLES

(Continued from page 68)

"Okay."

"Beyootiful."

"Yeah. Okay sure."

We started to kiss.

I am feeling in the pants, working on the hip pocket but Burffles is lying on his back, head on pillow, perking slowly below. Sipping blackberry brandy. Picking at his afro above waistline, still zippered in bed under a wool blanket. I am considering his profile and thinking of whipping his chest with my hair, getting him underneath in a tight knee grip. His umbrella eyes away.

Do I really need this? Again?

"What's the matter now sugarthroat?" Burffles catching me in hesitation between swallows of whiskey. "Some guys just can't unzip their pants. It's nothing to cry about. Fill your hand while it still extends to greet you," and Burffles pushes me down underneath the blankets, grabs my tits so tightly I'm absolutely fighting with him to get them back. No BVD's, but a jockstrap well filled. Pressed breasts hinged in the crotch, I clutch a chunk and shake shake shake. Licked licking lickerish. Hair in my mouth ready to choke.

* * *

I know we are missing class. But his neck and shoulder and the needles in my breath—something like ocean birds overland and lost. Swirling and floating through fog. That late morning fog of sweat and body heat—the record skipping and knocking at the door and stains on the rug and little hairs on my breasts. Swishing in and out my lips ripening to the burst I sucked him silly. Tried to remove his shoes and kicked him in the head.

"What's the matter now?" Burffles holds his cock up as I get out of bed, reach into my coat pocket for a little packet—one shiny red prophylactic. I put my mouth over his, quickly jumping the jacket over him, nicely in one movement. Burffles slides in, slick as slate, swelling up like a big turkey gobbler in the vacuum taking it all in. Frisking. Coiled caterpillars pushing down pushing up just for an inch. Breathing hard. Puncturing air bubbles. Quivering with excitement I bit his gold chain. Turned my guts into squash. Making it with the Black Prince of Prescott.

* * *

The reaction this exercise had on Burffles was slightly different. His cock wasn't exactly marveling at the lust and thrusts, going in carrying an extra load on its back. Perhaps Burffles' cock couldn't breathe beneath that red hood and started to choke. Something was on that cock's mind. Something interfered with its imagination. And sooner or later, that cock went into shock.

It was like fucking a little flagpole or a fishing rod with a worm dangling at the end. Or a chocolate cake with melted pink king. No doubt rubbers are less cozy as any nice prick will tell you.

And no doubt there are longer cocks and stronger cocks and cocks that drool. Charging cocks and meaner cocks and cocks that duel. No doubt different cocks have visited me from time to time and were fooled. There was one cock who preferred his master's hands wanking to mine while I whacked the man blue. And stuck twigs in his bum bum. One day a conceited cock, who thought he had brought the Atlantic Ocean to my cave was fooled—when he popped out—discovering his master covered in ortho foam down to his knees. But I have never known a cock to go into shock quite the way Burffles could.

* * *

Burffles' cock imagined the beach and the waves and the sun tanning right now. His master was walking along the boardwalk, enjoying this day with a double D bikinied date. Cock, dangling between Burffles' thighs, out for a walk was enjoying it too. When Burffles decided to go into the water for a swim, cock noticed the man take off the socks and shoes. What a terrible thing Burffles could have done to his feet—taking them for a swim fully socked and shoed. Today, cock didn't understand what was happening and got confused. "Gee whiz. I'll have no woman's cock sock."

Shocked, the confused cock sent off a signal to Burffles' brain which in turn set off a very complicated chemical reaction. First, the chromosomes which had begun to stir and mash up the chromotins which were about to stain, were sent in reverse. They swam rapidly out of Burffles' upset cock just in time to bump into a paralyzing chemical which was leaking from the pituitary gland. Temporary paralysis, combined with spasmodic jerks and twists forced Burffles' cock to behave badly.

As Burffles leapt out of bed, the last fuzzy minded chromosone went to his head. He tumbled to the floor and sat there stunned. Burffles didn't know exactly why he was sitting on the floor—staring at his shiny red cock—but there he was, and eventually the paralysis subsided.

But somewhere along the line a few warped chromotins got loose and floated toward the adrenal glands. They chipped a load off and adrenalin shot into Burffles' long arms—giving him frantic tugging power which he used—to pull on his cock until the wet jacket was torn free.

One other thing was yet to happen. With the little wet jacket rolled up into a small ball, Burffles skyrocketed it into orbit and I watched the whirling prophylactic float over the bongos, books and beer bottles—finally settling on a drum stick like a broken down chicken gizzard.

* * *

"Can't I do anything natural with you ---------?"

"Yeah."

"Do we really need this---------?"

ME: Sure.

HE: When I look down between my legs and see that red on my prick I get sick!

ME: What about a polka dotted one, or stars and stripes?

HE: Yeah sure.

ME: Cheer up. There's a black one in the bunch and we can camouflage the whole affair!

Three times that day, Burffles cock went into shock. Forcing his man to go mad— jump up— then tear his rubber off and chuck it across the room. Frustration is nasty and interesting too. After three shots: three shocks: three pairs of coloured socks, we gave it up.

That's what a truly great poet my Filet of Sol really was. ■

"When she said she'd never speak to me again I cut off my ear. You'll never guess what I did when she said she'd never fuck me."

THE GREAT SNORT SCARE

(Continued from page 98)

schoolgirls were acutely susceptible to coke, Winifred reasoned, precisely because coke inevitably made its victims stupid and ugly. Pushers recruited school age addicts by seeking out boys with big new cars (no, reality had *nothing* to do with it), priming them with free coke, and then coaxing them to pack all their little friends into the Stutz Bearcat to ride to the yonder side of the track for all-night coke orgies. Simple as that.

Opined Black:

"A harmless, good-natured boy of 17 will take two or three 'sniffs' of 'snow' and turn into a cold-blooded, cruel, blood-thirsty bandit.

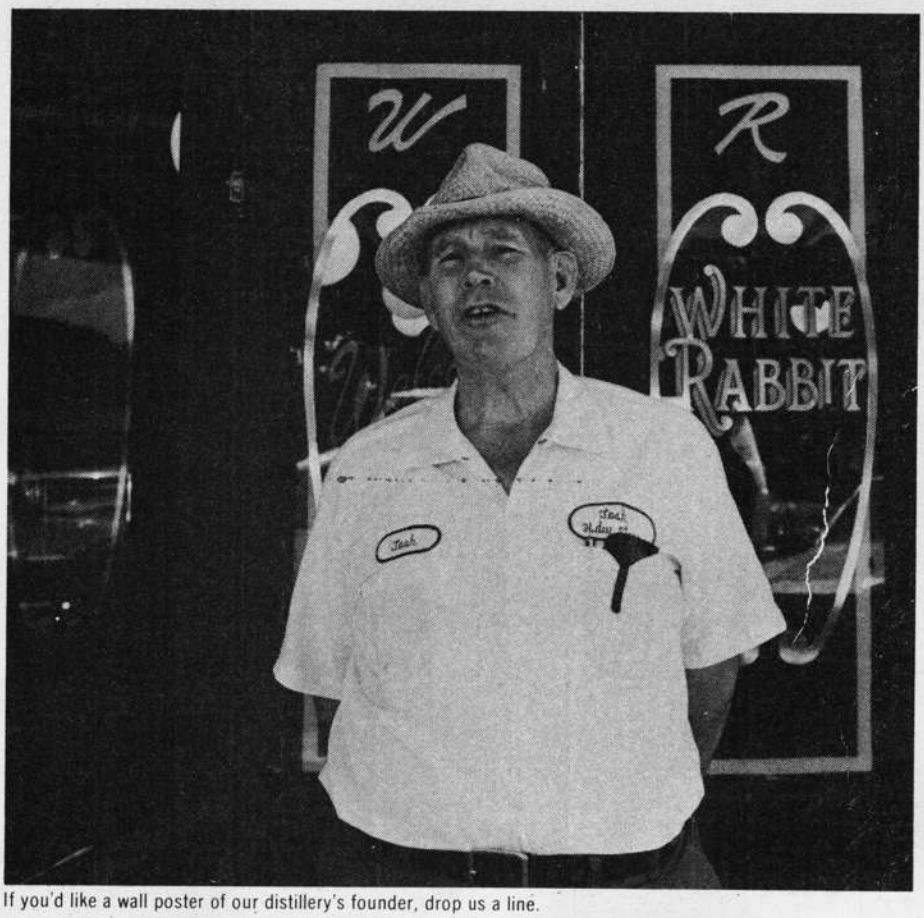
"A little easy-going, foolish girl of 16 will take two of three 'sniffs' of 'happy dust' and she thinks she's queen of the world—such a poor, bedraggled, bedizened, silly little queen of such a terrible, degraded and degrading world."

It was Winifred Black who developed the Kid Myth to a peak of eloquence which would rarely be approached until the late '70s, when precisely the same horror stories would be told of children and marijuana.

Yet, the lurid imaginings of Winifred Black could only create an imaginary cocaine craze. At the time of her writing, there was virtually no cocaine to be had anywhere.

Trekking into the snow-capped Andes to buy coca leaves from the Indians, labbing them down to cocaine "base", in turn labbing that down into pure cocaine, and then moving it illegally into America—despite the efforts of customs and narcotics police—is no mean feat. And it took organized crime syndicates in Columbia, Bolivia and the U.S. nearly sixty years after the passage of the Harris Narcotics Act in 1915 to put the business together. But with billions of dollars to be made, the enterprise was inevitable.

By 1975 the illegal traffic in cocaine was booming, with quantities of cocaine unprecedented since the 19th century pouring down the pipeline. The cocaine cowboys of organized crime have simply taken up where the freebooting patent medicine hucksters of a century ago left off, except the price for a gram of the stuff is now not pennies but $150. And it's now the decorous white middle class that's running amok on toot. Or so the media would have us believe. With cocainomania upon us again, bear in mind that the fearsome white powder makes its critics just as irrational as it allegedly made Winifred Black's "blood thirsty bandits" and the sex-crazed hatchet-toting negroes of yore. ■



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The mother's fast. I've got to give it that. Actually, if it sounds like I'm damning with faint praise I don't mean to. Let me explain.

I was all prepared to hate this car. You see, a friend's mechanic once said, "You can love an Italian car. You can love a German car. A lot of people even love British cars. But you can't love a Japanese car. You can like them a lot. But you can't love 'em." Admittedly, Nunzio has a European bias. His shop specializes in Alpha Romeos, Porsches, Fiats, Mercedes, Lancias, Ferraris and the lot. But in my impressionable youth, I took his idle comment to heart. After a few days with the Datsun 280 ZX Turbo, however, I'm beginning to believe Nunzio spends too much time underneath Alphas and too little time in the cockpits of precision Japanese machines.

From the outside, the Datsun 280 ZX Turbo is ominous looking. When I pulled it into a garage on the West Side of Manhattan, the attendant yelled to his companion, "Hey George, get ready. We got us a 280 ZX Turbo-*Jet*." I think that meant he was impressed. As well he should have been. Outside the ZX Turbo is a much more spartan looking automobile than some of the special edition ZX's you see around these days. There is less chrome and overall the lines are cleaner than Datsun has been wont to apply to its high-end cars of late. Uncluttered light alloy wheels supporting wide low-profile Bridgestone Protenza tires proclaim the ZX Turbo's intention of competing with the European race-bred luxury sports cars such as the Porsche 924 Turbo.

But one look inside reveals another goal its Japanese makers have set for the

A BEAUTIFUL BEAST: THE DATSUN 280 ZX TURBO

By Michael D. Thomas

ZX Turbo. The interior can only be described as plush, with its crushed velvet upholstery (leather option), deep pile carpeting and cockpit filled to overflowing with every convenience feature the confirmed upwardly mobile young doctor or dentist could want. Scan from left to right across the vinyl dash and you'll find a fuel gauge with an extra, smaller scale to give you a more precise reading after the tank goes below the one-quarter mark, speedometer (that only reads as high as 80 mph despite the Turbo's claimed top speed of over 134 mph), tach, oil pressure and temperature gauges, Turbo boost gauge and a digital

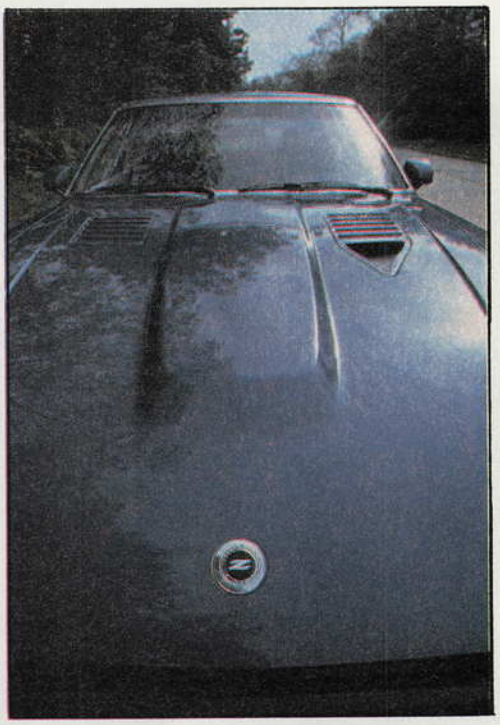
stopwatch/clock combination that not only will tell you the time of day but will give you lap times as well. Below that array, in the center of the dash are the climate controls, cruise control and one of the most elaborate (and large) car radio-tape players I've ever seen. Also included in this luxury package are two side mirrors with electrical remote controls and electric windows. Steering-column mounted levers control the windshield wipers and lights as well as the turn signals. Everything is conveniently mounted and easy to see, making the ZX Turbo practically effortless to drive.

That is not to say the Datsun 280 ZX Turbo doesn't respond to the driver determined to get in it and get it on. Though the ride is comfortable enough for my father, say, its handling is stiff and sure, belying the soft interior appointments. At first I was wary of the car's road holding ability, expecting it to be slightly piggish. But one corner was enough to embolden me to attempt to stretch the car's limits. To my amazement, you can throw the 280 ZX Turbo into corners with abandon and it demonstrates an eye-opening surefootedness that makes it fun to drive as well as comfortable. Chassis movement is almost imperceptible.

I do, however, have some complaints. If you're a follower of Formula One or other forms of motor racing you've heard the term "turbo lag," which refers to a few second interval between the time you depress the accelerator and the instant the turbo kicks in and power is applied to the rear wheels. Like most turbocharged cars, the ZX Turbo has it and it's made particularly annoying because the car currently only comes with an automatic transmission which further delays the application of power. I counted approximately a two-second flat spot. The Datsun people, however, tell me a version with standard transmission (four or five speeds?) is in the wings for the end-of-the-year introduction. That should help alleviate the problem as keeping the revs up keeps the turbo charger in operation.

Oh yes. At the outset I told you this puppy's fast. According to Datsun (we at Oui didn't get a chance to run through a test track ourselves) in preliminary tests the 280 ZX Turbo climbed from zero to sixty in 7.1 seconds and turned the quarter in 15.4 seconds at 89 mph. For all that power, however, the car claims 24 mpg highway, 21 city in 49 states and 23 and 19 in California versions.

So if you're looking for power, comfort and excitement all in one package for under $17,000, look no further than the Datsun 280 ZX Turbo. I've driven nothing faster in its price range and very few cars at even twice the price are faster or more surefooted. Despite Nunzio's ringing declaration, I hated to give the car back. Could I have been falling in love with it?



OUI ARE DRIVEN:
There's an old automotive proverb that goes, "You can love a German car, you can love an Italian car—hell, you can even love a British car, but you can't love a Japanese car." You'll scratch one proverb when you get behind the wheel of the Datsun 280 ZX Turbo. This baby has the deft road handling and surefootedness to keep up with its European competitors. The 280 ZX has a gleaming interior with a host of high-tech gauges. OUI recommends that you leave a note in your Xmas stocking bidding Santa to meet you at the Datsun showroom.

BEAUSOLEIL

(Continued from page 108)

Family?

BB: They are both so pathetic because neither one took the proper approach to begin to understand what happened. Everything gets lost in blood and guts, devil worship, all that stuff that never went on. This satanic crap and brainwave master never went on. These things were taken out of light-hearted conversations. There is truth in all these books. There are facts. Period.

AB: Where did the writers go wrong?

BB: They were never in a situation where they experienced that kind of desperation.

AB: Describe the kind of desperation.

BB: The desperation which leads somebody to go out and almost...

AB: Kill?

BB: Yeah. Kill crazily. Just throw away their lives and murder people.

AB: What created this so-called desperation?

BB: They were a bunch of people with their backs against the wall. This wasn't mere discontent. This was lunacy. At least in their minds, they were at the end corner of the world. They couldn't travel any more together without a caravan of law enforcement people behind them. The only place left to go was the desert. They were at the end of the edge of the world and they were scared to death of being pushed off the edge. The desert is death. They wound up in Death Valley trying to live off the bugs.

AB: How do you think Manson has held up over the last decade of virtual solitary confinement?

BB: I don't know if he's burnt out. From what I've heard, the pressures have taken their toll. All this time he's been in protective custody.* Some of these guys kill people for real weird reasons, just to see what it's like. Some kind of peer pressure or peer prestige. There's a lot of sickness in prisons. It's an environment that grows this ugly fear mentality, like a culture dish of bacteria.

AB: Have you changed much being in jail for 11 years? Do you think you've learned anything?

BB: Oh, I've learned a lot. Where do I begin? I've got my act together pretty well. I was a lame kid when I came in and when I come out I'm not going to be any lame kid. They don't have to worry about me being a troublemaker because I've got enough talent. Believe me, it's been hell, but experiences like this temper you. I've used it. ■

*In August, 1980, prison authorities at Vacaville Prison released Manson from protective custody. He had been pleading to enter the general inmate population for several years.

VAN HALEN

(Continued from page 76)

I want. But it's real tough to find someone who will swing along and keep the pace.

OUI: Have you ever given anyone a chance?

ROTH: I really have tried. But the sharp change between the two types of activity is hard to manage. And I cannot put up with that whining, "When are we gonna get there? Why are we delayed." I'm very impulsive, and I like to say, "Hey, let's do this! C'mon, I'll pay for it." But I can't find anyone to adapt to that.

OUI: Maybe what you need is a nice, soft, clinging vine.

ROTH: I hate them! I will not tolerate someone following me around! That type of woman makes me sick. I call it What-about-me-ism—women who are totally dependent upon their men. What about you? Fuck you! Get a job! I am not a chauvinist, but if you want me to respect you, you've gotta make your own way. Love and adulation and attention are great—but if you think you're gonna make it by walking three feet behind me, forget it!

OUI: Did you ever think of starring in a blue movie?

ROTH: I've had...offers, but then I've had offers for everything. Until we really are offered a vehicle that fits Van Halen, I'd prefer to star in a driver education movie. The guy in black who sells dope to the high school kids in the playground, instead of just taking my clothes off in a fuck flick.

But one time...

It was somewhere around Detroit and I'd just come back to the hotel from some scene. I remember it was about 5 in the morning. I'm walking down the hall—we usually rent out an entire floor—and I hear a lot of noise. There's a door open and inside about twenty people, cheering and clapping. I walk in and I see there's one girl, just one, and she's doing up every single guy. In every way imaginable. She looks like she's about 25.

Somebody's got our video camera that we always travel with and he's recording the whole thing for posterity. With sound, even. So I say, Hey, I've got an idea, guys—and I go and get my stereo, so we could play the theme from *Jaws*. Everything possible sexually is going on around us. We plug the stereo into the camera. Then we take turns taking Polaroids of the crew members holding up lights and so on so the camera could catch everything. Every now and then we'd turn off the camera so we could all sing our own renditions of "Feelings" or "Strangers In The Night." It got real intense. We had to pay the hotel $1,500 to clean up the room the next day. The upshot is that the girl ended up marrying one of the guys in the crew, and

(Continued on page 125)

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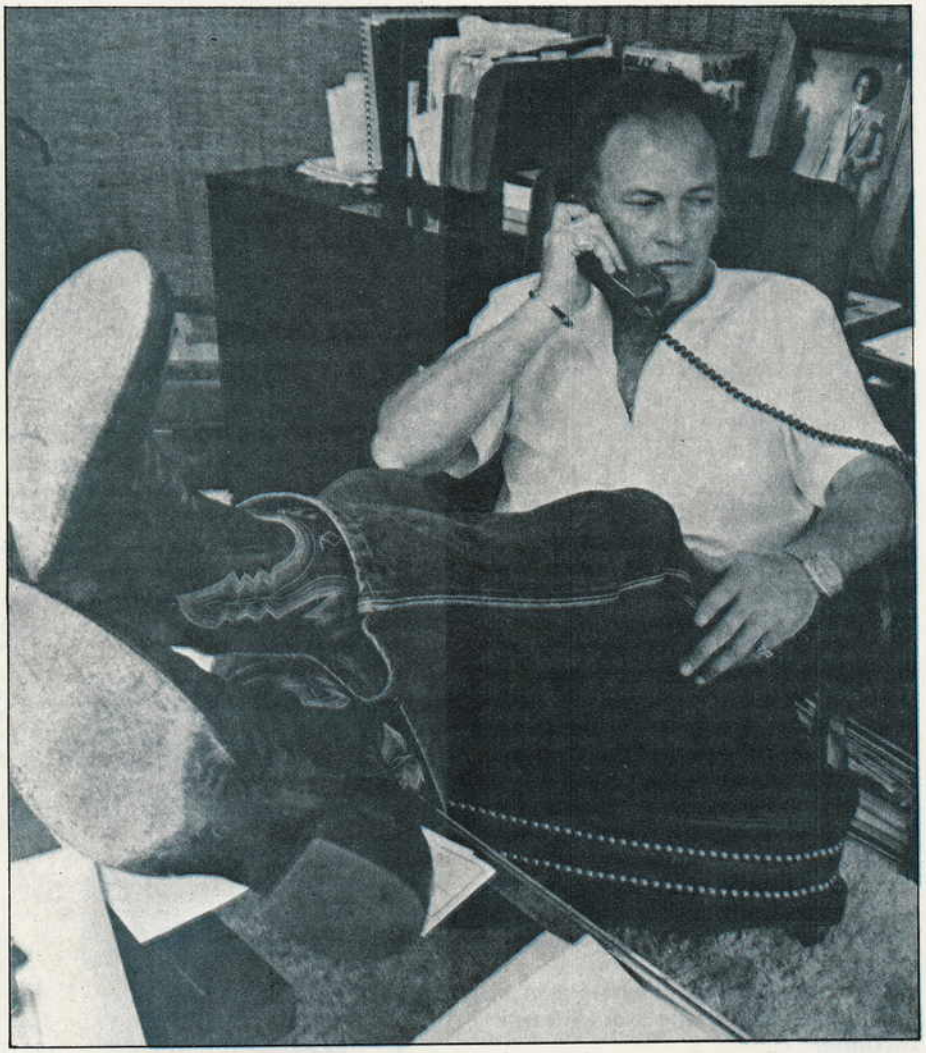
WHO

SPORTS

NFL SUPERAGENT JERRY ARGOVITZ: EX-DENTIST DRILLS FOR GRIDIRON GOLD

By the time the NFL season gets underway, Jerry Argovitz' contractual half-nelsons are all behind him, and he has time to reflect on the changing nature of the sport. OUI finally caught up with the busy entrepreneur, who had some interesting things to say about NFL strike fever, free agents, and stars who split for the Canadian Football League

By RON HARRIS



When the billionaire brawlers of the National Football League go out on strike—as they inevitably will in 1982—the Spartacus of their block-for-bucks movement will undoubtedly be that wheeling-dealing dentist-turned-super-agent, Jerry Argovitz.

With the baseball strike now a mere blotlet on the escutcheon of American sports, the Grey Eminence of high powered contract negotiators like Argovitz has cast the greyest of clouds over the future of professi nal football for the entire '81-'82 season.

Argovitz, 43 and as outspoken about the rights and problems of his millionaire minions as John L. Lewis was about his coalpickers, has shaken the very roots of pro football economics with his ballsy and bulldoggish approach at the bargaining tanle.

• • • •

"Agents are scum," Jerry Argovitz drawls. "Most of these guys don't have any balls. They're weak bastards in pink underpants with ruffles."

Sprawled shirtless across the den of his expensive Houston home, Argovitz, a gaggle of gold chains pointing down toward his hair-covered pot belly, pauses to answer the phone. He listens intently for a few minutes, nods a little and then frowns. "Are you serious?" he shouts into the receiver. "I can't believe you could say something like that. A player of his caliber and you expect us to agree to that deal. You must be crazy. No, you're not crazy, you're just plain stupid."

Argovitz slams down the phone and shakes his slightly balding head. "If that guy had three more points on the I.Q. system," he scowls, "he'd be a plant." Oblivious to the oppressive heat or the Houston Astros game flashing across the TV screen, Argovitz is noticeably upset. As he concludes his second season in the multimillion-dollar war of player contract negotiations, he knows full well that he's a marked man.

The reason is simple: Argovitz intends to put some meaning back into the phrase "free agent." As it stands now, any NFL team which signs a free agent must provide acceptable compensation to the player's former team. The clubs are therefore reluctant to sacrifice a superstar (or several top draft picks) to obtain a superstar free agent. But all that could change if Argovitz' next two seasons are as explosive as his rookie and sophomore campaigns as a contract negotiator.

During the spring and summer of 1980, almost nobody in the NFL had ever heard of Argovitz. The few tight-fisted general managers around the league who did recognize his name had been told he was an ex-dentist with whom they would be talking about dollars and cents. With that tidbit of information, they gave a sigh of relief, pushed part of the negotiation money back into the vault and prepared for what would surely be easy pickings.

That was before Argovitz marched into their offices arm in arm with the NFL's number-one draft choice (Billy Sims) and six other first-and second-round picks and raided their coffers of enough money to bankroll an entire 45-man roster.

There was $2.2 million for Sims in Detroit; $1.3 million for Jacob Green in Seattle; $1.2 million for Curtis Dickey in Baltimore; $950,000 for George Cumby in Green Bay; $750,000 for Joe Cribbs in Buffalo, and six-figure contracts for Perry Herrington in Philadelphia and Cleveland Crosby in Cleveland.

In a little more than four months, the "ex-dentist" had extracted record sums from the owners' cash boxes (biggest

salary ever for a rookie, biggest salary for a lineman, biggest salary in the league, largest signing bonus), single-handedly devastated the NFL's hard-line salary structure and firmly established himself atop the agent pile. NFL owners—guardians of the lowest paying of the three major professional sports—weren't too happy about that.

"These contracts he's getting are completely ridiculous," one AFC general manager moaned. "I can't believe the numbers I hear, but they are true."

"I don't understand what he's doing, but I'm mad as hell about it," an NFC owner remarked. "Now everybody will be beating a path to our door wanting more money. With these kinds of contracts floating around, what are we gonna tell them now?"

"The men who sign the paychecks went to the trenches in '81, determined to keep Argovitz and his clients (including four first-round draft picks) away from their money. After the smoke had cleared, two of those players (Miami's #1 pick, David Overstreet, and Pittsburgh's top selection, Keith Gary) had signed with the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League. Clearly, Argovitz is not a man who caves in easily.

What makes him the most feared negotiator in the sport today? First of all, he's rich—extremely so. Whoever spread it around the league that he was *just* an ex-dentist is probably, at best, a ball boy these days. After nine years of pulling teeth, Argovitz retired from a very successful dental practice in 1973 and stepped across the hall into an assortment of real estate dealings which were already yielding well into six figures. The personable University of Texas grad simultaneously launched a public-speaking career. Dr. Argovitz began sharing the podium with another celebrated Doctor—Norman Vincent Peale—and on occasion they addressed as many as 20,000 people on the power of positive thinking. However, the real estate business grew so bullish that soon Argovitz found little time for "motivational talks." Today, his Land Baron Investments, Milbrook Development Corp., and Lake Creek Development Corp. handle an estimated $100 million in land investments. Then there is the Argovitz Clinic, a financial management firm which invests over $20 million for 200 clients in 23 states.

"When I sit down to talk money, I'm more on the level of the owners than the general manager," says Argovitz nonchalantly, cowboy boots propped atop the desk in his 24th floor suite of offices. "I'm not in this for the money. I'm in a position where I can do things that I want to do instead of what I have to do. In football, I just saw a great injustice to the players. It's like being at the scene of an accident."

"What Jerry makes at this is chicken feed compared to his other deals," attests Gene Burroughs, Argovitz' partner and a player recruiter since 1972. "When you get into time spent versus dollars made, he's actually losing money by comparison."

Secondly, thanks to Burroughs, he represents the best talent. Gil Brandt of the Dallas Cowboys was so impressed by the players Burroughs hauled in last spring that he asked if he could peek at Burroughs' scouting reports. "As long as I've got the best players, how are they going to go around me?" Argovitz grins. "And as long as nothing comes between me and my players, I'm gonna win."

* * * *

"In my adult life, Jerry Argovitz is the best thing that ever happened to me," says Green Bay running back Eddie Lee Ivory, who, only four months after signing for a $200,000 bonus in 1979, was bankrupt, injured, deserted by his original agent and near destruction before Argovitz walked in and rescued him. "He cares about you as a person, not as a paycheck," says 12-year-veteran lineman Curly Culp. "I've got complete confidence in him. It's not a matter of dollars. It's a personal relationship. Jerry is with you when you're up or down, not like these other guys who just negotiate your contract, take the money and you never see them again."

Billy Sims feels so warmly about

ARGOVITZISMS

On Supply Siding, Football Style:

"The only way to fight a monopoly is with another monopoly. The players have a monopoly on their skills."

On His Peers:

"Agents are scum. Most of them don't have any balls. They're weak bastards in pink underpants with ruffles."

On Ed ("F.O.S.") Garvey, Director of the NFL Players' Association:

"I think Ed Garvey is full of shit...If I were an owner, I'd be sure to include Ed in my bedtime prayers."

On Client Trust:

"The kids I represent are like part of my family. All they ask is, 'Don't fuck me.' "

On His Net ($) Worth:

"When I sit down to talk money, I'm more on the level of the owner than the general manager."

On His Bargaining Position:

"As long as I've got the best players, how are the owners gonna go around me?"

Argovitz that he voluntarily called 1980 Heisman Trophy winner George Rogers to simply say, "I'd like to see you in our family."

"That's the way I feel about these kids," Argovitz says. "They're like my family. All these kids ask is one thing, 'Don't fuck me.' That's all they're saying." Argovitz, a state Golden Gloves champion as a youth in tiny Borger, Texas, identifies with his athletes and fights not only for their financial well-being but for their rights.

Appalled by what he calls "a complete system of injustice, a violation of people's human rights," Argovitz has challenged most of the givens in professional football. First he started with the agents, a group he holds in such disdain that he refuses to apply the term to himself.

Although it is a violation of NCAA rules, it is common practice for agents to secretly offer college players money in exchange for future representation before they have finished their collegiate careers. "Everybody does it," says Burroughs. "It's not against the law, and if you're gonna compete for the best talent—and by that I mean the best black talent— you do it because they're the most vulnerable."

Argovitz would have none of it. "If these guys are so goddamn good, why do they have to pay somebody to represent them?" he asks. "You ever heard of a lawyer paying somebody to handle their case? Anybody doing that shit should be run out of the business." He immediately butted heads with a Los Angeles wunderkind who had secreted money to six of the seven players that eventually signed with Argovitz. "I had my players take out a loan last year and pay the guy back," he says. "But I told that asshole then, 'If you ever give another player money that signs with me, you can kiss it goodbye. It's history. If you're that stupid, you don't deserve the money."

Next came the owners. As soon as he laid his figures on the negotiating table, they tried to discredit him in the press, calling him ridiculous, crazy, an ex-dentist who had no idea of how football works. But Argovitz beat them at their own game.

"Argovitz plays the media like a violin," says Mike O'Hara of the *Detroit News*, who followed his moves during the Billy Sims-Detroit Lions negotiations. "He gains public sentiment and drives a wedge between management and the fans."

When that tactic didn't work, they tried to buy him off. "One owner offered me $70,000 cash to have a player sign a contract," he recalls. "I don't need that. I told him to put that in the contract and we can make a deal. Another owner offered one of my players laundered money. Can you believe that shit? I told him, 'If you want to fuck somebody, go fuck your neighbor, fuck the guy across the street.' If my player even considered something like that, he'd better find another manager."

One of his biggest blowouts came over negotiations for linebacker Robert Brazille with Houston Oilers owner Bud Adams. "Bud Adams shook my hand on a commitment to me and Brazille and then he reneged and went to the press and told them there was never a deal. He had a right to change his mind, but goddamnit, don't call me a liar."

Finally, with crusader-like fury, Argovitz is fighting to decertify the NFL Players' Association. That organization's director, Ed Garvey, has often felt the sting of Argovitzian quips. "I think Ed Garvey is full of shit, totally and completely," he says. "In my opinion, the director of the NFLPA is not doing the best job possible for the people he represents. If I were an owner, I'd make sure that I included Ed Garvey in my prayers every night before I went to bed."

"The reserve clause system in football is a means of perpetual ownership," Argovitz says. "Here is a situation where even when a player's contract expires, he doesn't have the right to leave and go

strike up a deal with another team. If it existed in another profession, nobody would stand for it. Imagine, here is a guy who has finished his contract, but he either has to accept what his team offers him or go play in Canada.

"Every owner in the NFL made his wealth through the free enterprise system, but here you have a situation where there is no freedom. Your options are simple. You take what they give you or you go to a foreign country."

Argovitz is bent on eliminating that clause. "I'm not trying to bust the union. I just want to give the players a chance to look at the situation and make a choice," he says. "If they like being fucked, then I did the best I could as a human being." And if the players opt to remain under the present system?

"I'll get out of the business," he says. "I told you before, I don't need this shit. The reserve clause is one of the worst injustices I've ever seen, and I just couldn't stand to work in a business where the players tolerate it." From the perspective of the league's 28 owners, an Argovitz early retirement would be almost as sweet as a Super Bowl ring.

STEE-RIKE! Will Jerry Argovitz Lead NFL Walkout?

OUI: Is there a climate in the NFL which could prompt an action similar to last summer's baseball strike?

ARGOVITZ: The only way to fight a monopoly is with another monopoly. The players have a monopoly on their skills. All the players I've talked to in pro football really respected the striking baseball players. But for any NFL strike to be meaningful, the NFLPA will have to stick together just like the baseball players' association did.

OUI: From where you sit, what was the baseball strike all about, essentially?

ARGOVITZ: It got to the point where it went beyond just the issues at hand. The owners were trying to bust up the players' union. You recall that several years ago the two sides made the verbal agreement that, 'Okay, we'll go ahead and try free agency with no compensation. If it doesn't work out, we'll sit down and talk about it later on.' So in 1980 the owners came to the players' association and said, 'It's not working. This arrangement is killing us—it's bankrupting us.' Well, the attitude of Marvin Miller and the players' association was pretty much, 'We think the arrangement is working out great for everybody, but we don't want you guys to go bankrupt. Can we see your books?' And that's when the owners said, 'Stick it, pardner.'

OUI: How do you think the fans would react to an NFL players' strike?

ARGOVITZ: Fans always react when something is taken away from them. There are a lot of strikes, however, that are much more serious than sports strikes. Take the air-traffic controllers' strike, for example. The press makes more out of sports strikes than the strikes that shut our country down.

OUI: Getting back to football for a moment, can you name a couple of general managers in the NFL who are smart, honest, and a pleasure to deal with?

ARGOVITZ: I've always respected Peter Hadhazy (the man who built the Cleveland Browns team that won the AFC Central crown in 1980). And Russ Thomas, the Detroit Lions' general manager, really gave me an education deluxe. He's as tough as they come.

OUI: How would you have handled the Ferragamo bargaining?

ARGOVITZ: When an athlete has accomplished what Vince Ferragamo has and then becomes a free agent and doesn't receive *one* other offer in the NFL, it's pretty obvious that the owners have gotten together. I would have immediately hired me a lawyer and had Vince on the courthouse steps. ■

CLUB OUI

(Continued from page 38)

C. The winner would be decided by whoever was first to plant a wet, sloppy kiss on an agreed upon body part (big toe, belly button, left nipple, etc.).

D. The winner would get to be in charge of the sex play that followed the match.

Jarris liked the rules. In fact, he wanted to set up an immediate match. So we pushed all the furniture in the living room against the walls, dragged out the queen-size foam mat he slept on and went to our corners. By that time we were naked, of course. Then Jarris added an extra rule: Any body part off the mat meant that we had to release our holds, retreat to our corners and start over again.

The excitement and playful energy of that match had us both hot and sweaty and horny as hell in about half an hour. I think Jarris intentionally lost that first time, because he wanted to see what I would tell him to do if I were in charge of our lovemaking.

He was really surprised when I told him what I wanted. I was more surprised when he agreed! I tied his hands behind his back, blindfolded him and then had him kneel in front of the couch. Then I sat on the couch, spread my legs and had him perform cunnilingus on me until I came three times.

We now have a special exercise room in the garage, all set up for action with mats and ropes and stuff. A lot of our friends thought we were weird at first. However after the couple next door used our wrestling room a couple of times, they started talking about tag team matches. I don't know if I'm really ready for that, though.

Estelle, 21, student
Canton, Ohio

OH, HEAVENLY DOGGY

I'm glad to have the chance to share my experiences with different sexual positions. I, for one, am convinced that the increasing openness in our culture, as regards sexual behavior, is making life a lot easier as time goes on. If it hadn't been for, of all things, X-rated movies, my new husband and I would probably have broken up the first month we were married.

Carl and I were both pretty naive about sex. We'd both had a few other sexual partners before getting married, but those experiences had generally been brief, back-seat sorts of things. Not the best education for a satisfying sex life.

For the first few weeks, we enjoyed our lovemaking, but it got repetitious very quickly. Neither of us knew anything other than the missionary position. At least, not from first-hand experience. It wasn't that sex didn't feel good; it's just that there weren't any bells ringing. Not for me, anyway. I didn't know it might have something to do with the limitations of the man-on-top position.

Carl and I began to have little arguments about the fact that I wasn't having orgasms. He felt both guilty and angry because I couldn't tell him what would help, and I got mad because he didn't know what to do.

I'd never even had the nerve to *talk* to a man about what I considered to be my "abnormal" sexual response, and I thought Carl was being insensitive. The whole issue got so complicated that we just quit talking about it. We also quit having sex altogether, and the rest of our relationship deteriorated very quickly.

What broke it all open, finally, was a dinner turned rescue mission at Jerry and Lee Anne's. After dessert, Lee Anne and I ended up talking in the master bedroom, while Carl and Jerry discussed stocks and bonds in the den—or so I thought. Lee Anne told me, when we were alone, that Carl had told Jerry about our problem, and then Jerry had told her. I was awfully embarrassed at first. But Lee Anne went on to say that she and Jerry had had the same problem earlier in their marriage, and that they had solved it with X-rated movies. I was quite shocked, let me tell you. I'd never been to a porno movie. I even skipped past the ads for them in the paper. I thought they must be just awful and degrading. I've since changed my mind.

That evening, Lee Anne sat me in front of their videotape player and showed me several of her favorite erotic films. In the meantime, Jerry took Carl to a local X-rated movie house. By the time we left for home that evening, Carl and I had a host of new positions to try, and a vastly expanded sense of how sex could be really fun.

We talked like a couple of kids about what we had seen. We went into detail about what had turned us off and what had heated us up. The minute we found a mutual turn-on—doggy-style screwing—we couldn't wait to get home and try it.

That night we explored each other with new passion. And, while I was on all fours with Carl entering me from behind, I reached back to touch myself the way I saw one of the girls do in a film. As I massaged myself and Carl slapped lightly at my bottom, I climaxed for the first time in my life.

Now, whenever we are out of town, Carl and I will take in an X-rated movie for more "research." (We still hesitate to be seen too often at the theater in our own city.) We've expanded our lovemaking to include several different positions, but we still return to that "first deviation," as I sometimes jokingly call it, whenever we want to insure our mutal orgasm.

Dorothy, 22, office worker
Minneapolis, Minnesota

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FCI501A

CAR STEREOS

(Continued from page 97)

have to be pretty high (say over 1%) for you to be able to detect them. As for frequency response, the high frequency tones of a screeching electric guitar or a singing violin are hard to separate from the sound of the wind rushing past your car at 60 miles an hour. So what do car stereo designers really strive for, it not for fidelity to reality? In their most candid moments they'll tell you their goal is to produce spectacular sound: gut-wrenching bass and screaming highs to mask road noise. In addition, they try to surround you with sound so you're enveloped by the music.

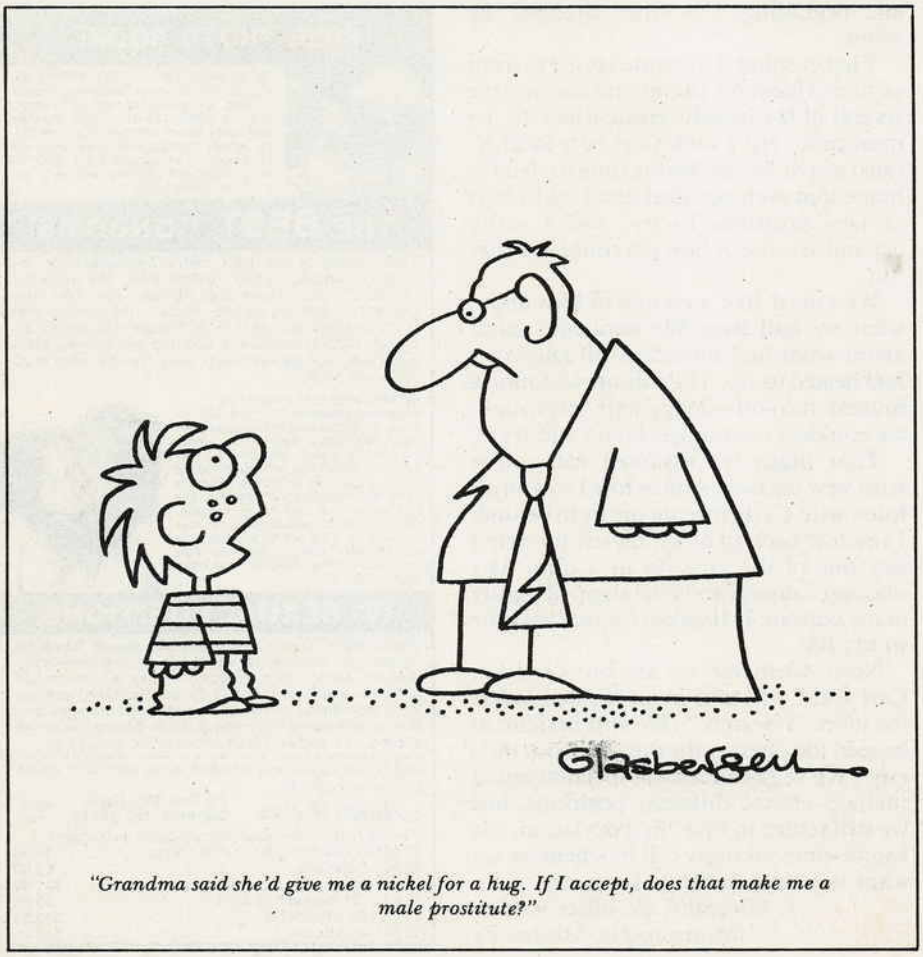
So you can eliminate the term hi-fi from the confusing lexicon of car stereo salesmanship and concentrate on one point: almost all of today's name brand car stereo products will give you good solid performances. Your job is to listen to several systems and decide which sounds and looks good to you.

With all that in mind, and with an ear toward making your job even simpler we've assembled several systems, each of which retails for around $500. Why $500? Retailers say it's a figure that most people who are serious about good sound for their car find comfortable spending. And, if you decide to spend much less than $500 you will begin to sacrifice both power and features: two qualities that are essential to good automotive sound. We've also taken one further step to simplify your life. Each system comes complete from one manufacturer.

Most major manufacturers produce complete systems of high quality so you no longer need to mix and match if you don't care to.

1 Alpine

First up is a complete system from Alpine, retailing for just under $470. (That's manufacturer's suggested retail price. It's a good bet you'll find all of the systems listed here at your local dealer for somewhat less.) Though the name may put you in mind of cool mountain breezes, you can work up a healthy sweat with this four piece system. Boasting 30 watts per channel from the external Model 3008 amplifier, the system can punch out enough power to overcome even the screaming engine of the Lamborgini Countoch the firm features in its ads. The AM/FM radio - cassette combination, Model 7124, features auto-reverse, which automatically plays side two of the cassette at the end of side one, and a tape selector switch which allows you to use any type of premium tape, including metal-particle formulations. The speakers in the system include 6½-inch round two-way speakers for door mounting and a pair of 6x9-inch two-way speakers for the rear deck. The four-speaker system is intended to yield balanced sound throughout the car.



"Grandma said she'd give me a nickel for a hug. If I accept, does that make me a male prostitute?"

2 Clarion

A system from Clarion is anchored by the six-watt-per-channel 3700R AM/FM-cassette combination with five push-buttons for presetting stations and a loudness control to boost high and low frequency output during low volume listening. Like most of the source units we looked at, the 3700R has special circuitry to adjust FM performance to fluctuating signal conditions. Additional power for the system is provided by the 150EQB equalizer/booster that is rated at 13½ watts per channel (four channels). The built-in five-band equalizer allows you to precisely tailor the sound to your car's acoustics. Speakers for the system are the SK-20 3½-inch models for dashboard mounting and a pair of SK-89C co-axial speakers for mounting in the rear deck.

3 Craig

Our next system comes from one of the oldest names in the business. The centerpiece of the Craig system is the $280 T690 AM/FM cassette player with an amplifier that delivers 12 watts per channel. The T690 is dubbed a Road Rated Receiver by its maker because it balances FM sensitivity (the ability of the tuner to pull in weak stations) and selectivity (the ability to discriminate between closely spaced stations) for optimum performance in a moving vehicle. In addition, the unit has auto-reverse and five pushbuttons for presetting stations. The matched speakers in this system, Model V323, incorporate a Ferrofluid substance surrounding the tweeter's voice coil to enhance cooling and increase power handling capacity.

4 Jensen

The fourth system, from another veteran maker, includes the Jensen T401 AM/FM-cassette combination in tandem with that company's J1033 6x9 three-way loudspeaker system. The tuner-deck features auto-reverse, five pushbuttons for presetting stations and automatic circuitry to adapt the tuner to changing FM signal conditions. The J1033 speakers are the perfect choice if you intend to add an outboard amplifier to your system in the future. Featuring a woofer, midrange driver and tweeter, the 1033s are designed to handle up to 100 watts per channel.

5 Fujuitsu-Ten

Fujuitsu-Ten enters the $500 sweepstakes with the 16-watt-per channel CR1130, an auto-reverse combination

AM/FM/cassette player with five-station pushbutton presets and a four-way fader control for adjusting the amount of power reaching each speaker. The firm has matched the deck to a pair of enclosed mini-speakers with four-inch woofers and one-inch high frequency drivers. The system retails for just under $470.

6 Kenwood

A relative newcomer to the car stereo ranks, home hi-fi supplier Kenwood offers the KRC-411 in-dash cassette receiver which claims four watts per channel of output power. The unit also features a digital readout of radio stations, the ability to play metal-particle tape and five pushbuttons for presetting stations. The four-speaker array in the Kenwood system includes a pair of KFC 162 6½-inch door mount two-way speakers and two KFC 83 3½-inch speakers for mounting on the dash. The system carries a total price of $510.

7 Pioneer

Pioneer's system includes the KEX-20 AM/FM-cassette combination, GM-2 external power amplifier (the KEX-20 is a true "deck" in that it has no power of its own, it needs an external amp to drive the speakers) and TS-1600 loudspeakers with a combined total price of $515. The deck features Pioneer's "Supertuner II" circuitry which reacts gradually to changing signal conditions to yield optimum reception at all times. The amp is rated at almost three watts per channel and the speakers, which include a 6½-inch woofer, incorporate a "tweeter diffuser" to aid high frequency dispersion.

8 Panasonic

Panasonic's entry in the $500 category matches the S-820 tuner/cassette combination with a pair of EAB-692 coaxial speakers for the back and two EAB-911 five-inch door mount speakers for the front. The source unit features repeatrack, which replays the side just played after rewind, the ability to preset five AM and five FM stations and metal-tape capability. Both speaker pairs are rated to handle up to 20 watts of peak power.

9 Sanyo

Sanyo comes in just 15 cents below $500 with FTC 18 source unit, PA 6100 amplifier and SP 9046H speakers. The FTC 18 boasts metal-tape capability, and a special electronics which adjust FM performance to changing signal conditions. The outboard amplifier is rated at 50 watts per channel, while the 6¼-inch round coaxial speakers are able to handle up to 100 watts of peak power.

Of course there are more elaborate and expensive products on the market, but if you just want good, hassle-free sound for your car, try the systematic approach. ■

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PHIL OCHS

(Continued from page 85)

used and torn and oil-smudged pair of early turquoise Adidas,which looked like he had purchased them on 125th Street third-hand. Those traditional black pants, but no shirt. Quite warm...he's wearing a full-length Burberry raincoat that's totally wrinkled and encrusted with all kinds of globs of who knows what. It looked like the Statue of Liberty had blown her nose in Phil's raincoat. His body was all scratched and bloody. He says, "Listen, I was in a fight and I escaped in this cab. Give this guy some money and let's go get some breakfast."

It was all right with me, I hadn't seen Phil in a long time. I looked at the meter and the thing is $32...$32! I don't have $32. The cab driver's going, "Aha!" So Ochs says, you stay down here and I'll go upstairs and get my shopping bags. I wasn't sure what he meant, it sounded ominous. I thought of these people who go about New York with these shopping bags filled with rare treasure they've swiped out of the garbage.

Ochs comes down with these two shopping bags which include copies of his book, he has a soft cover book, "The Phil Ochs Songbook." Several books out—he was a pioneer in the field of Rock soft-cover coffeetable books. He shows this to the cab driver: "...see, that's me."

"Oh yeah, maybe."

It's hard to tell, he's so much fatter.

He looks totally crazed and he could easily fall asleep in any doorway and people would not bother him—it'd look like that's where he should have been.

He says to the cab driver, "Look, we gotta go uptown...Rockefeller Center, to the bank, I wanna get some money out. Believe me, you'll be well-rewarded."

Driving uptown, I'm giving him all these spot quiz type questions, trying to find out what's going on. It's obvious what's going on. He's cured of his sickness. He's *not gonna die.* In some strange way, he can't look me in the eye when he says that.

We get to the bank and I wait outside there in the cab. Ochs goes zipping inside and the cab driver is starting to get interested...he gets his spray thing and starts cleaning his windshield. Polishing up the chrome in case Ochs turns out to be Peter Frampton.

And so, sure enough out comes our boy. Clenched in his hands are two large stacks of money. The cab driver almost pisses in his pants. It really turns out to be five thousand, but it's all in ones, fives and tens.

We pay off the cabby with a double fee, he got about a hundred. But we have to say goodbye, because Ochs has to find a place where he can get a drink.

He's carrying these shopping bags and staggering under the weight and looking for booze. We finally settle on the fact that the Stage Deli has a liquor license. We call, the Stage Deli and they are indeed open and serving, but the thing to do would be to come there and eat breakfast slowly so that by the appointed legal hour they could then serve Ochs some early morning tequila. So that's what happened. We went over there and we're sitting around and we're eating these cheese omelets real slow and we're talking about Ochs' great plan which is that he's going to open this media boutique and he's going to rent this brownstone townhouse and he's going to become a force in T.U. and so forth and so on and on and on and on...

Finally, it's time for the drinks. So once the booze starts flowing, Ochs gets a little ambitious. His limo shows up. We get in. Two shopping bags full of "Phil Ochs Song Books" and stacks and stacks of greenback dollars are all over the floor of the limousine in three minutes. We're riding around and Ochs wants to go to Pete's Tavern.

> *"With all of this shit and pain and sorrow and death, Ochs was still wheeling and dealing. He'd been a con-job all his life and he was still an operator."*

We're sitting around Pete's and the money's still bothering me. "Listen, Ochs, give me fifty, give me that fifty and I'll come back in a few minutes with something to put the money in...this is ridiculous." I ran out and I bought him a canvas dufflebag.

It's mid-afternoon and he's starting to get pretty happy, pretty tanked up, babbling along like a mountain stream that had gone mad with the thaw.

We went down to May Company on 14th Street to buy a wallet, that was what he wanted to do: buy a wallet. We got into the store and Phil started accosting all the shoppers. Ochs is going around the store shouting in their faces, "Lady, what are you doing here? What are you shopping here for?" Which made no sense to me. I didn't see any reason why they should or shouldn't be shopping in the May Company. Phil had other ideas. He grabbed one of these flower print fat ladies by the lapels of her print dress and visibly shook her, almost lifting her up to her toes, shouting in her face, "Lady, don't shop here."

She says, "Why?"

And he replies, "It's *boring.*"

"Thank you," she says.

So about a year later, this idiot Ochs took to fighting in bars. He would take his stack of bills. Small bills, big stacks, with his limo and entourage. He had an entourage of five or six guys, all of whom had one thing in common: they were great bar fighters.

By the end of the night, Phil would be in some obscure bar with his henchmen, Palace Guards of A Proletariat Aristocrat. They would start a bar fight in which there would be a lot of real brutality. And this is the man who wrote "Changes," this is the man who wrote "There but for Fortune," who wrote "Pleasures of the Harbor."

The bars got destroyed. The mirrors were the first to go. That mirror across from you with all the bottles stacked up? That was the first thing to go every time. By the time the windows were shattered and the cop cars were on their way and the bartender had called the owner and the owner had said, "All right, who did this and why?" Ochs would plunk down this enormous mountain of money, the chauffeur would open the limo door and the man who wrote "The War is Over" would climb in and drive off into the night.

Ochs got cured by the process of trial and error. They were finally able to locate the source of the problem. In Africa where he had been strangled by a mugger in that rainy alley nightmare. He had caught a rare jungle bug that lives inside your belly and eats up all your food. A parasite. Like a tapeworm, but even hungrier. No wonder that boy couldn't shit for three months, the parasite was eating all the food, and parasites don't shit at all.

Okay, so look, he got cured. The parasite went away. All that was left was this overweight drunk who didn't have much money left. Getting off promoting bar fights. He can no longer demand that people sacrifice great amounts of time, energy and love in order to get him a glass of water that he could very well have gotten himself simply because he was dying. A guy like that gets cured, after having justified the most outrageous behavior with the excuse that he was dying. He his gimmick. He lost the con, basis of his hype. He had no choice. He hung himself. He died. Of embarrassment. On a night of the full moon, by the way. ■

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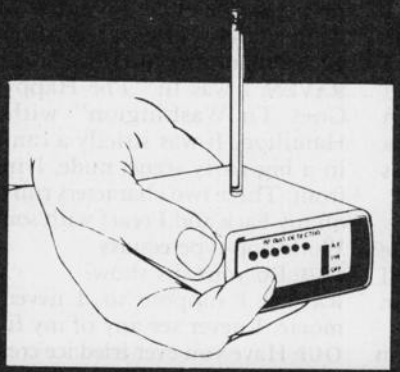

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RAVEN DE LA CROIX

(Continued from page 47)

acrobatic in your personal life?

RAVEN: Yes, I'm very athletic.

OUI: I especially like it when you were standing on your head with the guy banging you from above.

RAVEN: That wasn't me. Russ used a stunt you-know-what, the girl called Pocahantas. I didn't say I wouldn't do it, but he thought that I'd refuse.

OUI: In most X-rated films, the actors and actresses get off. But in a simulated film like this, the tensions must be unbearable. Did the guys...uh...respond to all that close contact?

RAVEN: Yes, with fear and nothing else. We were engaged in so many complicated positions in so many precarious places that there wasn't time to get "excited." Although the sex is very hot in the film, it's all played for yokks. It's one of the statements Russ has to make about pornography.

OUI: Come on, after writing and slithing for a day with a guy, you gotta be hungry for the real thing.

RAVEN: When you're on location on a Russ Meyer movie, you're not allowed to have a personal life. You can't bring your wife, husband, or lover with you. You're totally stranded, ten miles from civilization, and you're forbidden to have sex. The boys are kept together in tents and the girls all sleep together in this old chalet. Russ sleeps on the couch downstairs so we can't sneak out. His feeling is that all the pent-up sensuality will come out on film and be more believable.

OUI: He's a real den mother.

RAVEN: He's very protective of his people—and rightfully so. A lot of cast members had trouble getting out of their clothes. During one of the first nude scenes, one of the cameramen made a remark that only Russ heard. He got fired on the spot. And we had to close down shooting for a whole day until a replacement would come up. A man Russ could trust.

OUI: So nobody got nothing, huh?

RAVEN: Well, that's not necessarily the case. A couple of the men and women fell in love, but one of the gaffers snitched on them.

OUI: Had you ever been in a situation with so many men like that?

RAVEN: My sister and I worked at a go-go club in L.A. But we were both clothed.

OUI: What's unusual is that most of the sex in the film has a unreal quality, loud shrieking orgasms, exaggerated heavy breathing....Meyer was asking for pent-up sensuality and he was getting a burlesque of sensuality.

RAVEN: "Up!" was his personal vendetta against the raincoat brigade. He hates hard-core porno, he wants to show T&A, and he wants to do it tongue-in-cheek....

OUI: Are you as loud and squirmy in real life orgasms as you are in the movie....

RAVEN: I'm not saying, except you have to remember that this was my first real acting job.

OUI: The only one who looks like she's really having good sex fun in the movie is Kitten. But, she always looks like that.

RAVEN: Yeah, she loves it. She'd been through it before. For me, it was my first film, and I'm an introverted, sensitive person; I'd never been nude before more than one person in my life. I'd never been in front of a camera. And I was the star of the film, completely responsible to all my co-workers for making the thing go. I had so much more on my mind than the fact that my bottom was rubbing someone else's bottom.

OUI: In the scene where you do a strip tease and then get raped in front of thirty men, you seem ill-at-ease.

RAVEN: You can see Russ directing that scene. He's part of the crowd, he's yelling "Hey, jerk it off, baby!" yelling and screaming. These yokes in the scene, they were all extras, total amateurs, hired from the nearest town. Sometimes, when I think about that scene, I can't believe I did it. They'd never seen anybody like me in their whole entire lives.

OUI: Did they get hard-ons?

RAVEN: I have no idea. I wasn't picking pockets at the time.

OUI: Have you ever had sex with more than one man at a time?

RAVEN: No, isn't that terrible....

OUI: Do you feel deprived?

RAVEN: No. But I've seen people have sex....

OUI: Where?

RAVEN: Hollywood parties. You know, there's a party and someone wants to get something going, so a couple of gals dive on a guy and either people get interested or they don't. I don't seem to.

OUI: What have you done since "Up!"?

RAVEN: I was in "The Happy Hooker Goes To Washington" with George Hamilton. It was strictly a cameo. I was in a big party scene, nude, lying on my front. These two characters rub ice cream on my back and I react with some Actors Workshop-type ecstasy.

OUI: Do your tits show?

RAVEN: I suppose so. I never saw the movie. I never see any of my films.

OUI: Have you ever tried ice cream sex in real life?

RAVEN: Sorry, I never acquired a taste for it. I found it a rather sticky experience.

OUI: Your next credit?

RAVEN: "Jokes My Folks Never Told Me." It was a series of vignettes, all with off-color jokes. I played a bride who's unveiling herself for the first time. It was perfect for me because I was so shy. Hell, I'm still shy. There was a lot of nudity in that film and an awful lot of girls on the

(Continued on page 126)

VAN HALEN

(Continued from page 115)

OUI: But seriously, in this satyricon, if you ever actually found someone you cared for, would you give up all these nubile nymphets? Or would you have her believe they're just your hobby?

ROTH: If I ever found one woman for a good relationship like that—it would fall into one of two categories. Either we'd be totally in love and I'd lose interest in outside recreation. Or it would be someone I'd love up *to* the point of outside recreation. And she'd have to tolerate it. Of course I expect the converse to work as well. If she loves *me* enough that she doesn't play around, great. But if she loves me only up to that point—well—we'll deal with it at the time. It all depends on feelings.

OUI: Do you ever revisit any of the old plundered territories?

ROTH: Sure, I see people again. You have to be kind of special to have a tolerance for my type of existence. For example, some girls can't stand our language around here. 50-60 guys—sometimes it's like being in Nam! Sometimes it takes me a full six weeks to stop swearing after a tour. People we'd work with who just couldn't stand it got fired. Some girls leave.

OUI: All this activity must take a great deal of physical stamina. What is your personal physical fitness program.

ROTH: Well, I used to jog but the ice cubes kept falling out of my drink.

OUI: You can't possibly drink that much and look like you do.

ROTH: Oh yes you can. It's called balancing the string. You don't want to be too pure—*or* too whacked out. Not *moderation!* No!

OUI: What is your advice to new musicians attempting this lifestyle?

ROTH: It's this—practice doing tongue pushups.

OUI: We mean regarding health and nutrition and boring things like that.

ROTH: I'm very active. I like to dance, to make love, to travel around. Look at me onstage, with close to a million watts of power behind me and that sound ripping through my body. All those fans screaming in one direction, towards us. Well, a couple of nights of that and there's not an ounce of fat on you, you're ripped to shit. Check out Eddie Van Halen—not a spare ounce! Every vein, every muscle pops out of his back. And we all push it. We see rock & roll as a screaming contact sport, and attack the whole thing as physically as possible.

OUI: Any philosophical pearls of wisdom?

ROTH: I have four metal suitcases, two cars and a parrot. I really like my lifestyle. I say: If you go looking for nothing, you'll always find something. Just follow that hood ornament! And every now and then, check the rear view mirror to see if they're following you. ■

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RAVEN DE LA CROIX

(Continued from page 124)

set. Me, I walked around in a robe. But a lot of the others were parading around nude, hoping to get noticed by anybody: cameramen, gaffers, prop men, anybody.... These girls are so innocent and naive, that they're absolute prey for the crew. Those guys will tell them anything. "Look, baby, I can get you work." I figure I was hired to act and not put on a show. When you work, you work, when you play you play. Actually, the most X-rated set I was on was a kiddie-type family picture called "The Chicken Chronicles." Walter Shenson made it and Phil Silvers was the star. It was a very straight movie and I played one of the youngsters' moms. It was a joke, a one-liner, to have this kid's mother be a sex bomb. The movie was a classic Disney-like PG, but it was the most X-rated set I ever was on—one of the actresses was trying to further her career by going in the bushes and giving head to every man on the crew. All day long, there were lines coming in and out of that one particular spot.

OUI: Is she a big star today?

RAVEN: No. She's still struggling. Later on, she became my roommate and she pulled the same thing on all my male friends. A young girl like that, who is looking for attention, can be a lot of trouble. She doesn't know when it's show time or when the wife's around, or anything. Unless she can get her feet in some producer or director's door, she's gonna lose out. You have to make the man feel *safe*...you got to make it clear you won't be a problem for him.

OUI: Now you're dancing a lot....When did you get into that?

RAVEN: When I was 17, I was a go-go dancer. You don't have to know anything about dancing to do that. I had a great body and there I was worrying about putting on a great show. I'd stand on my head if I had to and today I realize that all I really had to do was stand there. If I knew now what....

OUI: Didn't the other girls tell you you had a nice body?

RAVEN: Girls? Are you kidding? Young girls be nice? I ended up hiding my body for years....

OUI: How did you get into this new phase of dancing?

RAVEN: Uschi Digard, who's famous for her big smile and big breasts, who's loved by everyone, and who's worked with Russ a lot, was asked to dance in Canada. But she doesn't like to dance or do stagework; so she gave the people up in Canada my name. And they called me up and asked if I wanted to dance and take my clothes off and I told them to get lost....Then they called me up again a week later and said, "We're coming into town. Check us out with Candy Samples" (who'd been on the Meyer film with me.) So I decided to really think it over. Anyway, just at that time, Creative Directions, which is a company in Hollywood, asked me to write a screenplay on the stripping industry. And I'd never even *seen* a stripper! So I didn't commit myself to it. Then I got the bright idea that I could research the script by taking the guy up on his offer. So I made up my mind to put the two offers together and get some first hand experience. Candy helped me a lot in the beginning, giving me costume ideas and telling me how to handle myself. I was offered a lot of money, all expenses paid, and it *had* to be an interesting experience. I'd have been a fool not to go along with it. So off I went. I ended up interviewing about 50 girls. I picked up a lot of valuable impressions. The screenplay's been sold and they're shooting in Canada. I think it's going to be a dynamite film.

OUI: Did you talk to any well-known strippers?

RAVEN: The only one you would have heard of is Little Oral Annie, I didn't talk to any famous ones. It's supposed to be about the main bulk of stripping, and what happens to the girls, and the stories behind it. There were a lot of strange girls, just young, very impressionable girls....Little Oral Annie is the type of stripper who *loves* to do it—she doesn't even have an act. But she's like Kiss on stage, with the tongues and everything, without the make-up, and without the Act. And she has the guys hamstrung. They're totally stuck to their chairs, the nostrils are flared, and they're so full of tension you can breathe it....She simulates oral sex, besides, and has a reputation for it. She does about the hardest act I've ever seen on stage. It's topless-only in a lot of the clubs, but, even when she's got a string on, the way she'll move it around, you don't realize it's there....Insertion of anything is taboo up there, but she'll do it whenever she can get away with it.

OUI: What's the most outrageous thing you've seen here in New York?

RAVEN: Serving lunch at the Melody. (Editor's note: "Serving lunch" is stripper slang for getting cunnilingussed on stage for tips.)

OUI: Do you mingle with the customers after work?

RAVEN: I've gotten a lot of Russ Meyer fans. They're better heeled. They're politer. They don't expect to mingle with the girls. I never encourage them to expect more from me than what I give them and they seem to appreciate that. It comes from the way I feel inside. Sometimes I look at them out there and I feel guilty that I really can't help them finish the job. It's true. What I give them is not as much as some of the other girls do, but what I give them comes from deep down inside me.

OUI: Are you going to be doing more work in the United States?

RAVEN: I don't know. I didn't think I'd ever work here and yet here I am....

OUI: In "Up!" you have a scene with another woman....

RAVEN: I do?

OUI: You don't remember?

RAVEN: There were so many things going on....

OUI: Have you been with a woman in real life?

RAVEN: I was approached by one once. It was interesting.

OUI: Did you get into it?

RAVEN: Did I do them?

OUI: Yuh.

RAVEN: No. I thought about it....I was staying over with this girl...and she was married...in this house that had a pool...and there was a whole bunch of people there and I was going to take over renting the house....I was sleeping during the party, nude, upstairs....This couple, they were into all this crazy stuff, swinging and all—in fact, I think they made porn films....Anyhow, she said, it's fine, you don't have to get involved with our guests, just be yourself. And I got tired and went upstairs to rest at about three in the morning. And all of a sudden I had the *strangest* sensation—what the *hell* is that? And I wake up and I see that she has rabbit furs and she's rubbing my body with them very slowly. And I can feel myself responding and she starts really getting on with it. And, then, all of a sudden, her husband walks into the room and he wants to get in on the action, too. So I put an end to the whole thing. I really don't know what would have happened if he hadn't walked in. She was a very handsome, very sensual woman, not beautiful, but, in many ways, desirable.

OUI: You're outdoorsy and into Arabian stallions. Could you ever move back to New York?

RAVEN: Only if I had money. It's too hard to exist here on a subsistence level. My folks are still up in the Bronx barely making it eight kids later. But I miss the culture of New York. I left when I was 18 and I was isolated in the Bronx. When I was 16, things began to happen to me—it was all too fast. I met this very wealthy guy whose mother owned a whole hospital. And, right away, if I would have accepted this guy's offers, I would have anything I wanted. He was into Broadway plays, the whole thing. But I could tell when he held my hand that I couldn't be intimate with him. Yet I liked him as a person. He was very sweet but there was someting there that made me uncomfortable.

OUI: So you ended up with bikers.

RAVEN: Well...I decided that I had met a lot of weak men.

OUI: What do you mean by weak?

RAVEN: If I was a man, and I made a family when I was young and I was too

(Continued on page 128)

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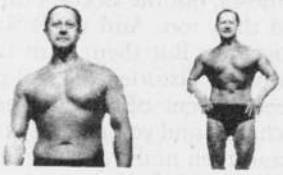

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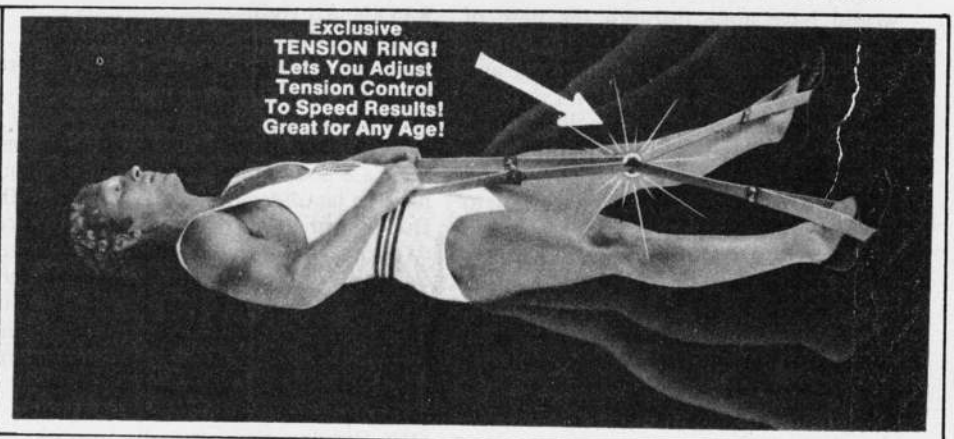

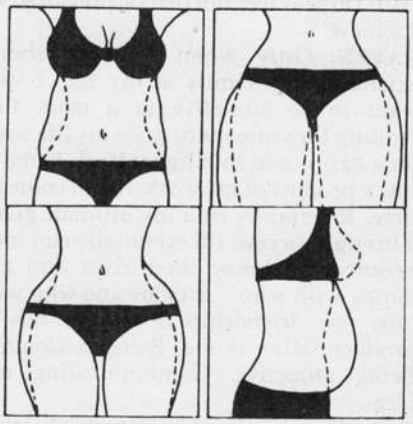

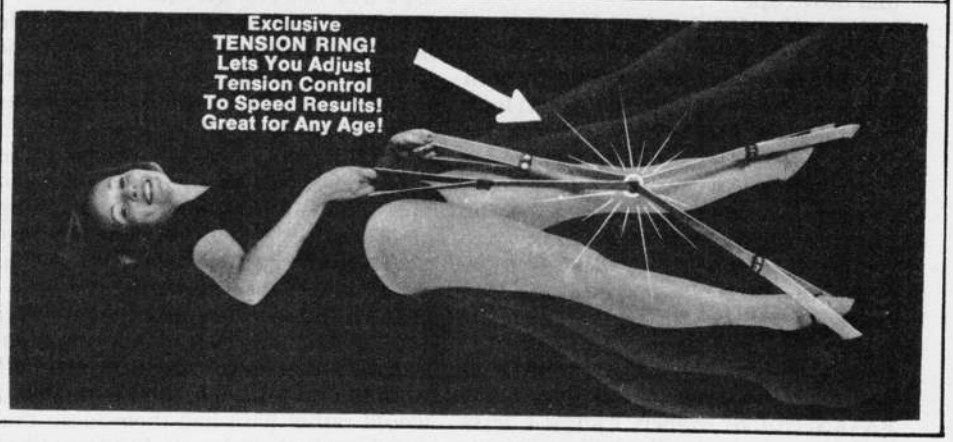

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RAVEN DE LA CROIX

(Continued from page 126)

young to know what I was doing and I decided at a certain point that I was no longer happy in my relationship, I would find a way to *end* that relationship. That's got to be the better, the *stronger*, way to do it—becuase otherwise you're living a lie. You're living in a situation that is building friction, and you know it's never going to improve. So you vary your personality and this ruins guys and makes them shells. Those were the kind of guys I was meeting. I, personally, would have gone through the pain of separation, so I myself could grow. And I would continue to support my wife and children, as well. People don't do this, especially in New York. It's different in California, where they're in and out of relationships all the time, like fleas. And that's when I decided that I didn't want to live a regular life—because businessmen were perverts, and the poor regular guys didn't have enough nerve to enter a relationship when they needed to, or to fix up their acts at home, even. So I decided to ride in the wild wind on the back of a motorcycle.

OUI: Did you jump on the first chopper that drove up?

RAVEN: No. I did everything with an element of Raven. I hung out at this bowling alley. At this pizza parlor. Both places were biker hang-outs. When I look back now, I was really lucky. I could have very easily been taken advantage of, fed drugs, and really mishandled....I dated two bikers seriously. One was the one who ended up a quadriplegic. The other became my husband.

OUI: You must have seen incredible things.

RAVEN: I've seen it all.

OUI: Are women who hang out with bikers all into heavy masochism?

RAVEN: Not all women. I know I never had so much as a hand raised against me by any club members at all. They let you set your own tone, just like the audience at a strip club. If you do a particular kind of act, everyone's ready for it and they won't turn on you for not coming across with unpromised goods. They never even gave me drugs. I did that to myself.

OUI: Weren't you ever terrified?

RAVEN: Never. I was attracted to the adventure and, on some level, to the danger, but not to *personal* danger. I believed in *people* at the time. In fact, for the most part, I still do. Maybe it's stupidity, but it's the way I feel. As a biker old lady, I always felt like a wary cat and I always kept my senses together.

OUI: In the September OUI, you talk about breaking into prison to get laid. Was it horniness or compassion?

RAVEN: It had to be compassion. I was so uptight about my chances of getting caught that I was scared rather than turned on.

OUI: You had gone to see your husband....

RAVEN: I had gone to see my husband and crawled through the underbrush and climbed over the fence and actually broke into that prison. He was waiting for me on a blanket in the prison yard.

OUI: You fucked with your clothes on?

RAVEN: I took all my clothes off and laid them in a neat pile. I was even wearing underwear. We were only a hundred feet from the gun tower.

OUI: You went down on him.

RAVEN: All right.

OUI: He went down on you.

RAVEN: All right.

OUI: And then you had intercourse?

RAVEN: All right. It really was more romantic than that. We kissed a lot.

OUI: How long did you go at it?

RAVEN: Less than two hours. You see, there's a body count every hour and you have to be under the covers in your cell. During our session, he had to leave once to be present for the count. He had to put on his clothes and sneak back in. He left me just before the second count. His friends inside the prison would let him know when it was time to sneak back in.

OUI: How many times did he come?

RAVEN: I don't know, three, maybe...

OUI: Did you ever get really into it?

RAVEN: There was a time in the middle of it when I did, but when he left me alone to make the count, I started getting real nervous again. All I could think of was there I was sitting all by myself with no clothes on and this blanket and a can of Coke and a pack of cigarettes and I can hear the guards on the tower chuckling and laughing. If they caught me, I'd have gotten five years and they'd have tried to get a piece of the action.

OUI: Would you have given them some?

RAVEN: What for? Not without a written statement that I wasn't going to do time. I wouldn't have liked to have to do that. I would rather have had them to do that and then slit their throats. I've never liked forced sex.

OUI: Did your husband ask you to come back?

RAVEN: No. I had married him in prison and he did two more years after that incident before I could get him out. Our marriage lasted six months on the outside. The problem was that he didn't believe in himself as much as I believed in him. He was not a dumb guy. He was nice looking. In his world, he ran the show. Even in prison, he was well-respected and ran the show. He was not mean and cruel. He was cool, kind of a cross between The Fonz and Papillon.

OUI: The real strength of bikers comes from the fact that they know their individual rights and stick up for them.

RAVEN: I gained a lot of strength from them and from being around them. I now know that I can last in a den of lions and not get bit. You must make an effort to know your adversary first. In the biker world, it's much more distinct and clear than in the everyday world where your adversary looks like a nice Joe and ends up being the Hillside Strangler. Here's a normal guy, works in computers, maybe, has a family and two kids, but when he goes off, *there are no rules.*

The idea I married into when I was in the group was that of freedom and brotherhood, having a real family, really having someone to care about and having someone care about you and giving you a sense of belonging. I really went for this—hook, line, and sinker. And the older fellows, not the sickos, I think they believed that, too. And that's why they were together. But then, with the drug generation, it distorted the real purpose and people went off on tangents and they'd change and you couldn't rely on a friend and then nothing made sense any more. I had to leave because I could no longer guarantee my own safety—there were too many new people. The older people, they had their peculiar ways, but you could trust them.

I was around eight to ten years and I went to a lot of funerals and saw a lot of guys go to prison. There's no way to get out of a club gracefully unless you die.

OUI: Do you feel hurried or pressured to "achieve"?

RAVEN: Only when I think about extending my family at my age. I still want to be attractive to a man. I'm looking for someone to share my life with on a happy and intelligent level. Fame is just a product of my work. It will come in time. It certainly isn't my ultimate goal. Through success, I'll eventually run into people who know themselves and are happy with who they are and who will offer me friendship...Everyone has a product. Mine is me. Being a woman. Being attractive. Communicating my ideas.

OUI: Has stripping improved your performance in bed?

RAVEN: Working live audiences and talking to them after shows has given me a better appreciation of what men want and, as a result, I'm better in bed....It's like the fine arts. A painting has form and composition and so does dancing topless and so does making love. I know it sounds nutty, but my motions on stage are often like my motions in bed.

OUI: Do you striptease for your lovers?

RAVEN: Sometimes they like to take my clothes off, sometimes they like to watch me taking my clothes off. It depends. There's even an artistic way of movement during frantic and writhing sex...When I was young, I just lay there and let it happen to me. When I was on drugs, I had no appreciation for it at all. Now, that I don't use drugs, not even aspirin. I find I'm spoiled. I've mastered the art of being intimate with someone. I know what I like and when I make love, I get it *all!*

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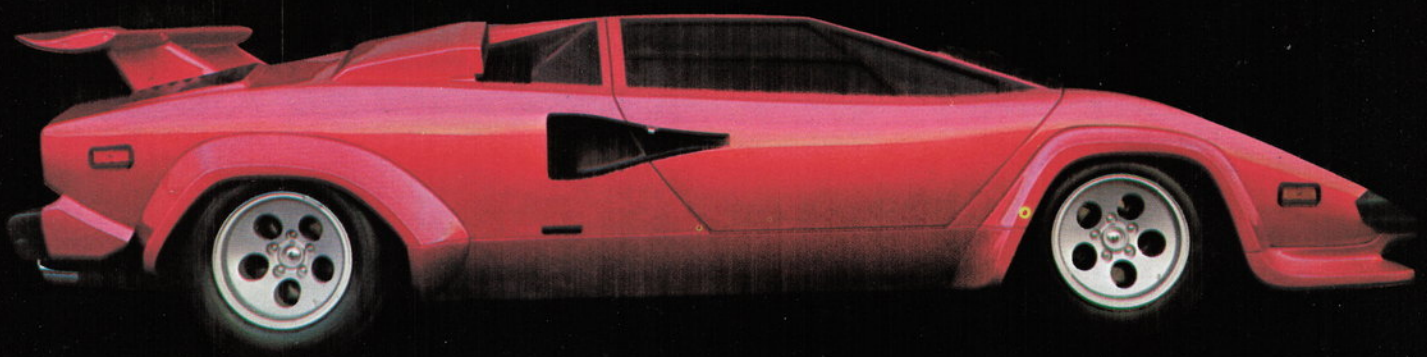

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